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PENINSULAR SERIES

I

SANTIAGO MATAMOROS

(From an Illuminated MS. in the Hispanic Society of America)

THE WAY OF SAINT JAMES

By
GEORGIANA GODDARD KING, M. A.
Professor of the History of Art, Bryn Mawr College; Member the Hispanic Society of America

In Three Volumes

Volume III

Illustrated

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BOOK THREE
THE BOURNE

Et sustulit me in spiritu in montem magnum et altum, et ostendit mihi civitatem sanctam Jerusalem descendentem de coelo a Deo, habentem claritatem Dei: et lumen ejus simile, lapidi pretioso tanquam lapidi jaspidis sicut crystallum. Et ambulabunt gentes in lumine ejus: et reges terrae afferent gloriam suam et honorem in illam. Et portae ejus non claudentur per diam, nox enim non erit illic. Et afferent gloriam et honorem gentium in illam.

I

AÑO SANTO

Droit à S. Jaques, le baron Galisois.—Anseis of Carthage.

ONE night, I remember, as I travelled, the *Camino de Santiago* hung straight across the sky, frothy white as the surf on a night in August, and I knew that under it lay the grand church. The star-dust spun in puffs and whorls: Sagittarius drove full into it: Aquila hung poised on the green splendour of Altair: Vega waited, calm and blue, for the long-attended coming of Boötes: stars that I did not know were there, stars that I had never seen, swarming like bees, various not in three or seven or ten but in fifty magnitudes, every one differing from another in glory. A shooting-star struck

Stars

Todos somos peregrinos

down for token that another soul was released upon its far journey. The star-swarms reeled and danced, like fire-flies tangled in silver braid: I sped the wandering soul with the ancient blessing: "Dios te guia y la Magdalena." . . .

Todos somos caminantes

"Are all these people going to S. James?"

At the junction the men had got down to walk upon the platform, smoking cigarettes and chatting under the white arc-lights, and as the long train began to get up speed the end carriage door was snatched open and a man belated, leaped in. There in the third-class carriage, dim, close, dingy, full of sleeping children stretched out on the seats, and tired men who stood in the aisle to let them sleep, dropped down a member of the Spanish nobility and looked as surprised as I. Reckoning that in half an hour we should reach Palencia and he would go back to his first-class seat, I opened conversation in French:

"Are all these people going to Compostella, to the Apostle?"

"I dare say," he answered, "I am. I always go."

So we talked, mighty civilly, till the glare of the station broke in at the windows and the shuffle of feet and hum of voices on the platform recommenced. At last I said: "Aren't you going to your own carriage?" and he,—"Aren't you?"

Todos somos semejantes

"This is mine. I am making the pilgrimage." It was evidently unintelligible. Then the member of the Spanish nobility took off his hat and went to his own place. A child lay opposite asleep: under the mounting fatigue of the long hours, his face turned to the colour of old ivory, and all the form of the little skull showed up. The dawn waked him, and he shrank into the corner by the window, looking out silent, rather apprehensive.

That little thing, five years old, had all the responsibility of a large and growing family. His mother would never have any. Hers was the maternal function and no more: she was nursing a bouncing girl with four teeth and gold earrings. But he took life as it came, gravely; when commanded to accept a piece of chocolate, pocketed it without blinking, and later handed it to a

little sister, intermediate, who woke up crying. She sucked it disgustingly, and he looked out the window: presently announcing, without preparation: "Here comes a train going back to Madrid." Mark how the reasoning faculty operates at five years old. Nobody talked to him, he looked after the others. That was all.

Splendour in the grass

At the first tunnel he jumped and shrank, looked across the car to make sure it was on that side also, decided to treat it as a joke, and laughed bravely. At the second and third he was ready to laugh: then as the train dashed out of the dark into a mountain dell, he found means to raise a sudden small shout, to the echoing rocks. It was Wordsworthian, the human child's response to a sublime material pleasure.

All the care of the world was inarticulate in him; but he had a quaint goblin mirth. Attuned to emotion, he showed himself of the very same clay as the *Virgen de las Angustias*, with her tin swords and glass tears. The youngest baby was cross-eyed. The succession showed a steady decline into animalism. The children were all

long-headed; while the drovers who sat about me, and might have come out of the prints of Randolph Caldecott, in spite of a great length of skull fore and aft, had a low cephalic index. The lad alongside, asleep all night, was like a beautiful woman, but during the day his chin sprouted.

It is well to travel with plain human nature, dependent on natural kindness. You feel how little you have yourself, and how many are the virtues of those about: patience, long-suffering, good cheer in discomfort. Men stood all night long, in the car, to let the children sleep at full length. A great deal of this is indifference, of course, but indifference of the right stoical sort, not through preoccupation with something bigger, but through proud disdain and personal dignity. What may lie back of this, one is always wondering.

Plain human nature

In view of the multitude on the train travelling and at every station, all bent toward the Apostle, it seemed wise to stay by the train until Corunna. There, I bespoke a seat twenty-four hours ahead, not by any of the regular lines which were

La bandera peregrina

booked up solid three days in advance, but by a sort of freelance enterprise, which was also rounding up all the Boy Scouts in Galicia for a review and the blessing of a banner; and then found comfortable quarters and did a vast deal of business, there in the capital of the Province which was also a seaport town: and made pleasant and profitable acquaintance which will last my life out: and made an excursion by rail to visit a church, in returning from which I forgot the dates on which the *rápido* runs and there being no train on Thursdays, had to walk five miles to get a country cart to drive into town: and after all this submitted perforce to let an old woman carry my luggage to the starting place and sat down upon it while the crowd sorted itself. To me then came a gentleman and said:

"Madam, I see that you have a ticket for the top: now I have a seat inside, and I shall be very glad to exchange if you care to."

This was exceeding kindness, for his place cost much more, and with real gratitude I explained that I preferred the outside

place for air and view and he withdrew a little mortified. He was quite right in his thought that up there was no place for a lady, and that I should hate it before we were five miles out. I did.

Company on the road

A load of Boy Scouts kept just ahead: a company of *Guardia Civil* trotting the same way separated along the roadsides and closed up again, and private motors, one uniform pale grey with plastered dust, were all converging from bye-roads and speeding toward one goal. The road was perfect, rising and falling just enough for pleasure, winding just enough for changing winds and shifting lights. Between greenish lands, now moor with outcropping granite, now pasture with hedgerow leafage, we topped a slope, and saw a dust cloud ahead, and overtook it on a down grade, and turned to another rise crowned by a trotting figure against the grey-blue sky. The scent of rosemary and lavender that perfume the memory of Castile, is not present in this thick Atlantic air, but instead, whiffs from wet brook-sides struck across the brownish-tasting dust. In the milky blue sailed

heaps of white clouds, that veiled the sunlight for a moment and were left behind. The machine rattled out its own click and clatter, the rhythm of machinery, but the sleek horses which we passed singly or in pairs or troops, played a pretty tune on the well-metalled causeway.

At the hangar in Compostella hotel men were in waiting chiefly to warn off travellers, but I had telegraphed a week ahead and my friend of long standing, the head waiter of the Hotel Suizo, admitted when I decended, sole out of the hotel omnibus, that I could not be left in the street. "Every room has been bespoke for more than a month, but because we know you," quoth he, "and because you come every year, we shall have to find you something."

An old-fashioned inn

I confess I like going every year to the Hotel Suizo: a good, old-fashioned inn where the front door is encumbered with orderlies, and the stair-landing blocked with valets brushing their masters' clothes and cleaning their boots; where the maids cannot answer the bell for gossiping with the men, and the house keeps a stock of

cots to set up in your room for your servant. Among the ladies' maids they found me a room in the roof, where a glazed trap-door was the window, but I could stand on the table to lean out and watch the white *Camino francés* running in, swiftly the last stage of it, where I had often come before. One night it rained and I lay warm and close, and listened to the splash and drip, the pattering on the slates and dropping on the floor, and forgot in snug content the peasants who had walked twenty miles or forty, chiefly for the fireworks, and would be sleeping, such of them as did sleep, in doorways and church porches, only to be disappointed of the fireworks after all. It was July weather, full of thunder-storms, and the great set-piece which should have kindled all the face of Santiago with living fire and uplifted a multitude of mounting stars and falling sparks, never came off at all. The review of the Boy Scouts, too, was deferred *sine die*, and their Mass and banner blessing hurried over between showers, too early for half of them to get there. As, however, the little church of S.

Rain in the night

Crowds in the town

Susanna, for which this function was appointed, would not have held a quarter of them, that mattered the less. Their broad hats and ponchos, their well-set-up figures, like young men done in little, gave a brownish tinge to streets and squares, blending well with the rusty jackets and white stockings of country-men, the priests' sleek *soutanes*, and the vast black apron and coloured shawl and handkerchief of the solid, uncomely women.

Misled by a popular rumour that the King himself was expected, I waited long one night to see him before the Episcopal Palace. A young guardsman on duty there, more for show than service, corrected me scrupulously when I spoke briefly of the master of that house, and explained with boyish care that he was the Cardinal Archbishop of Santiago. He is a terribly tiny old man whose ring I kissed once long ago, when he was doing me a kindness: and as we waited, carriages came, with livery, and flowing manes and tails, with cockades and varnish adorning the equipage and, inside, Bishops and Cardinals

The North Aisle and Ambulatory, Santiago Cathedral

and Monsignores and their secretaries and valets, with purple and scarlet stockings and green pipings and tassels and more costume in their quiet dignity than I could fathom, beside the intense, black respectability of valet and secretary. Near me stood a sweet-faced country-man who had walked in, twenty miles, and would not go to bed, I suspected, till he walked home again: he had served in the Cuban War and bore no grudge to my country. We talked about all sorts of things: I remember, he told me he had never seen a bull-fight. He was not rare in that, many men have said the same to me, or else: "I saw one once but," in extenuation, "I was very young," in short, I knew no better then. On the other hand, it is notorious that English and Americans in the consular service, in commerce, even in diplomacy, may never miss a fight during the season. It is said, popularly, that the King dislikes going, and he and the Queen evade all that they can: that the Queen Mother appreciates the sport and as for the Infanta, the King's aunt, the one who is so pious, she is quite mad about

Anent the Bull-Fight

it. A very beautiful Provençal lady, going home on a visit, with whom I travelled for some hours on the way between Paris and Nîmes, told me how she loved it, but it was not right, all the same. She said, "Ça fait de la fièvre."

The grace of quietude

In this crowd, waiting for belated royalty at the end of a long day, what one felt most, as in the train, were the virtues of patience and submission. Nobody fretted, nobody joked, or fidgeted: we talked, and waited, or we waited in silence. There were few women, but I had no reason to regret that I was there, as I had on the omnibus with persons more well-to-do. We stood, not pushing or crowding, in simple humanity, like herded ponies, or docile goats. If no one was rude, neither was anyone curious; neither helpful, nor unkind; the not unfriendly indifference made an ambience temperate and pleasurable.

Pilgrimages

For the big pilgrimages I was too late. Those come earlier, when work can be left, between haying and harvest, or between the labours of the spring months, with plough and pruning-knife, and the sharp-

ening of scythe and sickle. The pilgrims come in, a few hundred strong, by parishes, and wander about the town for a few hours: for them the western doors are opened and the complicated staircase is thick with figures ascending and descending without molestation, as in Jacob's Dream. Some have come on foot, but most by train, for the railway is a matter of course in Spain and serves even for the periodic movement of vast flocks of sheep from one region to another as conditions of pasturage demand. I have often passed long trains of double-decked cars, moving slowly, warm-smelling with the soft huddled creatures.

and *mestas*

Though it is the bourne, the end of heart's desire, there is nothing strange in Compostella. The pilgrims can find there little round-arched churches like their own at home among the mountains of Leon, or plateresque and baroque, more grandiose, but not unlike such others as they have seen in cities of men. It is the gift of Santiago to seem, for each man, the place where he would be. The low streets, arcaded, with low-browed houses and a low

The end of heart's desire

The place of a dream

hanging sky, are like places to which you come in a dream and remember that you have known them long ago.

It is grey, being built of granite, as melancholy as the rock-moulded hills that draw close about it, and as natural. The single commercial street, filled with the rustle of feet after dark, and with the double file of coming and going figures, is warm and familiar; homely, the shop that hardly flares and the shop that barely glimmers. Out from it lead dark archways, and darker descending streets: in it, the sparse little crowd sees itself, coming and going, up the street and down again: girls, old women, soldiers, priests, country-men, women in black veils, women in straw hats.

Santiago is *triste*, mortally. It is grey of granite: greenish, tawny, blackened or lichened; but sombre and austere even in its heaviest pomp. The *Puerta de las Platerías* is gilded by weathering, but that opposite is stained with sea fog and greyed with mountain mist.

Santiago is a dead city. The town is full of the crying of bells, for bells are voices of

the dead, warning, impelling, urging, arresting; calling to recollection, signalling to prayer, sounding for the passage of time, marking the years of one dead, clamouring at sunrise like sea-birds, clanging in the green clear twilight of early moonset, making the devotion appointed. *La Oración*, they call the Angelus in Spain, and riding toward a mountain city in the still pale light after the sun has dropped, you may hear them break out into a loud crying of their own: one after another takes it up, and rocking in their open arcades, echoing in the windless air, ringing against the red wall of the city and the blue wall of the mountain, they call and they compel.

The crying of bells

The dead that once lived are gone, and their place knows them no more, and the memory of them is a little pain, or a vague wraith, or a name and no more, or, at the last, nothingness, but the bells live yet, and cry and call. They call out of the past, they call to the times to come, and most of all they call out of the void to the heart of man to pause for a breath and brood upon the abyss.

Son tantos los muertos

In the hollow hill

Three places there be, sweet with the music of bells: Siena, and Oxford, and Compostella; Siena ringed with rose-red walls, Oxford with her dreaming spires, Compostella in the hollow hill. As of Oxford, so of Compostella, it is hard to think of a life rooted there, of the saecular honour of old families, of a town habit of its own, apart from those who come and go, or those who come and stay. Whether English Don or Spanish Canon, when such have once come, they stay. But there are, back of this and beyond, ancient and noble families established there: and a stirring history of the townsmen's struggle for their liberties. The representative of one of these families who was long Mayor of the city, has a marvellous place at Puente de Ulla where, as in a memory of the Italian lakes, tall cypress, and leafy pergola and the noble stone-pine, relieve the eternal sequence of chestnut and eucalyptus; and rose and jasmine, sweet as flowers of home, supplant the blue hydrangea, luxuriant and scentless.

In Compostella, as in other Gallegan towns, sons are married and grandchildren

are reared: Señor Murguía has a vast store of the folk tales and customs amid which he grew up there. "In the very city in which we write," he says, "in the very house in which we were reared, on Christmas Night our father bade lay two places more at the table as though these empty chairs should be filled, invisibly, by those who gave him life." Curiously, it is only the ancestors to whom the rite is due, he adds; for when a brother died, they laid no third cover.

Ancestral ghosts

That testifies to a life deep-rooted; not to be overrun by the passing of pilgrims, or crowded and disarranged by the students of the university. The townsfolk have their share in the *Año Santo*, not wholly a commercial share, and the Municipality made that year just such provision as in an American town, for competitions and prizes, band-concerts and fireworks, races and reviews: for exhibitions of cows and cabbages; for the promotion of orderly amusements and the suppression of the professional criminal. Two things were remarkable: the entire sobriety from the first day to the last of inhabitants and visitors: and

the literary nature of some of the competitions. There was a prize poem and a public award, a good deal of Gallegan verse and oratory, and along with the giants and their pipe and tabor, there was before all, the Gallegan bagpipe. The half-forgotten Scotch ancestry woke and stirred in my veins, and with the children I followed the piper.

Rain-maker and Son of Thunder

After the July thunder-storms were past, we settled down to grey Atlantic weather, that ranged from a fine drizzle to a fine downpour; the clouds dragging on the hills, or sitting, half-way down, in a curtain of heavy fog. The stones are patched and stained with lichen, like scabs and scars; unvenerable and rather leprous. But townsfolk took it with a practised patience. In the inevitable competition between Municipality and Chapter, the latter enjoys an unfair advantage in controlling the skyey influence, the power that makes *la pluie et le bon temps*. On Saturday when the Boy Scouts arranged for a Mass and review in the Park, it poured, and everyone who could, took refuge in the cathedral and

swelled the congregation for the great Mass of the Vigil. The downpour sounded in pauses of the organ: they stood close, cheek by jowl: motor-folk and labourers, mendicants and parsons on a holiday, professional pilgrims and substantial farmers. The beggars, tricked out in calico capes sewn over with scallop shells, and staffs on which the gourd is reduced to a symbolic knob, or in coats like Joseph's for patches, are as consciously unreal as the Roman soldiers in a play, embarrassed at showing their knees. Like the beadles in brocade gown and horsehair wig, they are dressed up for the occasion, and much less at home in their finery.

One pilgrim I found, with an ecstatic face, who looked a little like S. Francis. His head was the same shape, and his brown frock helped the illusion. For a long time I watched him praying, and when he got up and went out I ran after and asked leave to photograph, readily yielded: then he asked an alms. Why not? Give and take is fair.

See Vol. II, page 483

Through all these days I saw gravity,

but on the whole little devotion, except sometimes in the case of women: young women, who are afraid of life and take precautions: or elder ones who have suffered in life, and look for anodyne. At the shrine you see men kneeling a little awe-struck, at the gold, or at the age? You find a group of women saying litanies. But S. James means nothing to them, he is only the means of making magic. You say a rosary or a litany because, presumably, Something wants it; or you get indulgences or you help some souls in purgatory, for there is something you want. Give and take is fair. These are the appointed means, quite irrelevant in nature, to some desired end.

Making Magic

Not all who come are either peasant or tourist, not all who live there are mild-faced, ox-eyed Gallegans. In the street a woman passed of Aubrey Beardsley's, in black jacket and lace veil: the same curled lips and narrowed eyes and insolent bust, the same heavily waved hair in flat masses and crockets, and out of her dark eyes, between her level dark lashes, she looked cantharides. Others I have known, gentle

creatures, with the bearing of the saints, into whose hand you could put yours to go to the end of the world, in whom submission seems not a necessity but an instinct, a renouncement, an action of the will to negation.

Only from Friday until Tuesday or Wednesday, was the town much altered: then squares were crowded with moving, staring folk, friends were meeting and exchanging the news of a year. You would see a priest who talked business of some sort half an hour with a country-man, and settled it, and took up something else with a woman that sought him out, all in the middle of the square.

Masses were rich with sweet-stringed music and breathing horns, with glowing vestments, with processions of relics, with the solemn radiance of innumerable tapers. *Flammis mobilibus atria* At Mass on the Apostle's day, pontifical and regal, and again at Vespers on Tuesday, Botafumeiro, the five-foot silver censer, came out in a little cart of his own, and was wheeled through the cloven crowd, attached by ropes to the machinery under

Botafumeiro

the central dome and then at the moment of incense was hoisted a few feet, and swung by four strong men. The mechanism, somewhat like that which swings bells, gave not a creak: slowly the great, smoking creature began to move, rising higher at every return, cutting a wake through the transept crowd, mounting as a swing mounts by the life that grows in it, till vast, fragrant, dimly shining, it sped, it hung, it flew, it lay close under the vault at the north, at the south; and then the swinging slowly dwindled and died. There was a kind of exultation in the mass and power of it, as there is in great bells when they are rung, which redeemed the vulgarity and the *réclame* of the sacristan showing it every day. By the way, the renowned silver censer was melted down by the French a hundred years ago, and this one is only Britannia-metal. Botafumeiro, it must be admitted, divides the interest with S. James in the public programme and the visiting crowd: indeed, in the competition, Botafumeiro usually led.

Already at nine o'clock in the morning

the church smelt warm and human in the dark aisles, which is rare, for on these grey stones the incense does not cling, and in these granite piers the fleas find cold harbourage. If you remember the reek of a great day at S. Gervais or S. Etienne du Mont, you need not fear it here, for Spaniards are much in the open air: the peasants are never unpleasant at your elbow, even the bourgeois are never quite unventilated.

The Office

By the commencement of the choir office, we were standing each immovable on his own scrap of pavement, and kneeling in our tracks. Piety was a matter quite private and personal. Nobody venerated the relics as they passed in procession, but stared instead; nobody knelt for them; and for the Archbishop, who made, indeed, slight gestures of benediction with his scarlet glove and diamond cluster, nobody bent. I have seen in France the whole church swayed as by a great wind when the Bishop passed, swayed by the passing of the Spirit. This blessing was like water at the aspersion: none of it could hit anybody.

The wind that bloweth...

They manage crowds strangely, in Spain,

though successfully. When the choir office began, the north transept, like all the rest of the church, was entirely filled with people. A few sacristans gently swept a clean path from the door to the crossing, not shoving or scolding, but preparing a way and making a path straight, as Scripture ordains. Two stayed there. The square outside the door was also full, I doubt not. But at the appointed moment, vested, mitred, jewelled, from the Archbishop's palace came out into the air and sun and multitude, a group of the cathedral clergy, the Cardinal Archbishop himself, five other Cardinals, of whom three were Archbishops, eleven Bishops, the Italian Nuncio, dark and alien in that blaze, moving like a figure in a Chronicle-play, and others of the Chapter with silver wands and brocaded copes. The music went on, and the office; their wake stayed there, slowly shrinking, till, in came a dozen or twenty uniforms, informally as the sacristans, swept a neat path again, without so much as a silken cord, and stood, attentively, where they happened to be when Royalty passed. Just a

que es el del roquete blanco

few uniforms more were discoverable, and thin Spanish faces, accompanied by the civil power, white-gloved and white-breasted in the civic full dress which long since ceased to strike me strangely, which so sets off an order or a fine head. Escorting these, plump young comely canons in white mantles with a red cross, the Order of Santiago: if they had been sleek horses or silky hounds, they might have been nobler. This is the end of *¡Santiago y cierra España!*

The Knights of S. James

There were seats for all of these, hung with venerable and glorious brocades, in the Choir, and I think, the Royal Box, gilded and glazed and hung like an opera box in the triforium, was occupied by ladies, and there was a ceremonial presentation on the part of the Chapter of nosegays of flowers, and a ceremonial offering in a silver-gilt basin, of gold on the part of Royalty. My neighbours on one side were ladies in the long black veil gathered tight at throat and waist and about the skirt, which is Spanish mourning and which becomes beauty as nothing else, meseems, could so adorn: in the long intervals we

caballero entre caballeros

held much discourse, and here at the Offering I asked whether, if it were the King himself instead of his cousin, he would come through the crowd so confidently, so democratically. The answer was immediate: that there would be no difference. It is commonly said the King believes entirely that some day bomb or pistol or knife will make an end of him, and since precautions are vain, they are unworthy. It is in the ancient Spanish tradition, not the Hapsburg or the Bourbon, to live thus, *caballero* with *caballeros*. An engineer of my acquaintance who was living in Andalusia describes watching the King, expected to lunch at the Manager's house, as he drove his own motor up the steep street with one dirty boy standing on the running board, and two more hanging on behind. A noble man among noblemen: that made once the court of Spain, in the days of Alfonso II *el Batallador* and Fernando III *el Santo*.

As the Mass wore on, good old ladies settled down on their knees to say prayers, and I saw three well-dressed girls kneeling

for the Office, but the crowd came and went, laughed and talked, and fanned. In the transept, whence the altar is hidden, you could not keep track of the Mass, by the familiar music, because it was so elaborate, with long interpolations, of which the royal offering was only one: and feet and voices drowned *Amén* and *Oremus* and *In saecula saeculorum*. There was half an hour between the Epistle and the Gospel. The crowd which had come for Botafumiero and was fairly stable till after this performance, then broke up and walked and rustled. At the sound of the bell outside which announced the Consecration, there was silence but not a hush; the crowd knelt the least possible time.

Regaining my footing I watched the faces again. What Spaniards have and Americans lack is beauty of the bony structure: the more that shows, the finer they are. The men look finer than the women, and gentler. The handsome, elderly, middle-class *señoras* would judge and execute their neighbours with a rare grace. The men of their class, indeed, also are more brutal.

Lucida belleza

To unpraise women it were a shame

A class below, the difference shows up. At the departure, the women (not ladies) rushed the steps up to the square, shoving and trampling like school-boys. Certainly something should be done about women: they are not tame housed creatures now: and the only hope seems to give them a few civic virtues. Here, in peasant and bourgeois alike I suspect the woman rules. Their husbands trail after, humorous and silent, and in the lower class their faces have the beauty of self-control and longanimity.

The expedition of *el Apostol*, for these, shares a little the nature of the old-fashioned American camp-meeting. They are here partly for pleasure, but partly on business, to lay in some indulgences, to do some good to *las ánimas*, as well as to lay in thread and find out the price of wool. Give and take is fair: all things are arranged according to reason; you acquire merit by ordained observances and then you have it, ready, against need.

Later in the summer, when everything was over, I used to kneel in the quiet church

before the great brass *reja*, blinking at the Apostle, and making it all out. S. James in his dim shrine, above the high altar, wears an enormous silver-gilt halo like a hatbrim, and a gigantic collar of the same that stretches nearly to his waist. His face of painted enamel over marble, is tawny and bearded and a little foolish: behind him hangs a rich darkness; before him, countless constellated tapers; and the reflections about the silver shrine glimmer like the sunstreaks on water. With the multitudinous Salomonic columns, the heavy fruit garlands of the pilasters in between, the massy cornices, the piers and architraves, all of gold embrowned, the effect of the entire sanctuary is as of one of the lacquered shrines for Buddha, and the imperturbable, within, abiding there.

A shrine and a Buddha

unperturbed

II

THE CHURCH OF THE APOSTLE

And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband, and I heard a great voice out of the heaven, saying: Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men and he will dwell with them.

THE Reverend F. Fita says explicitly, and he here presents the best tradition of Spanish ecclesiastical scholarship, that the disciples of S. James landed with his precious body at Iria (which is Padrón) and started off, and some four leagues northward on the Roman road that ran from Iria to Betanzos they came to a place called Liberodunum,[1] which means, "The Way-

side Tower." It is significant to find the Way figuring, thus, before sepulchre there was.

The place was to be known, later, as Compostella: there they found, perhaps, a Roman tomb, and there they laid the Apostle. The MS. called *Tumbo A*, written in 1129 and belonging therefore to the Santiago that we know, shows Theodomir discovering the three sepulchres in a barrel-vaulted crypt, in a church in the midst of a city: that church has towers at the west end, and eastward of the transepts, I should say. The MS. possibly preserves for us the disposition of the sacred crypt. A similar painting of the thirteenth century in the *Historia Compostellana* is no less explicit: the crypt consists of two aisles with a lamp swinging from the central capital on which descend cusped and pointed arches. Outside, the building is battlemented, the west front gabled, a transept steep-roofed, a circular staircase tower built at the west. Now, it is one of the peculiarities of the little crypt of *Santiago Abajo*, S. James Undercroft,

Miniature pictures

S. James Undercroft

constructed under Master Matthew's portico, and the great staircase which leads to it, that this has two aisles and a central row of shafts to carry the superincumbent weight. The crypt of the sepulchre lay eastward of this.

In 1139 the crypt was already a legend: the Gallegan translation of the Codex writes "In this very church lies buried under the high altar the body of the very honoured and blessed apostle S. James, and as men say, he lies laid in an ark of marble in a very fair sepulchre."[2] So also it is written in the *Libro de los Caballeros Cambeadores*, the Gentlemen Moneychangers, in the fourteenth century, "O corpo de Santiago estava escondido una cova labrada con deus arcos de pedra debaixo da terra, num moymento de marmor."[3] Morales in his journey of 1572 could not descend into the crypt because all access had been cut off since unremembered time, but he knows that the body lay in a cavern or vault under the high altar.

Area marmorea

Alfonso the Chaste is credited with building a church immediately upon the

discovery of the relics by the hermit Pelayo, with the idea of recommending himself and Spain to the guardianship of the Son of Thunder: this was some sort of a sanctuary or chapel over the sepulchre, dedicated to S. James.[4] The claim was made not a century later, that in or over against this he installed twelve Benedictine monks and their Abbot Ildefredo, and in 829 the land for three miles round about was annexed, for the cult of the Blessed James and the maintenance of the monks.[5] The date of Ramiro's *Voto* which tells how S. James appeared and Clavijo was won to the cry of *Adjuva nos Deus* is 844, and thereafter Calahorra was taken.[6] In 853 Ordoño I doubled the radius.[7]

Filius Tonitrui

Alfonso III further dowered the church in 899, removed the rude stone and brick work of his grandfather and gave to it precious marbles, frieze and columns, fetched by captive Moors from the shores of Douro and Tamega, to raise a superb temple. He intended as he told S. James,[8] "Aulam tui tumuli instaurare et ampliare . . . Aedificare et domum restaurare tem-

Antique marbles

plum ad tumulum sepulchri Apostoli quod antiquitus construxerat divae memoriae Dominus Adefonsus Magnus ex petra et Domini luto opere parvo." This appears to mean that he built a fine new church where his grandfather's had stood: he built a House of God and raised a temple on the Apostle's grave-mound. Apart from the shrine, there was already a crypt—as will appear: if any one wants to make this a Mithraeum, nothing is wanting but an inscription by way of evidence. Only grave-stones have been found so far, dedications to the Gods of the Dead. The King goes on to say that he fetched marbles from Aquae Flaviae where his ancestors the Visigothic kings had brought them from oversea and built palaces, that the Moors destroyed. This looks like an account of Roman remains, and if he was any judge, they were of oriental workmanship. Other marbles came by sea from Oporto. I do not take it that the carved lintel which he peculiarly prized, came from the little old church; rather from the ruins of Civitas Eabeca.[9]

from Roman ruins

From this we may discover that the ninth century church was basilican or cruciform, like the little churches of the Asturias whence the Bishop Sisnandus had come, with a nave of six bays, probably timber-roofed, that it had apparently a raised vaulted sanctuary and apse, like S. María de Naranco and S. Cristina de Lena, and an open portico, corresponding in form, at the western end, through which to enter, with some sort of tribune above. His carven columns have disappeared and left no trace,[10] for the exquisite marble shafts, wrought like wands of ivory, which grace the south portal and the central-western, are contemporary and continuous with the fabric in which they are embedded, and the carvings in S. James Undercroft seem to be by the same hand as the great hall in the archbishop's palace, and certainly of the same date, the end of the twelfth century.

Pre-Romanesque of the Asturias

It was dedicated in 869, in the presence of seventeen bishops: the relics were deposited in the altars and sealed up, enclosed in caskets of imperishable wood — that

would mean cypress. There is no indication whence the relics came, or if any indeed were new. Something is said about golden reliquaries, rather vaguely, and there is a great deal of balm and incense, breathing fragrance about the sepulchres. The central altar was dedicated to S. James and S. Saviour like the church: there is some evidence that the first dedication was to S. Saviour alone and, in a hymn from the *Book of S. James*, the First Person of the Trinity is addressed as "Sother, theos athanatos."[11] This contained thrice seven relics of the Lord, of S. James, of the far-travelling Apostles, and of certain Spanish saints, including Vincent of Saragossa, Eulalia of Merida, Marina, Julian and Basilisa. The right hand altar was dedicated to S. Peter, the left to S. John Evangelist, the other son of Zebidee. Besides this there was another altar at the north side, apparently in a crypt; "In tumulo Altaris S. Joannis quod est sub tectu et constructu" . . . there is a flaw in the manuscript, but the relics are enumerated. The altar above S. James's body was not

Mithraeum?

touched: as their fathers had made it, so they left it, "nor none of us would be so hardy as to lift the stone." So the King ends with a prayer: "Poste Dominum te Patrone oro cum conjuge vel prole, ut digneris me habere famulum, et cum agnis vellere induar, nec . . . c . . . sancte subtractus cum edis nocens inveniar." It ends like the memory of a hymn.

The sacred pillar

The foundations of the iconastasis and the steps were discovered in 1878.[12] Under the *trascoro* in 1895 a meter and a half below the present pavement, was found the floor of the porch. It was only five meters wide, and from it two steps went up into the church. A plan of this church is published by López Ferreiro[13] but he does not give his source. It is not plausible. The late good canon of Santiago was sounder in theology than in judgement, and what he prints cannot be accepted until verified. A good rule warns never to trust the word of a pious man or the bed of a pious woman.

Piety *vs.* responsibility

The dedication took place under Bishop Sisnandus, first of the name.[14] The name of his predecessor Ataulf is involved in strange

The Wolf's Den

matters, an accusation of sodomy and the killing of a bull. He retired to die in Asturias, and Sisnandus ruled for a while as Presbyter. His case has some points of likeness with that of the predecessor of another king's favourite and great builder, the Metropolitan Gelmírez. He was eloquent and wise; Alfonso III, who was born and grew up in Santiago, loved him as a father; he built a palace, founded a new monastery called Sub Lobio,[15] and alongside, a night refuge and the first hospice for pilgrims. He came from Liébana and on February 14, in 869, the King gave him the church and monastery of S. Martín de Liébana: on the same day of the year in 874, he gave to the Apostle, S. María de Liébana. That church stands yet, being possibly of the Visigothic age, and affords a perfect model for the church that King and cleric were then building at Compostella.[16]

The second of the name was driven from his See and S. Rosendo installed in his place: on the news of the king's death, the dispossessed Bishop reappeared in Santiago and drew back S. Rosendo's bed-curtains

with the left hand holding a naked sword in the right: to this the words of S. Rosendo were, "He that draws the sword shall perish by the sword": then he dressed himself and returned to Celanova. In truth, Bishop Sisnando II was killed under the walls, by Norman pirates. He had lived more like a mundane prince than like a shepherd of souls.[17] Normans

The Asturian buildings, then, were copied at Santiago about a century later. There was nearly a century in which to finish and adorn this sanctuary, and then it came to an end.

Almanzor reached Santiago twice, in 988 and in 907. The shrine was known to the Moors from the beginning as a place of pilgrimage: I have already cited the visit of Al-Ghazal. The account of Edrisi, which I shall quote later, deals with the twelfth century. Spanish historians relate that Almanzor respected the shrine and set a guard about it, while he burned the city.[18] "In 1002 Almanzor died and was buried in hell," and rebuilding was taken in hand. Almanzor testifies

S. Pedro Mozoncio, 986–1000, was then Bishop of Iria, for the translation of the See to Compostella was effected only at the Council of Clermont, by Urban II. He was rich, noble, and influential, and proceeded to the rebuilding of the church, bettering it.[19] The Silense says that King Veremund with God's help "coepit restaurare ipsum locum Jacobi in melius."[20] A successor, Bishop Cresconio, 1048–1066, built two western towers, dedicated to SS. Benedict and Antolín: the *Compostellana* says for fortifying.[21] The towers belonged to the original plan of the Benedictine Romanesque edifice. If this seems a rash word, the argument lies in the life of Bishop Peter, whose father was well-born and wealthy, from the Asturias, of a family long since famed for foundation and munificent endowment of churches, and whose mother was a princess's foster-sister. He grew up in the palace, was the *infanta's* chaplain, entered into religion at Mozoncio near Sobrado, and was abbot of Antealtares at the time of his election to the See. While in the tenth century Benedictine did not mean

King Veremund

Burgundian quite as it did in the twelfth, yet there is a presumption. Veremund was educated at Santiago and crowned there[22]; whatever Spain could command would be used for the rebuilding. Cluny had, in 981, built a church with parallel apses and western towers.[23] The work at Santiago by 1066 had only reached the western end. But before the century closed it was seen that a much larger church was needed and the money for it was coming in steadily.

Cluny in the tenth century

To D. Diego Peláez with his advisors belongs the project. His architect, Master Bernard the Marvellous, is more than likely to have been French by nation, for the intercourse with France was incessant already, and Bernard is a French and not a Spanish name; moreover, Bernard the Elder, *Dominus Bernardus senex mirabilis magister*,[24] enjoys no patronymic of the Spanish sort, though Bernard the Younger, who was a canon in 1120, is called Bernard Gutiérrez. It was more irritating than amusing when M. Anthyme-St. Paul, who had lived long enough to know better, told the Archæological Congress of Toulouse, in

Magister Mirabilis

1899, that "the first architect of S. Sernín, having drawn up the plan of the whole church and begun the choir, was called to S. James of Compostella and went, leaving in the *chantiers* a pupil initiated in his projects and apt to replace him in his absences."[25] The only thing to match this assumption is M. Enlart's assertion that Petrus Petri, who made the plan of Toledo, was a Frenchman. In both cases the architect may, indeed, have been French, I believe that he was, but the state remains belief based on inductive reasoning, and not assertion based on knowledge of fact.

Plan French

The plan of Santiago is French unquestionably. It belongs, along with S. Faith at Conques and S. Sernin at Toulouse, to the same great school as S. Martial at Limoges, built also under monks of Cluny, consecrated by Urban II in 1095, but burned in part 1167. S. Sernin was consecrated also by Urban II in 1096, again by Calixtus II in 1119. S. Faith is the eldest of the group, built under Abbot Odalric, 1030–1065.[26] The earliest consecration at Santiago was said in 1899 to have taken place in 1082.

I can only conjecture that M. Anthyme-St. Paul took that date from the opening of Book III of the *Compostellana*, which refers to the commencement of works. The earliest consecration that I know is 1102, when Diego Gelmírez consecrated the altar of the Saviour and all the rest of the minor apses.[27] Normally the *capilla mayor* would be consecrated first, but here, the high altar was so sacred it needed nothing, as will appear later.

Chantier French

The *chantier* was formed largely of French elements, as the succeeding analysis will show: to these Sr. Lampérez adds[28] rather cautiously but, as I believe, with truth, "The cathedral of Santiago shows in some of its elements a nationalization of the style, produced by direct foreign influences, *e. g.* Syro-Byzantine elements, and by national, that is Mahommedan elements." He does not however specify these in his great *History of Architecture*, and as his *opusculi* are deplorably hard to come by, we must take his word.

Syro-Byzantine and Mohammedan

The date of commencement is in dispute. The *Book of S. James* says[29] that it was

Dates

begun in 1078, fifty-nine years before the death of Alfonso I of Aragon (1134 — 59 = 1075), sixty-two before that of Henry I of England (1135 — 62 = 1073) and sixty-three before that of Louis the Fat of France (1137 — 63 = 1074). These dates are all inconsistent each with the other: but it seems likely that in Compostella, where the authors got all the material for this part of the text, the date of commencement would be preserved, though deaths of foreign kings might be misknown. In Part II of the Codex, the Book of Miracles, occurs another blunder about the death of the king of France.

Pre-sumptions

There is no record of work or of preparation before. It were not amiss to point out that Diego Peláez became bishop only in 1070, and that his predecessor Gudesteo, who was related to the high Gallegan nobility, both quarrelled and fought with them, and was finally hacked to bits in his own bed over a question of the land between Ulla and Tambre.[30] The chances are against his beginning the preparations for a great building; and D. Diego could not

possibly have collected men and material, settled legal claims, and made all sure financially, within something less than a year and a half. The issue is further confused by a passage in the *Historia Compostellana* to the effect that at the date of the opening of Book III, viz. A.D. 1128, forty-six years had elapsed since the beginning of the works, "ab inchoatione novae ecclesiae B. Jacobi."[31] That would set the date at 1082 for digging of foundations and actual erection of walls.

Contradictions

At any rate, in 1077 a concord was signed between Fagildo, the abbot of the convent of Antealtares, and the bishop Diego Peláez.[32] The plan of the great church, on which work was beginning, forced them to sacrifice the church of the monastery and a part of the cloister. In a case like this the high altar stands over the original crypt, the *confessio;* and far beyond the probable three parallel apses of the eleventh century church, stretched the new ambulatory with its crown of five radiating chapels. The room for these had to be secured at once, and terms made with

Concord signed

A hard winter

the monks who still called themselves the Guardians of the Shrine. Another incident will have contributed to delay the commencement. 1077 was a hard winter, from Michaelmas to Quadragesima Sunday the bitter cold endured, memorable throughout Spain.[33] While no building could be begun, D. Diego attended to the law business, awaiting the hour.

In the capitals of the two columns at the entrance to the chapel of the Saviour, you may read:

Regnante Principe Adefonso constructum opus tempore presulis Didaci inceptum opus fuit.

Commencement in 1078

The date of 1078, on the door-jamb of the south transept, is good evidence that the work of the church was begun in that year. At Val-de-Dios, in Asturias, the lintel-stone of the south transept records the date of commencement, in a curious form; and *undamnitum*, it says, and yet the portal is untampered with, and the word after the architect's name is *construxit*, which marks some sort of completion.

Finally, the inscription must be read from bottom to top[34]:

TERIO. Q.ᵘ BASILIKAM. ISTAM. CONSTRVXIT.
RTVS. POSITVM. EST. HOC. FVNDAMENTVM. PRAESENTE.
MAGISTRO. GAL-
ERCANTEM OVETENSIS. IOHANNES. ABBAS. VALLIS. DI.
IOHAN. QVA-
✠ XV. KLS. IVNII. ERA. M.CCLVI. REGNANTE. DNO. ALPH.
IN. LEGIONE.

The statement that work was begun on the first of May, 1218, and that the architect's name was Walter, is made as obscurely as possible: but the position of the inscription corresponds precisely to that at Santiago.

Earlier in the same chapter that preserves the dates, Aymery had said:

"Of the master-builders who in the beginning built the church of Santiago, one was named Master Bernard the elder, and he was a very marvellous master, and Robert, with about fifty other masters. They worked on it steadily": every day, says the Gallegan version. The original Commission of Administration consisted of the Abbot Gundesind, the treasurer

Master-builders

Sigered, and one Wicart who was probably a canon, too.[35]

The old church

The *Historia Compostellana* says, under the year of 1078, that the new building was so undertaken as not to involve the destruction of the old church, which was left in the new. In 1112 the old church, grown ruinous, was taken down, and the western towers before 1120.[36] What that signifies is that the Bishop and Canons could not afford to give up their sanctuary and place of pilgrimage through all the years the building might go on. The Chapter of Salamanca, in 1512, had voted for the sake of comfort to retain the old Church while the new went up alongside, and the Chapter of Segovia had probably the same intention. Here more was involved than merely comfort: not money only but the business, which had a money value, like a physician's practice or the good-will of a shop. They wisely kept on with business as usual, and the high altar was never moved from its place above the tomb, till, the new building being entirely fit for service, the old was dismantled and carried

piecemeal out the three great doors. In the ninth Miracle we read that Bishop Stephen lived in the church in a straw hut over against the altar: *intus in B. Apostoli basilica.*

About the origin of the little church of S. James Undercroft a suggestion seems plausible to offer modestly: it occurred because, like the pilgrims, I have known the great shrines of France, and climbed not only the hill of the Magdalen at Vézelay but also the steep stairs to Notre-Dame-du Puy. Of this chapel, Sr. Villa-amil, after disposing of the thick walls, narrow vestibule, and strait passage, added, some in the time of Archbishop Alfonso de Fonseca, and some in the seventeenth century, says[37] that in the beginning the little nave had no doors, probably for the sake of light, but that doors were put further in; and that there were, moreover, doors which led to the church above, that opened in the rectangular niches just eastward of the crossing, and took one up, by inclined planes as I understand, to emerge in the nave of the cathedral. He admits that Master Mat-

The Original Stairs

thew rebuilt the whole more or less; it is safe to put stress upon the more, remembering that Master Matthew with his Portico, was more than doubling the weight those three central piers sustained. But descending alongside by the street that runs under the Palace, or feeling the steep pitch of the ground approaching from westward and measuring the strong ascent that begins in the gully at the foot of the town and ends far above the great church, I have seen in

Le Puy

a flash the great front at Le Puy, where the steep winding street debouches into a yawning arch and continues up a flight of steps that once emerged in front of the high altar, and was only afterward turned to come out into the transepts. That west front, of which Diego Peláez approved the plan, and Diego Gelmírez saw the conclusion, carved with the great scene of the Transfiguration, was, it seems more than likely, comparable to Le Puy. About this of Le Puy, M. Enlart has a significant word, that would exactly describe what I conceive it was: he says "á la fois un porche, un perron couvert, et une crypte."[38]

The Fountain at Santiago

This is confirmed by the passage in Thurkill's *Vision* where souls standing in the grass outside the Basilica, look up the great staircase and see the altar. Appendix VII

Inceptum opus: with the easternmost portion and the new-fangled possession-path and with them the building began. The consecration in 1102 indicates probably that the work had just passed the transepts, which originally had each two small apses eastward, and was starting on the nave. In 1116 and 1117, popular risings did no small damage to the fabric, and when the townsfolk tried to smoke out the Archbishop and Queen they burned out entirely one of the western towers, and brought down the bells. These injuries to the fortifications would be repaired before anything else. Under the date A.D. 1128, the *Historia Compostellana*[39] relates that the church had yet no cloister, nor proper offices, nor was it adorned with edifices or decorated, like other churches less held in honour, and pilgrims, priests, and laymen, went about asking where were the cloisters and offices. Indeed, they wandered about and looked

mean something like the cloister of the Sar. In 1134, on the occasion of the consecration of a Bishop of Avila, an effort was made to start up the work again, which "aliis causis impedientibus neglectum et intermissum fuerat," and the Archbishop again gave generously.[41] In 1138, when King Alfonso tried to attach the alms-boxes and probably the great "ark" and had to remove his seals again, some of the money went to masters and workmen working on the cloisters.[42] Aymery when enumerating the doors of the church, calls[43] the two in the south flank "de Petraria," which must mean, "of the *chantier*"; it is possible that the cloister was going up in the midst of that.

and *chantier*

The next date of importance is that of the grants of Ferdinand II, in 1168, not only that for the works of the cathedral, for such had been given in 1107, 1129, and 1131, but that to Master Matthew, already in charge of the works: they exist in much the same form as Alfonso's to Peter the Pilgrim. He gets 100 maravedis a year.[44] In the reign of this Ferdinand, Master

Master Matthew

Like Apollonius of Tyana

Matthew's porch was raised in the time of Bishop Peter the Third, who preceded Bishop Peter Muñoz the Necromancer, poet and theologian, great scholar and great teacher. He it was who being in Rome came back by wizardy on Christmas night, in order to sing the last lesson of Matins, which had to be performed by a dignitary of S. James's in Rome.[45]

From Aymery,[46] who came there not later than 1138, you would think the church was finished. It was, however, consecrated by Archbishop Peter Muñoz, in 1211: the record exists in a set of Annals preserved in the MS. that is called the *Tumbo Negro* and adorned with miniatures. This is the date of the consecration crosses in the walls.

The Poitevin saw in place, at any rate, the three great portals, the altars in use, the triforia accessible. There are to be nine towers,[47] he says; some are built, some are building. He does not mention the cloister, or the chapel under the staircase, of *Santiago Abajo*, which is strong testimony to the theory earlier indicated,

that in his day that *was* the staircase. For him, the crypt has become fabulous: there lies S. James in a marble ark, in a fair vaulted sepulchre, wonderful for size and workmanship; it is lighted heavenly-wise with carbuncles like the gems of the New Jerusalem, and the air is kept sweet with divine odours; waxen tapers with heavenly radiance light it and angelic service cares for it.

The heavenly radiance

Otherwise, his account is accurate to the last degree: on a plan of the church you may name the chapels, trace the doors he enumerates and place the towers: two over the south transept [two over the north] two over the west front; two staircase turrets, and a glorious lantern over the crossing. The stone is strong and living, hard and brown, like marble [for polish] painted within, in divers ways: covered without with tile and lead. And he is scrupulous to add that the towers are not yet finished.

In his day the transepts had each two apses eastward, as you may discover from the dedications of the altars: to S. Nicholas

S. Maria de la Corticela

and Holy Cross, on the north: to S. Martin and the Baptist, on the south. Another behind the high altar, dedicated to S. Mary Magdalen, served for the early pilgrims' mass. The little church of the Corticela, was then as now connected with the church: the passage now has been cut through the chapel of S. Nicholas, but a glance at the plan will show how that church has a south door which leads by a winding passage into the square, and the other end of that passage once came into the transept between the two apses where now is the crooked little chapel of the Holy Ghost. The northern chapel of the *corona* or *charolle* is now dedicated to S. Bartholomew but once to S. Faith, and to its dedication came the Bishop of Pampeluna who had been a monk of Conques.[48] That corresponding to it on the south, was S. Andrew's.

Doors

So with the doors: the first one named, that of the north transept, is called S. Mary's, for it led to the Corticela; the next, the *Via Sacra*, is still opened for *Años Santos*. The third now goes through

what was once the southernmost transept apse: formerly, it must have led out between the two little apses and was named of S. Pelayo. The fourth is called "de Canonica"; it opens yet on the Sacristy where canons go to smoke a cigarette in between psalms. The fifth and sixth still exist in the south flank of the church, and opened then on the *chantier;* the seventh, in the north flank, was the grammar-school door and gave access to the Archbishop's palace. The usual entry, however, for the episcopal family seems to have been by an upper door into the triforium and Aymery's word for that is usually *Palacio*. The triforium had forty-three windows. The windows were glazed: the central chapel had three, the clerestory of the apse, five. This is entirely French.

Although the transepts, like the nave, have aisles, the great portals have two doorways and not three: Aymery notes this with surprise.[49] It was not, however, uncommon in the south-west of France, and was the western arrangement at S. Faith of Conques and S. Sernin of Toulouse; also

the cathedral of Bordeaux, though later, preserves the regional trait.

La Azabacheria

The north door, named now from the *Azabacheria*, the market for pilgrim's trumpery and in especial the jet tokens for which Compostella was famous, was then called Porta Francigena. Twelve columns filled the door-jambs, reliefs the tympana; and by an adaptation of the Poitevin style, as it appears variously modified in Notre Dame la Grande and in the Cathedral of Angoulême, the face of the wall above the doorway carried the most important sculpture. Here, *in pariete*, appeared a great Apocalyptic Christ, blessing with the book, enthroned within a mandorla that the four evangelists hold up, as the angels in the tympanum at Cahors and Autun. Eastward, on His right, the reliefs show Adam and Eve created and enjoined; on His left, dismissed from Paradise. And everywhere around, in a bewildering multitude that will recall the portals of Leyre and Sangüesa, and those of Notre Dame la Grande and Conques as well, are figures of saints, and beasts, men and angels,

North façade

women and flowers, and what not, past telling. This suggests a whole scheme of *Genesis i*, 1–26. In the tympanum of the eastern door, under a tabernacle, you have the Angelic Salutation of the second Eve: the angel Gabriel speaks to her:

Genesis i 1–26

"Che non sembiava imagine che tace,
Giurato si saria chei'dicesse: *Ave!*"[50]

In the tympanum of the western are the signs of the zodiac and other lovely matters which we may guess to be the labours of the months: some of these, and parts of the Creation, and King David who must be counted among the cloud of witnesses on the face of the wall, still exist, built into the south side. Finally, the good Poitevin notes the odd little figures high up on the face of the jamb proper, four little apostles, blessing those who pass through: SS. Peter and Paul, John and James. Each stands on a bull's head, like the saints at Leon: and lions flank the doorway, watching the doors, much as in Lombardy.

Labours of the months

Here, however, they lean over and look down from the top of the doors.

The northern façade commemorated the Creation; the southern, the Judgement; the western, the Transfiguration. At the south transept, which still exists, the eastern tympanum shows the Betrayal, the Scourging, and Pilate sitting as one in judgement: above that, S. Mary, God's Mother, with her son in Bethlehem, and the three Kings who bring offerings, and the star, and the Angel warning them. On the other tympanum is all the story of the temptation, "the evil angels like *larves*, and the candid angels which are the good," and what each offers: and others ministering with censers. The four apostles guard the jambs, as before [I think that he is wrong in one case and that there was, even then, the sign of the Lion] and four lions as well, two below, and two more again, above the central pier, back to back. Eleven columns are here, carved with all manner of images, flowers, birds, and the like, and these are of marble; either those are gone and replaced by others filled

South façade

A wayfaring theme

with kings and saints, or he has confused them with the western in recollection. In the tympanum appears, thus early, that sign of the Ram that M. Bertaux identified so cleverly,[51] and the legend of the adulterous wife is told of it already, how her husband surprised her lover, and cut off his head, and compelled her to fondle and kiss it twice a day, while it corrupted in her hands. It was a bitter and sensual vengeance but, after all, she might have been such a great lover as that in the story of William of Cabestang.

verger's tale

Above, on the face of the wall, four angels trumpet to announce the Judgement Day, and Christ stands erect with S. Peter on His left, bearing the keys, and S. James on His right between two cypress trees, and his brother S. John alongside, and the other apostles spread out to left and right, and beyond them, and above and below, flowers, men, beasts, birds, fish, and other works.

The Doom

The west door surpasses far the others: it too has only two doorways, with many steps outside, and columns of divers

The Mount of Tabor

marbles, decorated in many ways: [here follows the same enumeration of all created things]. Above, is marvellously carved the Transfiguration upon Mount Tabor: the Lord in a white cloud [somewhat, perhaps, like the crimped clouds of Moissac] His face shining like the sun, His vesture gleaming as snow; and the Father above speaking to Him, and Moses and Elias who appeared with Him, talking of the sacrifice which was to be accomplished in Jerusalem. Here also are SS. James and Peter and John to whom before all the others the Lord revealed His transfiguration. Two things are to notice here: that there are no tympana, and that the description has changed from exact observation into something literary. Aymery could not stand close, and stare, and take notes, here: and the only explanation is that already urged, that if this first façade resembled structurally that at Le Puy, the steps were a very long way below the huge relief.[52]

Recapitulation may serve, at this point. It is probable that:

Recapitulation

1. Alfonso the Chaste built a little brick church, a local shrine.
2. Alfonso III the Magnanimous built at the end of the ninth century a basilica of the Asturian type with marble columns. Almanzor burned this.
3. The church of the eleventh century was Benedictine Romanesque, with three parallel apses, probably transepts, and western towers: the style of Cluny.
4. The church of the twelfth century belonged to another French type of which the greatest examples were S. Martial of Limoges, S. Sernin of Toulouse and S. Faith of Conques. It kept however the towers, which were in France to be handed on to pure Gothic: it possibly borrowed a west end from Le Puy, and took over decoration from Poitou. All these regions are traversed by the Pilgrim Way. Something Syrian and Byzantine and something Mohammedan, were added on Spanish soil.
5. At the end of that century Master Matthew rebuilt the west end, with a porch or narthex that shows acquaintance with the Burgundian and with Chartres.

Master of the works

Wherever men work with level and square, the name of Master Matthew is revered, with those of Robert de Coucy and Pierre de Chelles. He was Master at the works before he began the *Gloria* in 1168: he had been living in Galicia at least since 1161 when he was at work on the Puente Cesures, the bridge below Padrón. In 1188 he set the lintel and the inscription underneath it:

✠ Anno: Ab Incarnatione: Dñi:
m.° c.° lxxxviii.vo: Era I^{A} ccxx^{H}vI^{A}:
Die K-L, Aprilis: super: linìharia:
Principalium: portalium.
Ecclesiae: Beati: Iacobi: sunt collocata:
Per: Magistrum: Matheum: qui: à
Fundamentis: ipsorum: portalium:
Eressit: magisterium.

and sons succeeding

He was secular, married, with various sons, one of whom was booked to succeed him in the work, as at Burgos worked the generations of Colonia and at Toledo those of Egas. The Compostellan School was recognized as an organization from the end

of the eleventh century: in 1135 Alfonso VII enriched and protected it with various privileges and exemptions: Matthew's post was director and master of all the workmen of this. In 1168 Ferdinand II, because he held in his charge the direction and magistracy of the works of the Apostle, granted him 100 maravedis a year "to be used for his own person and for the same work so that he might see the completion of his art." His name occurs as a witness in documents of 1189 and 1192; in 1217 he is still working and is called Dominus: and in 1352 and 1435 the houses in which he had lived in the *Plaza de la Azabacheria* were still called Master Matthew's houses.[53] The kneeling figure beneath the portal, if it is indeed his portrait, in its strong sobriety, its inalienable youth, is a worthier monument than Peter Vischer's or Adam Kraft's quaint effigies in Nuremberg.

and name surviving

The *Pórtico de la Gloria* is a narthex of the Burgundian type, taken off the lowest story of the nave. Above, the triforium gallery is continued over it, and opened by western arches into the

Narthex

great nave, precisely as it is carried around the transept ends. In this it differs from those of Vézelay and Autun, but conforms to the same tradition as S. Père-sous-Vézelay, the churches of S. Bénigne and Notre Dame in Dijon, he Burgundian church of S. Sepulchre at Barletta. The cathedral at Chartres which was burned in 1194 approached possibly to this type, the three carved portals of the lower story standing back in line with the eastern wall of the towers, kept therefore in very low projection; the affect being something like that of S. Vincent of Avila. Like S. Vincent, probably, also, and like Autun, which was certainly known to the first builders of Avila, almost as certainly to those of Compostella, the portico at Santiago opened westward without tympanum or door, by three lofty arches, adorned with statues on the four piers which enframed these. Roland, we know, in the fifteenth century, stood among them, and so probably did Charlemagne; and almost certainly such effigies of Solomon and David as are built in at Orense.

Bur-
gundian

and open

From Santiago was copied the portico at Orense called *El Paraiso*, with such scrupulous exactitude that its evidence may not be impeached on points where destruction or misinterpretation, at Santiago, must be supplied or corrected. Only a single bay in depth, and three across, the porch of Santiago is ribbed quadripartite vaulting very richly moulded, the ribs and arches adorned with flowers and leaves. In the four corners, four angels trumpet to Judgement. On the jambs, and the western piers, stand twelve Apostles, and the two Evangelists who were not of the twelve; prophets; Moses, Esther, and the Queen of the South; the hermit Pelayo; two seraphim, high in the outer wall; and two angels with scrolls. Over the doors into the aisles the round arch in two orders is filled with sculpture; the central door is divided and the head of it filled by a sculptured tympanum: on the trumeau sits S. James facing westward, above a marble shaft carved with the Trinity and the Tree of Jesse; and on the eastern face, at the foot a figure kneels, which im-

Western piers

memorial tradition identifies with Master Matthew himself. It is indeed of the right age, with its smooth-shaven cheek and heavy curls: for this work, like the first doors of Ghiberti in Florence, belongs to the youth of a long-lived man.

Theophany

The theme of the whole is not the Last Judgement, though that enters in, nor even the terrible Four Last Things: rather, it is a theophany. On the tympanum, a gigantic Christ, seated, shows His wounds, but the wide gesture has more of blessing in it than of terror. Shoulder and chest bare, He has neither book nor crown. Beside Him sit the four evangelists, S. Matthew writing, the other three fondling their symbolic beasts, like the *jeune homme caressant sa chimère*. Seven angels display the instruments of the Passion, and in the extreme corner on the Gospel side a kneeling figure testifies and intercedes: this is not the Blessed Virgin. It stands for S. John, the brother of James, the disciple whom Jesus loved, and the witness of the Revelation: "and I John saw these things and heard them." By the introduction of this,

the whole scene comes to bear to the Transfiguration, which it supplanted, the same relation as the Gospel bears to the Old Testament: the Transfiguration was of earth, transitory, and a type: this is eternal in the heavens.

In the upper part of the tympanum, on either side, are crowded tiny figures, the multitude whom no man could number, in their washed robes, who shall see His face, and His name shall be on their foreheads. Above the piers, on either hand, angels gather up little naked souls, "who are just born, being dead"; they shelter them in the folds of their garments, carry them in their bosoms, bringing them to swell the number.[54] Across the archivolt, on the radius of the arch, are seated the four-and-twenty elders, making music on divers instruments. Beneath the feet of Christ, which rest on the springing foliage of the Tree of Life,[55] the capital of the trumeau depicts on its four faces the scenes of the Temptation, the intention of which turns on Hebrews i, 3, ii, 18, iv, 14–15, this being one called of God

White souls

a high priest after the order of Melchisedec.

The great and famous statue

The grand figure of S. James seated here with Tau-staff and scroll from which the writing was erased long since— "Misit me Dominus" it read—is perhaps the most magnificent single figure of the Romanesque age: his throne rests on the backs of lions, but his bare feet on cool green leafage.[56] The capital of the carved shafts which fills the remainder of this space, is dedicated to the Trinity: the Dove hovering above the Ancient of Days who holds the Son enthroned upon his lap as in a *Sedes Majestatis*. Angels adore with incense and offerings. This motive is very rare: I recall it however at Soria, on the church of S. Thomas.

The rest of the shaft is carved most marvellously with the Tree of Jesse, that culminates in an exquisite young princess, crowned, with long plaited tresses like the Virgin of Solsona, but without the Holy Child. This is not Mary Virgin, the lily-flower on the rod of Jesse; it is Mary Salome, the mother of Dominus

Jacobus, whom a hymn calls *preclara filia Jesse.*[57]

In hardly any other church the Mother of God gets so little attention: the high altar is occupied by S. James, the place of the Lady chapel by the altar of S. Saviour, in the chapel which celebrates the Feast of the Transfiguration; the statues that flank the transepts on the Gospel and Epistle side are James Minor and Mary Salome the Mother; the place in the porch, among descendants of David, is usurped by the younger sister. In each of the transept portals she figured once, in a symbolic capacity: on the north, as the second Eve, on the south, as present when the Kings of Earth brought their riches for an offering. Now-a-days, as in many Spanish churches, the altar of the *trascoro* is dedicated to her of *Soledad;* her widow's veil and heavy weeds draw crowds there to the morning Mass.

Stirpes Davidical digna propago

The door of the south aisle represents the Judgement, in a form which, like all the imagery at Santiago, presupposes a good knowledge of Scripture but also some

acquaintance with apocryphal and traditional lore. At the centre of the outer archivolt, a bust of Christ with the cross-marked nimbus and the hair white like wool, bearded, not very young, in the aspect of the Eternal Word, delivers the sentences upon two scrolls (the words are still painted on those at Orense), the *Come, ye blessed of my Father*, and, *Depart from me!* In the order below appears the Angel Michael, he who weighs souls, in adolescent beauty, with other scrolls; and on the Lord's right hand, angels gather and cherish little souls, and the elect abide in Abraham's bosom; on His left, correspondingly, four devils champ and mangle a multitude of the wretched reprobate. In the outer rim, which is carved at the north door with leaves and in the central with flowers, another row of figures finds place here, that represents the Wise and Foolish Virgins; the former five, in wedding garments, some just waking from sleep, some holding up their lamps; the other five tormented horribly for their sins. The sins here are explicit: gluttony reaches for grapes, pride

But the weighing is all past

Blue Hydrangeas

has a beast tearing at the brain, envy a crocodile biting her tongue, *luxuria* is past describing, wrath is figured as that woman "wearing at breast a suckling snake" who reappears at Sangüesa and at Moissac and Vézelay.

The north door is more recondite: some have sought to see in the ten little figures and their Master, book in hand, all sitting in amid stiff luxuriant leafage, the ten Beatitudes, and others in those ten who lean over the great torus moulding of the outer order, with scrolls, the souls of those yet held in the bonds of death but found acceptable, with the works they did *in statu vitae*. Plastically the composition is easy to account for by a reference to the figures similarly held inside a chain, over the main portal of S. Croix at Bordeaux. The motive occurs, also, at Toro, on the north door. Symbolically, the learned Benedictine Dom Roulin[58] interprets the leafage as the *locus pascuae* of the twenty-third psalm, which in the Alexandrian liturgy is "virentia et amoena loca paradisi."

Perhaps Coptic

Yes, these little figures all embowered are the souls expectant which await the resurrection of the body, in the Paradise of God. Tundall's *Vision* makes that plain. Here there seem to be fusion or confusion of the Paradise of the West which figures in classical and Celtic legend, where the deathless enjoy green trees and bird-songs, as well as tall grass and sea-cold springs, with the Earthly Paradise situate in Asia somewhere, there where Shelley lays the loveliest scene of his *Prometheus*, where the Phoenix goes to renew his ageless immortality, where Our Lady tends the unborn souls who live in the trees and sing perpetually. Thus Lazzaro Bastiani painted them on the organ-doors of S. Anne's in Venice. An unknown Roman painted them also in the Catacombs for the cemetery of SS. Peter and Marcellinus where on one side stands the Gentle Shepherd, a lamb over His shoulders and two springing up to lick his hands: on the other, the Good Lady, beguiling two birds which flit about in the branches of the Tree of Life. The Par-

Paradise of the West

Also for *S. Agnese* in *Via Nomentana*

adise of Souls is recalled again, for a moment, in Spain two centuries later, where on the western portal at Toro and Ciudad Rodrigo, in forms derived from France, the Doom figures, and S. Peter admits the redeemed through a gate into a fair garden full of trees and greenery, and the little souls walk under the shade, and look out from openings in the bowers.[59]

The Garden of Paradise

The bases of the clustered shafts rest on crouching monsters, splendid and not ignoble, grotesque yet terrible, that stand for sins: griffin-beaked, some, or lion-headed, with claw and hoof, with wing and tail, strong and deadly. One figure is wrath, one lust, and avarice and envy may be guessed at, but of the meaner sins, of sloth and gluttony, one can hardly make sure, and the wrinkled lips and sneer of cold command, proper to pride, appear repeatedly. The trumeau rests on a prostrate man hugging two lions, whose intention once was indicated by the scroll he bears, now blank.

The Deadly Sins

The figures who stand close upon the jambs are not easy to make sure of: the

words have faded from their scrolls. Sr. López Ferreiro's identification of them does not correspond with the figures at Orense, where, in all other respects, the imitation was close, nor yet does it agree with what is known of the iconography of the Apostles in Eastern and Spanish art. Certainly the figures on the north and left-hand side, counting from the trumeau, are taken from the Old Testament, although that is the right hand of Christ, and those on the south are Apostles. They are as follows:

López Ferreiro disputed

North aisle: Left, Obadiah and Joel; right, Amos and Moses; this last is impossible, perhaps Habbakkuk.

Centre: Left, Jeremiah (the scroll is said to have been lately decipherable), Daniel, Isaiah, Moses with the tables: right, SS. Peter of the keys, Andrew the Greek bishop (though possibly Paul), Philip, and James Minor.

South aisle: Left, SS. Thomas and Bartholomew; right, SS. Simon and Jude. The inner figure here, the next to the last, is plainly out of place. He is by

rights a prophet and should be interchanged with that in the same place on the north door; then both will look toward the central Christ. Of the remaining three apostles, two are Evangelists and the third has the place of honour.

These figures, with the central seated S. James, constitute the noblest figure-sculpture between the Roman age and the Gothic, between the arch of Trajan and the sculptures of Chartres. If M. de Lasteyrie is right,[60] they are earlier than even the kings and queens of the western portal there. Now that Paris is restored and Rheims is ruined, the *Gloria*, as a whole, is the most superb monument of the Middle Age that we possess. Chartres is more beautiful, this is more virile.

Between Roman and Gothic

unmatched

Apart from that single figure, it is hard to say what is earlier or later, master's work or pupil's: the whole is the fruit of a single brain, like Phidias's. The Christ is archaic of course, even at Amiens He is that, and the arrangement of angels in the lower

row and the crowding multitude in white raiment, and all that is not in one scale, is an admission of hesitation, but other tentatives there are none. The kings, the apostles and prophets, the side archivolts and angels, have an achieved perfection. I fancy the right door earlier than the left, and I judge from two statues in the Museum of S. Clemente that after the portal came the angels and the witnesses that face east, Solomon and Saba the Precursor, and Judith in the Spanish widow's garb, a long veil over all. Last came the outer figures, now gone. This conclusion comes on studying the drapery and faces, which grow a little freer: without so much of difference as between the north and south porches of Chartres, but somewhat like that in kind. In the ends are four angels trumpeting; two with scrolls on the east face of the central piers, two wing-folded seraphs like knights with long shields, and the central figures all adoring toward the Christ.

The Witnesses

Here, in this portal, appear all stages of the statuary's art, from unmitigated

dogma in the central tympanum to pure arabesque in the lateral carved shafts. Much of the leafage, well curled over, is a very beautiful variant of the acanthus, free, soft, sappy, and rather strong, which does a little suggest the Gallegan cabbage of the field, and the name is convenient. In another form, the leaf curls little but is twisted on the bell of the capital. This, Spanish architects call Santiagüese. The figures in cast of feature are quite Gallegan, but the style is referable in certain respects to Chartres, in others to the great school of Toulouse. It is precisely in the turning of one to another, the placing and movement of the bodies, that these Apostles recall those of S. Etienne, but the *chantier* that had existed for a hundred years when these came to be made, has a tang of the soil: they are racy, regional, and *varonil*. It is hard to remember, looking at the Santiago, that this is of the twelfth century: not France nor Italy can show anything so final. It was the last thing in place, probably, and is ripe with the wisdom of a whole laborious life, and triumphant with

Racy, regional, and *varonil*

the approved strength of an immense genius.

The pilgrim's hour

About the end of July, toward six o'clock in the evening, when the sun lies pale on archivolt and capital, and the church is empty and echoing, they are like all the sacred company of heaven. Fixed in their changeless smile, they hold eternal colloquy; with unalterable gesture, in a sort of immutable life, they abide in permanency.

The Brother of the Lord

The Christ himself is not the Victor of the Psalmist for whom gates lift up their heads and the everlasting doors are lifted up, but the apparition of the Apocalyptic Vision: not the King of Glory, but the terrible Victim, gigantic, with hair white like wool, mouth passionless, and ageless eyes. But James the brother of the Lord has the likeness of His humanity, worn and very beautiful, graver than mild, and deeper than serene. His chair is set on lions for indomitable strength, but his feet are planted firmly and the staff is set between his knees—those bare feet of the tireless journey, that staff of the uncounted

miles, going to and fro upon the earth and finding no place wherein to abide. His eyes look further than he has ever gone but he sits quietly at last.

The Wanderer

III

DIEGO GELMÍREZ

"He was a great man, good at many things, and now he has attained this also, to be at rest."

Bishop Diego Peláez

In 1077 Bishop Diego Peláez signed an important document which refers to the commencement of the works: in 1087 or 1088 he was deposed and in prison, accused of conspiring with Normans and English to invade the city and kingdom. Peter II, whilom Abbot of Cardeña, was elected to succeed him; that is to say a Castilian, reckoned by Royalty a safe friend. After him came Bishop Dalmatius, formerly of Cluny, to whom Urban II gave great concessions. He went on a visit to Cluny and died there in 1095; at the news of his death

Diego went to Rome and tried to be reinstated.

The Bishop of Santiago was a great temporal lord. A proverb says: "Obispo de Santiago, bácula y ballesta," which means being interpreted that the Bishop can wield cross and cross-bow. He was lord of the city, all citizens being subject to him and to his courts, with all law suits civil and criminal; and also of a wide district in which he raised troops and led them himself. He had an organized body of knights to receive his orders and come at his summons. Diego Peláez, with his ancient Spanish name, had a part in the great losing fight to keep Spain for Spaniards, against the usurpation of Rome and the ascendancy of Cluny. A Spanish writer has said that in this struggle Cluny played the part of the trained elephant which beguiles and coerces the wild[1]: Gallician liberty being lost, the great abbey came in to help reduce the Spanish Church. If old Diego turned for help where he could, to the overflowing strength of Normandy, and the English who were Normans in 1087, he

Bácula y ballesta

¡Cierra España!

Norman alliance

showed wisdom, for the Normans and their establishments for a hundred years more were not particularly subservient to the chair of Peter, in England or in Sicily. The alliance with England was tried a dozen times, not the last being that of Philip II and Mary Tudor, out of which came the expedition of the Armada. The trend of things, however, was too strong for the old Bishop, and the other party, that sent him packing, put in men with a thousand French connections. They were to find, in the end, that their own creature, raised from a simple clerk to the pallium and the primacy, dreamed in his Spanish heart of setting on high his Apostolic seat, to be with Jerusalem and Rome equal and co-ordinate, a *Tertium Quid* in Christendom. When after some hard fighting Diego Peláez drops out of sight, his epitaph in Flórez is that he was a man of a great spirit, but not lucky.

Raymond and Urraca, the count and countess of Galicia, in 1090 had for chancellor a clerk named Diego Gelmírez. He was by 1094 administrator of the diocese,

and with Bishop Dalmatius went to the Council of Clermont. He founded, or perhaps restored, the old hospice of Santiago opposite the north door, he pushed on the cathedral building also, and in 1100 he received subdeacon's orders in Rome. Then he was elected Bishop. He made sure of the strong help of Bernard of Toledo, himself a Frenchman and a monk of Cluny, and he was going to Rome for consecration, but Diego Peláez, in alliance with Peter I of Aragon, held all the roads into France. Therefore the Bishop of Maguelonne consecrated him, 1101, in conjunction with those of Lugo, Tuy, and Mondoñedo, the point being apparently that while Braga was the Metropolitan, the Pope was the proper and immediate lord, and nothing was wanted from Toledo. An understanding of this sort was, of course, equally good for popes and bishops. In 1102 he began a palace to entertain visiting bishops, such men as that of Pampeluna who had just consecrated an altar to S. Faith. It is pleasant to remember that intercourse went on, between S. Faith of Conques and the greater

The clerk Diego Gelmírez

The Canon's lodging and the fountain

church. The palace is described as having three vaulted rooms above the ground floor, and a high and spacious tower. The *Canónica* he also rebuilt. He planned a cloister, but only got as far as the fountain basin in which fifteen men could bathe, this was used later for the *Paraiso* on the north side. There was trouble in the Chapter about rebuilding the High Altar: the canons wanting to keep the old one. He gave it, finally, to the Monastery of Antealtares, whither the precious altar and column of S. James had already proceeded in 1077 when Abbot Fagildo had to move. But inside the new altar was enclosed still the oldest of all; so the chronicle. The silver frontal was finished in 1105, the baldachin by 1112.

Montjoy

In these years Gelmírez pulled down three churches and rebuilt them; first that of S. Cruz on the height called Montjoy, or Manxoi, a hillock covered with pines to the right of the Lugo road, very popular in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, abandoned in the seventeenth. Today you can hardly see its foundations. It was

called also *Capilla del Cuerpo Santo*, from one of the Miracles of S. James, in the matter of a Lorrain who stayed with a sick friend in Gascony, 1080. Then he rebuilt that of S. Sepulcro, called thereafter, from the relics he had secured in Portugal, S. Susanna, which stands on a hilltop in the midst of cattle-market: thirdly, that of the Sar, for nuns, whom he installed 1129. There is a tradition that this church was founded by a French lady, called Rusinda, whose lover Alberic had died on the journey. There she buried him and there she stayed. The Bishop planted for his nuns orchards of apple, cherry, and other fruits, and started fish-pools in the Sar. He did also much work abroad, for instance at S. Martin de Tiobre, and at Cacabelos, as elsewhere mentioned.

Miracle IV

A great lover

In his day the church had seventy-two canons, of whom two became bishops of Leon, one of Oporto, one of Mondoñedo, and two cardinals, and one an Archbishop; all these three being bishops at one time —S. Giraldo, Archbishop of Braga, Diego, Bishop of Orense, Alfonso, Bishop of Tuy.

They, like the rest, had to take their week of service when it came in rotation, and when the Cardinal of Rome, Deusdedit, was canon later, he writes to Gelmírez (1111) to send him the date of his week by the first pilgrims setting out for Rome.

Pilgrims as Couriers

They had a common table and a common dormitory, but some had also their own houses, whence apparently they sent to the kitchen for their meals. Only seven seem to have been priests, or cardinals, the rest were in deacon's orders. The offerings of the week were counted on Sunday, and the canon of the week got a third; of the remaining portion one third went to the fabric, one third to the Prelate, one third for a meal in the canonical refectory. Of the offerings at the altar of S. Cross and that of the Magdalen, half was for the hospital of pilgrims.

He found the canons living more like soldiers than clerks: he introduced the rites and style of the churches of France. I am not sure whether this means that the Mozarabic use had persisted until then. It does mean, amongst other things, that the

Customs of Cluny

canons must come shaven, in surplice and cope, they having been used to come spurred and cloaked and apparently with three days' beard. He improved the school, that taught oratory and logic, and fetched a doctor, Robert, from the school of Salerno to teach. He continually sent canons who showed promise, to France, probably to Paris, for study, besides sending frequent embassies to Rome, Cluny and other great later centres of culture. His *Maestrescuela*, he sought in Pistoja, Ramiro, a skilled musician who had studied in Quintonia a city of England: is this S. Mary Winton? One of the authors of the *Historia* is a Frenchman called Hugh, who was to become Bishop of Oporto.

From Salerno

to Winchester

The canons had to swear (this was in 1102) to be always and in all things faithful and obedient, to defend his life and person and exalt his dignity. They hated him quite wonderfully. They had, however, plenty of dignity of their own: they call themselves cardinals and dress in scarlet, remarks Sobieski.[2] Finally he commissioned the canon Munio Alfonso and the

French clerk Hugh to write the *Historia Compostellana*.

In 1104 he went to Rome, visiting on the way the possessions of Compostella in Gascony, in the dioceses of Bayonne, Agen, Auch, Toulouse and Aix: he stayed at Moissac, Cahors, Uzerches, Limoges, and thence came to Cluny visiting Abbot Hugh. The community came out in procession to meet him and the old abbot gave him counsel, to the effect that the Court of Rome was, as we say, down on Santiago. The Council of Rheims, 1049, had excommunicated Bishop Crescónico for using the title "Bishop of the Apostolic See."

Advice

Only forty years earlier, as I pause to note, some Milanese clergy had denied the jurisdiction of Rome over the Ambrosian church, and it was not until two hundred years later (in 1303) that Spanish bishops began to call themselves such by the Grace of God and of the Church of Rome.[3] The fisherman's successors were fighting hard for dominance. The great Pope Gregory once called his own instrument *maldito*,

and wrote Abbot Hugh to fetch him home again[4]; and Pons of Cluny, the friend and councillor of Gelmírez later, for prodigality, luxury and ambition was excommunicated by Pope Honorius with all his particular adherents—the word is his "push."[5]

S. Hugh, who possibly had visited Santiago in 1090, reminded the Bishop that his predecessor Dalmatius at the Council of Clermont, though habit-brother of Urban II, and though supported by many great prelates in his application for the Pall, did not get it. "This may be due," concluded the old monk, "to the way one earlier prelate treated a Roman legate: 'Go,' said he to his clergy, 'meet this cardinal and treat him as he treated you in Rome.' That was a mistake. Go on to Rome, but don't ask for the Pall yourself." However, Gelmírez got it. He went by S. Jean de Maurienne and Susa, by the old road of travellers before the railway; and he was the first bishop of Santiago of whom there was a memory, to visit Rome; and he protested his entire submission to Roman pontiffs.

and anecdote

So went Street

He kept somewhat out of politics in the years 1109 to 1111; then he seems to have led the organized revolt against Alfonso of Aragon, in the name of Urraca and the child Alfonso, Raymond's son. September 27, 1111, he anointed the child of seven and put sword and sceptre in his hands, crown on his head, and set him on the pontifical throne. The coronation banquet he held in the Episcopal palace, with all the great Gallegan nobles enacting their titular rôles, bearing bason and cup, undressing the King, and putting him to bed.

Alfonso of Castile

They started with him for Leon: Lugo opened her gates at the summons: they spent a night at Viadangos on the old Roman road, and there they were caught by the cavalry of Aragon. D. Fernando, Count of Traba, was killed, Pedro Ansúrez taken prisoner, but D. Diego got away with the boy and found a refuge in Astorga. Thence with the queen and young king he went home.

Queen's gifts

The Queen called a *Cortes* in Compostella for Easter, then wandered about Galicia, apparently looking for things to give to

Santiago, odd granges and villages and little stray churches. She got up an army to invade Castile, and from Triacastela sent D. Diego back. Alfonso of Aragon, meanwhile, had taken what he could get, especially in the churches; for instance, at Sahagún a *Lignum Crucis*, on Palm Sunday of 1112. He had fetched from Aragon three hundred knights and slingers (*loricados*), was defeated, and had to shut himself up in Carrión. The nobility and clergy were for Urraca, the burghers for Alfonso, those of Najera, Burgos, Carrión, Palencia, Sahagún, and Leon. She, while she besieged, was considering the jewellery of Saragossa, presents from the Moorish king; meanwhile Galicia rebelled, and was sacked by an English pirate fleet on the way to Palestine. Possibly these ships came from the Orkneys, under Jarl Hakon Paalsson.[6]

Alfonso of Aragon

On May 30, 1113, the Gallegan army left Santiago by the pilgrim's road to come to her assistance. They kept meeting pilgrims with sorry tales. Urraca was angry because it was slow in coming. She

was now in Carrión and Alfonso was marching on Burgos, which hastened the reconciliation between the soldiers and the Queen and together they gained the hills above Burgos, where D. Diego celebrated Mass and preached, on Midsummer Day. Thence they struck over to Atapuerca. Nothing seems to have happened, except a general meeting in the cloister of S. Mary of Burgos, at which D. Diego denounced any reunion of the King and Queen. They had been separated on the usual ground of consanguinity, though, as old Briz Martínez says, they were no more near of kin than when they married and the Pope and bishops had known everything then. It must be remembered however that Alfonso had supported Diego Peláez, which may have influenced the Bishop. The crowd was ill-pleased with him, and he did no good. He was mobbed in Carrión, and got away in a red cloak and a Lombard hat; he reached home in August.

D. Diego in Castile

A Lombard hat

Then D. Pedro Froilaz "came in," as the Scots put it, with royal gifts and all his family, the matter being the recognition of

the young king. He was Count of Traba. Alfonso was busy conquering Saragossa: he had kept Castrojeriz, Carrión, and the other towns, but did little there. Urraca, who was really a terrible woman, went into Galicia: she planned to imprison D. Diego and the Count, but failed: then she came back, insisting on an interview with him.

After three days he met her, behind the quire of the cathedral, surrounded with armed men. The negotiations were long, and she had to leave hostages, twenty knights, in pledge, ten Gallegans and ten others. She collected in Galicia the ten, but no more.

Arms to meet the Queen

In 1115 Ali ben Mamon the Admiral of the Almoravide king, raided the coast, as well as Catalonia, France, Sicily, Italy and Constantinople, and thereafter Syria.[7] D. Diego sent to Genoa, Pisa, and Arles for shipbuilders; a Genoese called Engerio or Angerio came, and built in Iria two galleys which sacked, burned, and ruined. Where they landed, they burned houses and grain fields, cut down trees and vines, de-

Galleys

Raids into Moreira

stroyed and sacked mosques—the reader pauses here to remember the Spanish testimony to Almanzor's conduct in Santiago—after committing all sorts of outrages in them, cut the throats of women and children, or loaded with chains those that seemed likeliest for slaves. When the galleys were crammed they came back and in the partition gave one fifth to the Prelate including gold and silver, besides his share as lord of the two galleys. In return, Seville and Lisbon blockaded the ports of Galicia for five years with twenty ships, then D. Diego broke the blockade and did the same again.

Democracy

At the end of 1116, the young Alfonso, who had been learning war under the Count of Traba, sent to claim his rights, and came with his party to enforce them. Met by D. Diego at Padrón, in the cathedral of Santiago he took possession of his kingdom. Doña Urraca stayed in Mellid and gathered her forces. The people of Compostella rose, for "without the right to rise, and without changing masters at every step, they cannot conceive liberty," says the *Compostel-*

lana; and a conspiracy in the palace was directed to the same end, toward the Queen.

Gelmírez had to fortify himself in the church towers, while the populace and soldiery sacked and pillaged below, and he had to accept the Queen's conditions. The townsfolk formed an *Hermandad* or confraternity of which the Queen was Lady or Abbess. There are traces, even in the ecclesiastic's story, of such trouble between church and town as at Sahagún. They wanted to annul the authority of the Bishop in the city at least, and reduce him to the estate of a simple though decorative chaplain. "Renovant leges et plebiscita": they reorganized the city government. D. Diego had to sell his plate and rich stuffs to buy food. At last he went to the Queen, who was very kind, and gave him the head of S. James Alphaeus, that the Archbishop of Braga had brought from Jerusalem. On his return, at Ferreiros, he sent word ahead of his treasure. The procession came in barefoot, he laid the head on the altar, said Mass, and assisted at the Solemn Office that day.

Town and Gown

John of Würtzburg testifies, p. 330

Peace for a while was kept. The Queen made peace with her son and helped D. Diego to punish the rebels in Compostella. She asked for those who had taken refuge in the cathedral and pointed out that arms ill befitted the state of sanctuary. Apparently within a few hours the Bishop's men were the besieged.

The Siege

She went up into the tribunes and all of a sudden the civil strife was alight again. In the attack men set a fire to burn them out: some of the roof was burned. Some of the Bishop's and the Queen's men were in the belfry; that burned out inside and the bells fell. The affair was desperate. Every one confessed himself, the Bishop confessing to the Abbot of S. Martin. Then said the Queen: "Get out, Father; get out of this fire and I can go with you." "None of that," came up the answer from below. The Bishop thought they wanted him particularly, and the besiegers shouted up that the Queen could come. In the tribunes the crowd jostled her, they tore her clothes half off and knocked her down, and one old woman slapped her face. Some men forced

The Cathedral beset

a way out through the swords and spears and D. Diego, wrapped in an old cloak, got away unnoticed to the little church of the Corticela, which is built in at the north-east corner of the cathedral. There he communicated and waited. Presently came Doña Urraca, but for greater safety they stayed apart. She got away to the convent of S. Martin, he, over roofs and under walls, crept in by the window to the house of a certain Maurinus, a draper. Two Frenchmen stood by him, and thence he moved to a cellar. While the Frenchmen went off to find horses on which he could escape after night-fall, through the garden of S. Martin, a committee of Peter the Prior, the Abbot of S. Pelayo Antealtares, and Pelayo Díaz a monk of the same monastery, waited on D. Diego and called him out. They hid him in the treasury of Antealtares. The escape

The Compostellans decided to depose the Bishop and make peace with the Queen, but D. Diego got away to Iria. Then the young king besieged Compostella and D. Diego joined him with vassals of the *Tierra de Santiago*, and the townsfolk had to

surrender and the Queen had to be appeased. The citizens lost everything, were fined 150 marks of silver, many were exiled.

The Metropolitan question was still the main one. Gelasius II needed money. The Bishop and his party melted down secretly the old altar frontal, which came to 120 ounces of gold, and sent off Peter the Prior (D. Diego's nephew) and the Cardinal of S. Felix to Rome with it. They were caught at Castrojeriz and the King of Aragon got the money, gold and silver, stuffs, horses, and the rest. He kept the Prior in chains in the castle there, but shortly set the Cardinal free.

Etapes du chemin

The exiles were strung along the pilgrim way at all the stages:—Castrojeriz, Villafranca de Montes de Oca, Nájera, Logroño, Estella, Puente la Reyna, Pampeluna, and Jaca. Another pair of messengers started from Gelmírez and were held up at Sahagún: they could get no further. The Queen warned and finally herself fetched the Prior of S. Zoyl of Carrión, who got Prior Peter out of durance for 70 marks of silver, but the messengers had to give up their papers,

50 marks of gold and the messenger Gerard's mule.

Gelmírez got a safe conduct through the Prior of Nájera and the Bishop of Jaca, to go to the council of Clermont in 1119, but Alfonso swore he should not set foot in Aragon. He moved as far as Palencia and Burgos, and waited. Pope Gelasius died, and Guy, the Archbishop of Vienne, the brother of Raymond of Burgundy, was elected and took the name of Calixtus II. D. Diego met at Burgos a French knight, a relative of Calixtus, called Robert François, with a letter, telling the news and holding out great hopes. He sent off Gerard disguised as a pilgrim, with two more clerks: the presents were to be sent by Bernard, Sacrist of S. Zoyl, and another monk of Cluny called Stephen. They had a hard journey, but the Pope was cheering: then the presents went through for love of Cluny. There was, however, trouble somewhere; the presents did not please as they should, and Bernard of Toledo and Alfonso VII wrote quite a shocking attack on Gelmírez. The letter was shown. The

Episodes from Romances

Bishop of Oporto, Hugh, offered to go to the Council of Rheims, disguised, again, as a pilgrim, and he travelled fast enough for the King of Aragon's men to come to his lodging only the next day. By this time the Pope was reconciled with Abbot Pons.

Diego Metropolitan

Finally, it was granted. The Metropolitan See of Mérida was translated to Santiago, and further, Hugh asked for the Apostolic Legacy over Mérida and Braga. It cost much plate from the sacristy, however, Spanish silver and Saracen gold, and Ordoño's golden chasuble and crown. The Archbishop sent all this by a Norman ship.

Bishop Hugh's journey

The investiture at the hands of Hugh took place late in 1119. He had come back by Olorón, where for a while he lay sick of a fever, and was warned that the King and the Bishop of Jaca were waiting for him, so he went back to Auch and thence around by Bayonne, the mountains of Santander, and along the coast, till he got somehow to Carrión. A railway runs now down the river valley he followed, past Moarbes. There were no good roads, the heights were steep, the woods thick, and the inns bad.

A Beggar by the *Puerta Santa*

He was met in solemn procession by the Bishop and Chapter, the bulls were laid on the altar, and the cross that he was now to carry was raised ahead of them.

The Palace had been burned in the rising of 1117: the Archbishop rebuilt it as a fit lodging for kings and the great, ecclesiastic or secular, and in one corner dug a deep well, to which water was drawn by an admirable artifice. This is when the earlier towers were taken down. He built a chapel over the north door of the church, which communicated with the Palace, and consecrated therein altars to S. Paul, S. Gregory the Great, S. Benedict, and S. Nicholas: in 1122 he built over the south portal a chapel, in which the altars were dedicated to SS. Benedict, Paul, Antoninus, and Nicholas. There was also an altar to S. Michael in the gallery of the apse, but I do not know the date of its foundation.

Doña Urraca's concessions

In 1120 Doña Urraca came back to Galicia to claim all for herself: she bargained with Gelmírez, but he got her signature to boundaries of Church land between the Ulla and the Tambre, which had been

given in 1112 but never confirmed. In return he gave only a silver service, *entremesa*. A knight of hers conspired with a knight of his household, who betrayed everything in the end. She forced the issue, denied all, and the two knights met the ordeal of battle: hers lost the wager and by her order lost his eyes. At this time Henry, abbot of S. Jean d'Angely, and Stephen, chamberlain of Cluny, were in Compostella, whom she used as intermediaries, and she made D. Diego governor of Galicia before she left. This was clever of her, for the Magnates, the great nobles, laid it against him and moreover she could thereby reduce the power of the Count of Traba. Others of the nobles were in rebellion against herself. D. Diego went campaigning and took the castle of Grallaría on the Iso, and his men step by step, killed the garrison and destroyed the castle.

Conspiracy

The Count of Traba was Pedro Froilaz, and he was the guardian of the young king. His son, Fernando Pérez, was the husband of Teresa of Portugal. D. Diego went with Doña Urraca to fight her sister Queen

Teresa of Portugal, at Tuy, and took it: then he pointed out that neither his sacred character nor the *fueros* of the Compostellans, which did not allow them to be in *fonsado* more than one day, would permit of more war. The Queen urged that the success of the whole depended on him, the Compostellans could go home according to law but in that case the enemy would retake everything. She beguiled him: he dismissed the Compostellans and stayed on with his mercenaries and others who were obliged to serve. There was no opposition as far as the Douro: Gelmírez took the occasion to recover the lands and churches which belonged to the Compostellan Mitre in the suburbs of Braga.

Annexation of property and relics

Doña Teresa sent him a word of warning, offering him any castle for refuge or any ships for return: he disbelieved her. The expedition started back by Celanova and Castrelo, where the Miño was to be crossed. At night they encamped, according to the orders of the Queen at encamping the night before. She gave orders now that Gelmírez's troops should cross early, she

intending to come later with Alfonso and the Archbishop. This done, she arrested him, with his three brothers and Count Vermudo Suárez, and all his servants and familiars, who had much to bear from the insolence and rapacity of the soldiers. The Archbishop of Braga and the Bishop of Orense fled. He was moved about a little, from castle to castle, and finally shut up at Cira, near Puente Ulla. At Compostella the clergy and town inquired the Queen's intentions: they were indefinite. She came herself for the twenty-fifth of July: the canons kept the feast in black copes. She said she would free him if he (1) cleared himself of charges or (2) answered with his own and the Chapter's oath to take no revenge.

Cira always a menace to the Mitre

He was accused of raising troops in France to put the prince on the throne of Leon and Castile, and in evidence letters have been quoted which he wrote to Count William of Aquitaine and Clemence the Countess of Flanders. They consist of civil nothings, that may or may not mean something. Certainly William of Aquitaine had urged that the boy should be kept

William of Aquitaine and Clemence of Flanders

in Gelmírez's guardianship or else sent to him by sea. So the case stands.

The Pope urged, and his legates threatened: the King escaped from his mother and joined the Count of Traba. On the point of sending D. Diego to S. María de Oteres, in Valcarcel, the Queen burst into tears, said that she had not been able to help herself; the Castellán, turning up to take charge of his prisoner, was roughly hustled and the Archbishop was sent back, to be welcomed by a joyous crowd. The castles taken, however, were not given up. Battle was actually arranged on Pico Sagro, when a pause was called, and a committee of ten arranged a treaty between the Queen, the Archbishop, the Count, and the King.

In 1122–24 he did much building, both in Compostella and abroad. Sr. López Ferreiro puts here the commencement of the cloister. At this time he rebuilt S. Miguel, S. Felix, and S. Benito. He and Bernard the treasurer built a pool and fountain, repairing Sisnando's old aqueduct, and fetched water into the convent of S. Martin, by wooden conduits reinforced

by iron clamps and lead plates. The inscription is Bernard's, dated April 11, 1122, Aymery Picaud says of these[8]:

The Paradise

We French pilgrims go into the church from the north side: before you get there, a hospital for poor pilgrims stands close to the street, and then as you go along further you come upon a certain Paradise, that lies down nine steps. At the bottom of the steps there is a marvellous fountain, whose like could not be found in all the world. On three steps of stone stands a vast stone basin, round and deep in which fifteen men could easily bathe at once: a bronze column rises out of this crowned by four spouting lions, and the water, which falls into the basin, is conveyed away by underground conduits, invisibly. It is wholesome water, clear and sweet, cool in summer and warm in winter. Under the lions' feet an inscription, in two lines runs as follows:

and fountain

— I Bernardo, treasurer of S. James, brought this water hither and made the present work for the cure of my soul and my parents'. Æra MCLX, tertio idus Aprilis."

The Paradise, in Aymery's day, had nothing of a garden but the name. It was paved with stone. There were sold little crosses, and cockle-shells, fishes, and other tokens that pilgrims want, and also wine-flasks, shoes, horn mulls, pouches, shoe-strings, belts; all manner of medicinal herbs, spices, and everything else. These booths are set up now in the square behind the eastern doors of the church, and pretty much restricted to articles of religion.

Pilgrims' tokens of jet

He built also a palace in Padrón, where the church of S. James had been rebuilt about 1106 under Bishop Peláez, because the servants would not stay in what had been the Bishop's palace at Iria, but left him alone and in danger there. In Torres de Oeste near Puente Cesures he built a new chapel and a new big palace to hold the archbishop, his clergy, their servants and escort, with the idea of having a sure refuge if he should need it.

Adorned with *azulejos*

The Queen had been away in Castile, where someone had made a disturbance on the ground that Count Pedro Gómez de Lara had with Doña Urraca more famil-

The Queen returns

iarity than was right. She came back in the spring of 1123 and beguiled the young prince and got hold of the Count and Countess of Traba and put them and their children in prison. Galicia revolted and she made a treaty with the Archbishop. Pedro García, who had been in his service and been disgraced, came to her with a plot to waylay him going from Iria to Honesto (Torres del Oeste) or else to assassinate him at night in his bed-chamber at Iria. She told of it and turned over the conspirators to Gelmírez: he locked them up for a year and fined them heavily.

At Pentecost, May 25, 1124, Alfonso VII was knighted at Santiago. Gelmírez blessed the arms and Alfonso took them off the Apostle's altar, giving, to redeem them, a great gift of land.

Bernard of Toledo died 1124

There was, of course, from time to time, trouble with Bernard of Toledo over Salamanca. Each archbishop in turn consecrated a bishop, and the other complained. Also, Braga and Coimbra stayed away from a Metropolitan Council: La Fuente says that there were six hundred years of

struggle. Gelmírez wanted the Primacy and the Patriarchate, and he worked incessantly for that end; when Bernard of Toledo died, in 1124, Alfonso and Urraca had to write to him to stop perturbing the honour and jurisdiction of the Church of Toledo. His answer is a marvel of cleverness:

The matter of the Primacy

> As the discord, which up to now, for our sins, reigned between you occasioned the destruction of the poor and all the churches, so the concord which by God's favour you have made at last will be the substance of holy peace and support of religion. . . .

He thanks God and the Blessed S. James who inclined them to it, so that it has come at last and sees it with joy, rejoicing, and congratulation:

> In respect of the humiliation of the church of Toledo, that we too are far from wishing, of which you speak in your letter, God knows well that in no wise I wanted nor now do want, to abase

the proper honour of that church or of any other.

He repudiates the slanders of the envious, he is willing to face such and disprove:

Note, however, that among the other things that your royal Prudence said to us, you promised, namely to do nothing in any wise to abate our Church and always to defend it, exalt and augment, supported by our help and counsel. If we, by God's grace, do receive and shall, something of the dignities of the Church of Rome, that we have always done and shall do, always reckoning on your help and counsel.

Dignities of Rome

And he sends his *Mayordomo*, Suero Froilaz, to say what can't be written; they may tell him what they think and want. He ends by praying: "God omnipotent, by love and intercession of his most blessed Apostle S. James, keep your person and your kingdom and bring you into Eternal Life. Amen."

At the Council which opened January

18, 1125, he reached apogee. He published a bull for a crusade in Spain, "to open a short way to the Holy Tomb," in which he absolves from all sins those who will take part, and excommunicates those who will not, "with the authority of God, Father Omnipotent, Son, and Holy Ghost, and the Blessed Apostles Peter, Paul, and James." The only mention of the Pope is that the Council is called by his authority.

Apogee 1125

On the 13th of December, 1124, Calixtus had died. The first messenger to Honorius II, with gifts, was robbed in church by some knights of Salamanca. The new Pope sends word that he is to tell the Bishop to punish them; it was a sorry hold-up. Meanwhile Gelmírez must send fresh gifts. Anon the Pope sends a short letter, being very busy and new to the work, enforcing humility and meekness; he cannot at the moment answer the Archbishop's letter. It ends: "Procure the discreet prudence of your Fraternity to use, and not abuse, the dignity of the Pall, a sign of humility, that has been conceded to you by the clemency of your holy Mother the Church

Death of Calixtus II

of Rome": given at the Lateran, January 10, 1126. A letter of July 11 is short again. He has heard tales which may not be true, he wishes to love him with real charity and not lend facile consent to what a detractor may say. "Do you, for your part, act humbly and devotedly, that with greater ease you may in all things keep the favour of the blessed Peter" and Ours; "given in Lateran." Aymeric, Cardinal Deacon and Legate, writes to his "dearest friend" that he has worked and will work for the desired end.

Queen Urraca dies

Doña Urraca died at Saldaña on the eighth of March, 1126, and Alfonso was consecrated at Toledo. He was twenty-one; he combined force, power and ability. Gelmírez was called to Leon to assist at the coronation: Diego of Leon did the crowning, however, and he was passed over again at Zamora. There was humiliation, also, about the castle of Cira. He had written to the King about the castle and had the promise of it, but one Juan Díaz came to court and got it and was confirmed in it. This Juan Díaz, by the way,

Juan Díaz and Cira

once held the Archbishop in that same castle of Ara. Now the King had confirmed him, but Gelmírez gave to the *Mayordomo* and a principal councillor each ten marks of silver and to the King himself fifty, who then said that if there were any way to oblige, saving his dignity, he would. So the matter was laid before the court: they pronounced for the Archbishop, but Juan Díaz got, in compensation, 1500 *sueldos jaqueses*. In the time of settling and securing the King in his inheritance, D. Diego helped to reduce Galicia to order, by argument or fight; for instance, he reduced the castle of Arias Pérez with the help of a novel machine called a cat. He went on the Portuguese campaign.

The king hardly saves his dignity

He was hated in the city, by the burghers, the nobles, and some of his own Chapter. Somebody suggested to the King to squeeze him; who deprecated bodily violence but went on a visit of state to Santiago incontinent, and the third day, in the Treasury, made known his needs. Gelmírez offered three hundred marks of silver, that is to say, 165 pounds. The King was

silent. At last he said he should like to deliberate with his councillors, and while they deliberated Gelmírez waited in the choir. The King asked, finally, six hundred marks and leave to get as much more from persons in the town. Gelmírez wanted names. They would be the treasurer Bernard, his son Peter Estévez, his nephew Gonzalo Peláez. Then the old prelate spoke nobly: "I should not give leave," he said, "to take from the meanest rustic in the Tierra de Santiago, how much the less from persons so worthy and so dear to me!" The councillors carried back what he said, and Alfonso sent word that he must find another thousand marks or lose the lordship of the Land of Santiago, of which, however, a little should be left to him on which he might live decorously. He called the Chapter, repeated the King's word, and bade them elect a new shepherd, for he would lay off all his honours before he would pay so huge a sum, that he knew not where to get. "I will be content for the remainder of my life to serve God Almighty in my Order and dignity that not

Yet *justus ut palma*...

the King nor any other can take away." They offered to make up the sum, the King's messengers coming in to hurry them, and D. Diego consented to pay, but got a pledge that no one else should have to pay, neither in the city, nor in the Land of Santiago.

The King was lodging in a citizen's house, and mischief-makers, clerks among them, said that he had made a bad bargain, and themselves would give three thousand marks if he would give them the lordship of the City and Land of Santiago. The King consulted with a certain Count Jerusalemito, so called because he had been twice to Jerusalem. I think he must have been Fernando Pérez de Traba. At any rate, he was husband of Teresa of Portugal, and on her death tried to take the kingdom, was defeated by Alfonso and retired to Galicia and to works of piety. He was a great friend of S. Bernard's and helped to found Sobrado, Osera, and Montero. In this crisis he told the King plainly that such action would do no good and would disgrace him forever.

Count Jerusalemito

The King was a little ashamed and in compensation promised to Santiago his sepulchre, and a castle of Rodrigo Pérez de Traba's, when the count should die, to be given to the Chapter. His sister Doña Sancha likewise promised to be buried there, and to bequeath to them S. Miguel de Escalada. Her promises, like her brother's, were sheer civility: D. Alfonso was buried in Toledo, Doña Sancha in S. Isidro of Leon. Gelmírez at this time was eagerly collecting promises of sepulture. He had them amongst others from the Count and Countess of Traba, who are really buried there.

Sepulture of the great

Though once disappointed and once despoiled, he was still a very superb man, unimaginably strong and powerful, hated by all the rapacious, the cowardly wrongdoers and those who had done him wrong. There is a kind of parallel to his position in that of the archbishops of York, but with a vast difference in magnitude. He kept amazing state. Pascal II gave him the right to wear tunic and stole even in his familiar conversation. The accusation

was made that in his vestings and manner of receiving the offerings of pilgrims, he acted like a Pope, "Apostolico more uti imprudentier." Honorius questioned the prelates of Braga and Toledo, his accusers, and sent a Legate secretly; Gelmírez learned of it: his next move was to send the Pope money. Unluckily that was wasted, for at this point Honorius died, in 1130, and two Popes were elected, both bidding for Gelmírez. He recognized Innocent II.

Recognition bought by authentication. Vol. I, p. 68

On May 25, 1128, Alfonso signed a diploma by virtue of which, in case of vacancy the church and all the Land of Santiago should be untroubled, at the free disposition of the Chapter, till a new archbishop was named. Bernard, now chancellor by Gelmírez's recommendation and nomination, had vowed a pilgrimage to Jerusalem; Gelmírez dissuaded him. Alfonso sent a goblet to sell, valued at seven hundred gold maravedis, Bernard bought it for one hundred marks of silver (about four hundred pesetas) and in addition went on with the works of the church. He begged

A golden cup

Cathedral work recommenced

a rock-crystal vase from Raymond of Toledo, by the king as intermediary, and sent it home with another smaller but no less precious, and a chalice. On December 18, 1131, Alfonso gives privileges and exemptions in the same form as when the work of the cathedral began: releases the Chapter from *fonsado*, etc. The work takes, in short, a fresh start.

It took great revenues to meet the demands upon the Archbishop; for the upkeep of his palace, the pay of his knights, the incessant levy of papacy and kingdom like the two daughters of the horse-leech, gifts to the great, support for the cathedral. For revenue he had, first, what the Land of Santiago and the city of Compostella yielded, in some instances to the See, in others to the bishop; second, donations, endowments and gifts, of various sorts; we have seen how many of these were melted down; lastly, his private fortune. His ventures by sea were important, as business. Between Norman pirates, Moorish raiders, and the Archbishop's galleys, the difference will have been small, but

they served their end. In 1122 or thereabouts, for a young Pisan pilot named Fuxion, he built a new galley, which defended the Gallegan coasts and ravaged the others. From one expedition the Archbishop netted thirteen marks of silver, and some valuable objects: from another twenty-five marks of silver and a powerful Moor who promised great ransom.

To seek peace and ensue it

While the Archbishop in his wars by land was thus working to secure public peace among citizens, says Sr. López Ferreiro with a serenity which outranks the best irony of the eighteenth century, he showed no less force against public enemies. His galleys attacked the Moorish pirates again and surprised four ships in Vigo harbour. One-fifth came to Gelmírez as lord of the land, and furthermore, a share as owner of the galleys. But the magnanimous generosity of Gelmírez passed the frontiers and the sea, and was felt in the farthest regions. The patriarch of Jerusalem, Veremund or Warmund, wrote that he had heard of him, his goodness and prudence, from Brother R— who had just come from Com-

Jerusalem and Cluny

postella, he thanks him for kindness to messengers, gifts and favours, and begs him to keep up help with his prayers, his alms, and the material means of defence against Saracens.[9] The Archbishop also sends gifts to Cluny for the church then building, entrusting letter and gifts to a knight named Hugh who is making the pilgrimage and who will bring back again any communication.

There was trouble in the Chapter. In 1133 it came to a head with Dean Peter Elias and Treasurer Bernard. Bernard the treasurer was figuring in full court with fifteen canons; and he had made out that he was a more important person than he had supposed, till the Archbishop convinced him that he was mistaken. Alfonso as usual lent himself to the trouble. Bernard had to yield and take his title of Chancellor, not merely his nomination, from the Archbishop; then the King wrote to D. Diego to confiscate all the goods, real and personal of Bernard and his brother Pedro Ansúrez as disaffected persons. The Archbishop replied that such

conduct would ill become him. The King insisted. The messenger was ordered back to the Archbishop by five successive couriers, and the unlucky pair, caught between two millstones, were imprisoned. Not unnaturally, Bernard was an enemy after that.

In 1133 the Archbishop published a tariff of prices lawful in the town: this was, of course, to protect the pilgrims. So much was fixed, and no more could be exacted: it touched the bakers, money-changers, bankers, fishers, old clothes men (*revendidores*), huxters, tavernors, shoemakers, smiths, etc. In 1136 he consecrated S. María del Sar, which had so rich a Chapter that various canons exchanged the cathedral for it. Any canon who wished to live the regular life in S. María could keep his week and his ration in the canonry and his part in the distributions, and when he came up on Sunday and holidays to the mother church could have his seat in choir and refectory with the other canons.

Comisión de Turismo

The strong old frame of soldier and monk, began to break. D. Diego never was

well after 1129, and the canons, possessing the diploma he had wrested from Alfonso, got impatient for him to die. If he would not die, then he ought to go, and give others a chance. They offered the king three thousand marks of silver and wrote to the Pope. His Legate came, but refused to depose without authority. The city was up again: on August 10, 1136, a mob broke into the church and battered the palace; the clerks fled. The Archbishop got out of bed and went into the church, they stoned him, but the canons got him into the *capilla mayor* and fastened the locks of the gratings there. But from the town came up the women, who loved him as Spanish women have always loved priests, with a more than human devotion, and they brought their husbands, and the mob had to go. D. Diego rested and got ready for the Council of Burgos.

The hierarch and the god

The first day of the Council a canon of Santiago told the story of the attack and denounced Guillermo Seguín. He sat still until he was removed. The Council ex-

communicated the actors in the matter and the King (now called the Emperor) ordered the rigour of the civil law to be applied.

Even allowing for the bias of the chroniclers, it is hard to understand Alfonso the Emperor, in his relations with Galicia. Elsewhere he fills a grave rôle not unworthily. There, in the light of his recorded acts, he seems like that peculiarly offensive type called the mean-minded man, which is both weak and cheeky, which can do anything except blush. This will shortly appear plainlier than ever.

The Mean-minded man

On the second day, comes the Prior of Cluny with a letter from his abbot to the Emperor and the Cardinal Legate, urging them to treat the Archbishop of Santiago with the respect and consideration he deserves, otherwise the Pope shall be informed. Hard upon this comes the Clerk Bosón with the long-desired letters from Rome: the petitioners are not to molest the Archbishop but listen respectfully to his admonitions in council and any other time. It appears that a citizen of Pisa who had

En su noble, en su robusta mano . . .

been on pilgrimage, had seen the stoning and known the motives, and the Papal court being then at Pisa he presented himself and told everything.

Alfonso sent a messenger to the old man. He answered that they needed no third party but would talk face to face. Alfonso told of the offer of three thousand marks, said he had refused it, but begged for money. The Archbishop offered him four thousand marks: there you have again the grand gesture.

On the last day of the Council the rebels appeared: there was a general outcry. The Archbishop calmed it. Some of the canons of Compostella asked the Cardinal to intercede with him. He pardoned them the canonical offences. The King refrained from punishing the legal.

Next year, the Archbishop helped the Emperor with men and two thousand *sueldos* and the Emperor visited the Archbishop in triumph at Compostella after the Portuguese war and kept state there for twelve days. The Archbishop spent five marks of silver a day in entertaining him,

without counting the cost of the five prelates and the counts and grandees who accompanied him. On a Sunday in Chapter, Alfonso said that he would follow his advice in all matters in Galicia thenceforth, and that his annual tribute was a shame, the money he had been forced to give from year to year, that he should do so no more, and in confirmation of this promise he took a hat from one of his knights, bent his head, and kissed the Archbishop's hand. On this visit he did punish the stoning, and gave to the church all the goods of one of the ring-leaders, called Juan Lombardo.

Shortly after, a new campaign against Gelmírez commenced. Alfonso listened: the plotters bid two thousand marks and he sent officers to seal up the alms-boxes. Gelmírez convoked the Chapter. The King was said to be coming, but in a short time came, instead, some of the conspirators escorting a royal delegate, a friend of the Archbishop's, with a faculty to open the alms-boxes again and ask something for the Royal Treasury, leaving the rest

la cruz, el cetro y el blazón tenía . . .

for the masters and officials who were working in the cloister, and at the disposition of the prelate. He offered five thousand marks of silver.

Here the chronicle runs out and is lost in the sand. We know D. Diego received the Papal summons to the second Lateran Council, for April 2, 1139. Guy, Bishop of Liscar, his friend, brought it. He also witnessed for Gelmírez a document on October 9, 1138. Alfonso came to Santiago but we have no records aside from some documents he signed, that are dated there and countersigned by Diego, Archbishop. Later, he witnesses one dated at Sahagún, April 17, 1130, a donation for Tuy, and another, lastly, for the monastery of Hoya, on June 24, 1139. His anniversary is

Death

January 15th. He died in 1140 and was buried in the cloister. Flórez calls him, for an epitaph, ***Exemplar of heroic churchmen.***

His ambition was as high as his courage, but it was for Santiago. His personality was too great ever to be concerned for itself. He was a good soldier, a great ruler, a

magnificent prince. Doña Urraca once outwitted him, but she was a woman of the rarest and subtlest charm, who had beguiled everything in the four Spanish kingdoms. He stood, for a moment, fairly co-equal with the Pope of Rome, and then it was Calixtus' death, and no miscalculation, which lost him that ascendancy. As years oppressed, and his fighting strength ebbed, his spirit burned more splendid. *Una llama fuerte y bella . . .* He is a more admirable figure at the Council of Burgos than at the Council of Compostella, and the scorn with which he bids against his canons to Alfonso, does not belittle the Archbishop, but the Emperor. He had, it seems, one unpleasant surprise: when Calixtus said, to his emissary, "Read that letter!" as Bernard of Toledo and the prince, his ward, tried to denounce him. All he needed to learn, he got from that lesson. His figure, against the ruddy twilight sky of his distant century, stands always superb; picturesque where he meets the fair glozing queen with his back against the choir, ringed round with fighting men, or where the Emperor, borrowing a hat

that he may uncover and hold it in his hand, and stooping in conscious pride, kisses the carven gem on the strong old wrinkled hand.

IV

COMPOSTELLA

Campanas de Bastabales
Quando vos oyo tocar
Mórrome de soledades.

THE bells of Santiago are not to be named along with the *carillons* of the North, that had a prayer for every hour, and a song for every half and quarter, and a delicate warning like a recollection for the seven-and-a-half minutes in between. We that have heard them, say, in Ghent, or in Bruges most magical, or in Antwerp most musical, shall never hear the like again. So felt perhaps these townsfolk when Almanzor carried off the bells, on his great raid, and turned them upside down to burn sweet oils in the forest of pillars at Cordova: but for them a day was

Carillons

Bell-founder

to come when, on the shoulders of captive Moors, S. Ferdinand should send them home, to swing in the familiar place and to echo abroad through the ancient airs. In the course of his rebuilding, meanwhile, as the bells had melted when the tower burned in 1117, D. Diego Gelmírez had fetched a bell-founder from across the Pyrenees: he made four bells, two greater and two less, proportionate to the size of the church, and he got a fixed wage and his meals. In 1134 a master bell-founder was settled in Santiago: as witness to a document, he signs *Aeimar camparárius.*[1] Martillón, making the pilgrimage by proxy for a dead king, in 1484, brought with him founders to make goodly bells.[2] They rang a *carillon* in those days: Manier reports "l'on y sonne à la française."[3]

Under the year 1122 the *Historia*[4] enumerates the articles which were added to the treasury in the way of vestments, books and other ornaments, in the Archbishop's earlier time. The list includes: four *citharas*[5] adorned with Greek work: four pontifical copes, and twelve others

of silken stuff: two dalmatics: a black planeta: four complete sets of ornaments to celebrate pontifically, Hugh, the chronicler and bishop, formerly archdeacon of Santiago, giving one, Muño of Mondoñedo, formerly treasurer, another, Gerard the bishop of Salamanca a third. Then there is a purple gospel, which may be written on tinted vellum, and two silver ones, where the word may refer to the covers, as also in the case of a gold one, badly damaged, that the Archbishop restored and completed; a silver Missal and a silver Epistolary. Of vessels, there is a *syon*, or ewer of silver, a girdle of gold; two silver coffers, one with the head of S. James the Less; one of ivory; one of gilt metal enamelled and repoussé, with admirable artifice; another of gold, that cost him three thousand *sueldos* and that he gave later to Pope Calixt; a *Lignum Crucis* that Doña Urraca had given; a gold cross that he gave later to Cardinal Bosón—a good friend, one is glad that he got it; three silver chalices and one of gold that he gave to the Pope; a golden censer that had

Inventory of treasures

to be made useful to the church, *i. e.*, melted down, and that he replaced by another out of his own money, which in Flórez's text goes also to the Pope, but in the Cathedral MS. stays where it should. After three silver cruets, the plainer books are enumerated: an Antiphonary, an Office-book, and a Missal, three Breviaries, a Quadragesimal, two Benedictionals, S. Gregory's *Pastoral Care*, a book of Bishops' Lives, a collection of Canons and another of Divers Sentences, another on Faith in the Holy Trinity, another of Sentences, and a great volume with the Office for the year round.

Quam nox cum lacero vieta fugit peplo

These are only the major accessions. The minor came constantly, not seldom offered in kind. In 1130 D. Diego petitioned the king, that since in the winter the number of pilgrims diminished and there was not wax enough to light the church properly, some place might be allowed him that would supply sufficient oil. The king gave him a property near to Talavera, on the river,[6] and he despatched the canons Pedro Estévez and

Fernando Pérez with orders to take possession of the estate and if anyone tried to collect oil to arrest him and send him up to Santiago. The consumption must have been enormous, for it will be remembered that until 1529 the doors were open day and night. Laborde in 1808 says that a thousand candles burned about the altar every night and about a thousand faithful were prostrate day and night before it: "Imagine if you can," he breaks out, "the fairy spectacle with the reflexion of all these lights on these masses of gold and silver wrought in all fashions and covered with diamonds, precious stones, and pearls!"[7] There is nothing else quite so sparkling and splendid as this, not even the account of Edrisi:

O how that glittering taketh me! . . .

> This great church frequented by travellers and sought by pilgrims from all the corners of Christendom, yields in size only to that of Jerusalem, and rivals S. Sepulchre in beauty of buildings, amplitude of distribution, and growth of wealth and donations. It has, between

large and small, three hundred crosses wrought of gold and silver, incrusted with jacinths, emeralds and other stones of divers colours, and about two hundred images of these same precious metals. A hundred priests attend to the cult, without counting acolytes and other servitors. The temple is of stone and mortar, and the houses of the priests, monks, deacons, clerks and psalmists, surround it. In the city are markets much frequented, from near as well as far, and around it are large and populous villages with active commerce."[8]

Tabula retro altaris

Among the jewels of the Sanctuary he also mentions retables, *i. e.*, plaques of gold or silver gilt, with enamels, like the *Paliotto* of Milan and the *Pala d'oro* of Venice. Santiago had, however, a true *tabula retro altaris*,[9] of precious substance and workmanship, adorned with antique gems and cameos perhaps, like the statue of S. Faith at Conques. The text says, "antiquitatibus laboratam." It was already in place at some time before 1135, for in that year Bishop Berenguer of Sala-

Puerta de Las Platerías

manca swore upon the altar, and the chroniclers pause thereupon to describe it: there it stayed until the end of the seventeenth century. A number of years before its destruction the *Canónigo Fabriquero* Vega y Verdugo sketched it. The design shows the Saviour in a mandorla that reaches from top to bottom, six-lobed, the like of which I know nowhere, but the Byzantine treatment of two intersecting glories might be thus misinterpreted, or such a quatrefoil as fills the tympanum at Estella, with four apostles on either hand under arcades below, and above, in a sort of pediment, the other two and an angel on each side, in diminishing half-lengths. The magnificent golden retable of Rhenish work in the Cluny Museum can help the imagination in restoring this.

The frontal was already finished in 1105. Morales, who saw it five hundred years later, describes it as "like that of Sahagún but more massive, and not closed." It folded back in some way, to let pilgrims look upon the little original altar, placed inside the later. "The figures are in half-

The Pillar still revered in the twelfth century

relief: God the Father with the four Evangelists around him, and the twelve Apostles, and the four and twenty *Señores* of the Apocalypse, with other things, and the whole with much majesty,[10] likewise an inscription in six lines running around the whole. It is not hard to call up: a little like the enamel frontal from Silos, or that still in the hill-top sanctuary of S. Miguel in Excelsis, but even more like in disposition and general effect, to the painted frontals in the Museums at Vich and Barcelona." Aymery Picaud,[11] being contemporary, is more correct in his description, and more explicit; "a seat of Majesty, four evangelists as if sustaining it." The twelve apostles stand, on either hand, three above and three below, under arcades, and the four and twenty elders sit around about with golden harps and perfume-vials in their hands. Flowers also are on the edge. "Of gold and silver," says Aymery, from which the work may be presumed repoussé and not enamelled.

Parallels in Castile and Navarre

Over this altar stood the baldachin,[12] that must have been finished before 1112.

The account of it we can interpret partly by that of Gerona, partly by other Catalan structures of painted wood. Of a truth those poor little churches of the eastern Pyrenees that faithfully copied with their modest means, century after century, the splendours once divined of a rich and far-away world, have kept for us of today the ordinance of mosaics, the design of enamels, the pattern of ornaments and furniture, unimaginable without them. The Museums of Vich and Barcelona can interpret the description of the Poitevin traveller, helped by the recollection of the sort of mosaics that went in domes and vaults, for the scheme seems very Byzantine. The spandrels inside had "eight virtues figured as women, according to S. Paul, and above them angels standing with their arms upraised, holding a throne on which stands the *Agnus Dei*. Outside in the spandrels are four angels trumpeting the Resurrection, at front and back; and on the sides four prophets with scrolls: Moses and Abraham on the left, Isaac and Jacob on the right. Above, the twelve

Catalán copies

of the gorgeous east

apostles sit around, S. James in the middle with a book, blessing: on his right hand is one of the Apostles and on his left another, in due order."[13] This I think makes a sort of cornice, above the arches and below the roof. On the cover four angels sit as guardians of the altar, but in the four corners are the four Evangelists. The three persons of the Trinity appear in a sort of upper stage that recalls those upon the marble tabernacles of Rome and south-eastern Italy, the Father looking west, the Son south-east, the Holy Ghost north-east. This is crowned by a silver globe surmounted by a precious cross. As the inside of the tabernacle is *depictus* but the outside *sculptus et depictus*, it is possible to conceive of the Evangelists sitting on the corners like *antefixae* and the angels also free statues, above them, but it is also possible that the angels were modelled in high relief, with the Evangelical beasts under their feet, and laid along the steep slope of the dome or pyramid, somewhat as figures appear in the pendentives of Romanesque buildings at Irache and Ar-

Italian *Ciboria*

mentia, for instance. The *Book* in saying that it is adorned without and within marvellously *picturis et debuxationis speciebusque diversis*, suggests enamels and some sort of anticipation of *niello*, or possibly the engraved copper ground used often at Limoges, and all the bossy splendours of gems, cameos, crystals and agates, that S. Faith of Conques still wears. It was of gold and silver, says the *Compostellana*.[14]

Lamps

Three lamps burned before this, the central the biggest and made in the likeness of a great mortar with seven lights, in which burned seven flames for the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost, "and these have nothing within but oil of balsam or myrrh or ambergris or olive." The central light here is the largest and on the others are carved two apostles apiece. "May the soul of King Alfonso *el Batallador* who gave this, it is said, rest in sempiternal peace!" A marginal note on the cathedral MS. adds that in 1399 there were nineteen silver lamps before the altar.[15] In 1577 the *Pelegrino curioso* says, forty-four.

There is a description, dating from the twelfth century, of a procession in the cathedral, that glows and shivers with splendours through the incense-heavy air. It was the Feast of the Translation[16] of the Apostle, on the last day of the year, and the King was there with his knights, and the Archbishop with those other bishops who were canons of the cathedral Chapter and virtually suffragan to Santiago. The account was written by one who had been there:

Todos se visten de verde . . .

In the procession that day the King walked vested in royal robe and crown, surrounded by the multitude of his knights, escorted by the divers orders of his counts and commanders, bearing in his right hand a silver sceptre adorned with flowers of gold and other rich work and set all over with many sorts of precious stones. The diadem with which, for the Apostle's greater glory, he girt his brow, was of chiselled gold, decked with enamels and *niellos*, precious stones and shining images of birds and quadrupeds. Before the King was borne a

two-edged sword, adorned with golden flowers and glittering letters, with pommel of gold and hilt of silver. Before the King and at the head of the clergy, walked with the other bishops the Archbishop, pontifically vested, covered with a white mitre, shod with gilded sandals, and in his right hand, that wore a white glove and golden ring, grasping an ivory crozier. Of the two and seventy Compostellan Canons, some were vested in silken copes adorned with the loveliness of precious stones, silver morses, gold-flowered, and magnificent fringes hanging all around about. Others wore dalmatics of silk, and the apparels thereof from top to bottom were gold-embroidered. Others again walked there bedecked with golden collars sewn with precious stones, bands laced with gold, the richest mitres, fair shoon, golden girdles, stoles also broidered with gold and maniples set with pearls. What more? As many sorts as be of precious stones, as much as may be told of wealth of gold and silver, that the choir-clerks of Santiago displayed, some carrying silver candlesticks, others censers of the

el obispo azul y blanco

De innumerables luces adornados . . .

same, others crosses of silver-gilt; evangelaries they bore with golden covers set with precious stones, or coffers with relics of Saints, or phylacteries; others, finally, sceptres of gold or of ivory tipped with bosses of onyx, beryl, sapphire, carbuncle, emerald or some other like precious stone. On silver cars were carried two tables of silver-gilt, that held the tapers offered by the faithful. After the King's party came the devout folk, to wit; the knights, the governors, the Magnates, the nobles, the counts, some of this land, some outlanders, all habited in rich feast-day dress. Lastly came the choirs of honourable women, shod with gilded sandals, habited in furs of martin, of fallow-deer, of ermine, or of fox-skin, in silken petticoat, in dress of gris and mantle of fine scarlet cloth lined with vair; adorned with rich crescents of gold, and collars, combs, bracelets, ear-rings, girdles, chains, rings, owches, mirrors, golden baldrics, shawls of silk, with lacets and ribbons and veils of lawn, and other luxuries and jewels in attire; and in the tiring their hair was tressed with filaments of gold.

Of the Great Office composed for the Apostle's feast, as it was believed, by Fulbert of Chartres, I have said something already. All the hymns of S. James have splendid passages, and among the antiphons preserved at Compostella are two pieces, one very pretty and lyrical, where the waves dance about the God-led boat, and the golden stars hang low: the other a set of long sonorous triplets, in which the solemn chorus will have rung and rolled magnificently under the brooding vault. But I know of nothing to match this *Farse*, from the opening call of the Cantors, while the celebrant is vesting, after the procession, in his chasuble stiffened with more than Byzantine pomp of gems and gold,

One of Fulbert's Masses

"Ecce, adest nunc Jacobus— "

to the closing doxology after the Benediction,

"Quia sedes aethereas
Ascendid, Deo gratias."

The Introit is astounding, in its applications of Scripture and its implications of adoration, and as these bull-voiced Boanerges, these hierophants of the Son of Thunder, bellowed out, in antiphonal roaring that would rise and fall in the crowded darkness like the sound of great winds and mighty waters, the testimony which heavens declare and the firmament showeth, the multitude would hear the very Voice which thundered out of a terrible cloud on the Mount of Tabor, proclaiming that this was His beloved son. They had been summoned by the echoing and re-echoing choirs, Kings of the earth and all peoples, princes and all judges of the earth, young men and maidens, old men and children, to praise the name of their Lord, and to hear the word, how Jesus called James the son of Zebedee, and John the brother of James (for, repeated softly-breathing and soaring voices, it is good—how good it is! for brethren to dwell together in unity), and He called them Sons of Thunder. Then came the voice out of the Cloud, that acknowledged the sonship,

and there followed, like the breaking of a sea in storm "Quod est filii tonitrui." And when the heavens have declared, and the sea, and all creeping things, the calling comes again, and the sending to preach the Kingdom of God, and the thunder comes back, and a mighty voice from heaven "In the beginning was the Word," and once more the word is the same, "Quod est filii tonitrui." So the Gloria rolls through the aisles and farthest chapels, dying away in the long rumble, *in saecula saeculorum, amen.* But the rapture bursts out once more: "O all ye people clap your hands, and praise ye God with a voice of exultation, for the high Lord is terrible, a great king": and the answer takes it up, the calling, and the brothers' names, and Boanerges, and the Sons of Thunder.

Coelum resultet laudibus

The Kyrie, however, depends on the music, on the wailing that rises and falls and never quite dies away, and it will have been very beautiful. *Rex immense,* it begins,

Rex immense, pater pie,
eleison,

Kyrie eleison,
Palmo cuncta qui concludis,
eleison,
Kyrie, eleison,
Sother, theos athanatos,
eleison,
Kyrie, eleison.

Christe fili patris summi. . . .

so it goes on, "qui de coelis descendisti . . . tuum plasma redemisti." The Paraclete is called:

Consolator, dulcis amor . . .
Qui Jacobum illustrasti . . .
Cujus prece nobis parce,
eleison,
Kyrie, eleison. [17]

Cult-epithet

There is nothing surprising here, except the application of the cult-epithet Saviour (Σωτήρ, *Soter*, *Salvador*) to the first person of the Trinity; it is all tender, exquisite, delicately impassioned. The long passage which is headed *Epistola*, and includes what takes the place of the Gos-

pel, is partly narrative, partly lyrical, but all antiphonal. The hymn after the Sanctus is a wild rejoicing, broken upon by thunderous Amens, and the Agnus, as it says itself, *pius ac mitis es, clemens atque suavis.* But enough has been given to show the power and beauty of the composition, and the strange devotion, the concentrated and exclusive emotion, which was the worship of the Son of Thunder. To this day, that name is the favourite with Spaniards, such modern scholars for instance as the late Menéndez Pelayo and Fr. Fidel Fita of the Academy.

O Adonai et dux . . .

What this grand Office would have been like, I despair of conveying to the reader: but let him, if he will, take his part in a reading of an itinerant poet until, lifted up and borne on by the great wave of common feeling, he finds himself carried beyond what is of every day and of the single self, and new senses opening in him to new emotions. That offers the nearest parallel that I know to the complex of ritual worship at a far-sought shrine, and the unguessed exaltation of the soul as though

Montes et colles cantabunt . . .

it should take the wings of the morning, and the incredible loss of the personality as under the silent procession of the stars. The words matter little, so long as they are good words. *What did you see in Palestine?* will serve very well, or this:

King Solomon he had four hundred oxen
We were the oxen.
You shall feel goads no more,
Walk dreadful roads no more,
Free from your loads
For ten thousand years. . . .

and the Congregation rises and joins the song:

". . . . *Glory, Glory,*
We were his people."

et omnia ligna silvarum plaudent manibus

So is the mystic ecstasy attained.

A document that López Ferreiro published,[18] in which Doña Elvira, the daughter of Ferdinand the Great, gives to the Apostle the monastery of Pilono along with many other properties, opens in the

same sort of oriental rapture, and calls him by strange-sounding classical cult epithets, ***invictissimus*** and ***triumphator.*** It goes somewhat as follows:

In nomine genitoris ac unigeniti, patris et filii et Spiritus Sanctus. Ego indigna geloira Fredinandi principis filia. Timens et pauens oram extremitatis mee dum fatali casu deducere me volueris ante dignissimum conspectum tuum preuidens meo intellectu et memoria ut ex quo a te accepi iterum tibi concederem. Sicus dicit propheta. Cuncta que in celo et que in terra sunt, tua sunt domine. Tuum regnum, tue divitie, tue virtus et potentia. Tu dominaris in omnibus et per omnia. Peregrini enim sumus coram te. Presta domine hec voluntas cordis mei ut maneat perheniter in tue venerationis auxilio. Ego jam predicta Geloira vobis domino meo invictissimo ac triumphatori glorioso apostolo iacobo patrono meo, cuiis corpus manet reconditum manet arciuo loco, et ecclesia dignoscitur esse fundata et tuo sco. nomini dedicata in terra Galecie et finibus amaee. . . .

Amaya, these early donations call the field where the lights were seen, which seems to have been a town. I have copied the exact words here upon the page of the text, feeling that without them no reader would admit that it was possible for a Christian and a Queen, in the close of the eleventh century, to call a mortal man, however well-canonized, by the titles of God Almighty, to come before his countenance in fear and trembling, and say, "All things that are in heaven and earth are thine, O Lord; Thine is the kingdom, Thine the riches and strength and power ['For Thine is the Kingdom and the power and the glory,' she had said often enough]; Thou shalt rule in all and through all." And in the close she looks to him that by his intercession her sins may be remitted, and she may attain eternal life, . . . and he shall cleanse her soul and those of her father and mother from the universal contagion, that they may enter the gates to everlasting life.

Salus, honor virtus quoque . . .

The Church of a Dream.

The mind shall build the fabric and shall keep
Its nurslings in the room of dreams unsolved.
Where lies their grim unmeaning horoscope.

At the same time that he made the frontal and the baldachin, D. Diego made all fair in the *confessio*, to which steps went down from under the tabernacle.[1] This must not be conceived as an open crypt like those at Modena and Verona, under the Romanesque raised choir of parallel apses, nor even quite like the *Confessio* at S. Peter's, though that would fit the description of the *Compostellana*, and agree with S. Eulalia's shrine at Barcelona, but a true subterranean chamber, to which the new stairs went down from between two columns of the baldachin and were lost in darkness, though the crypt was blazing *carbunculis paradisiacis divinis*, below. Over the tomb is an altar, and right above that the high altar stands: Aymery is clear as usual about that, and the measurements of that and the high altar, and the proper size if

confessio

Carbunculis paradisiacis divinis

anyone wanted to make pall or altar-cloth for a gift. But I think he had never been inside that fairy place, with all its candles and all its perfumes.

Three churches

The notion of a secret and subterranean church, and even of three churches, one above the other, is like a bit out of a fairy tale, that haunts the imagination. This was believed of S. Sophia at Constantinople: in the fifteenth century Bertrandon de la Brocquière wrote that "it is of a circular shape . . . and formed of three different parts, one subterraneous, another above the ground, and a third over that."[2] The same story was told of Assisi, how S. Francis stood, hands crossed, head upturned, whole and uncorrupt, in an underground hidden church far surpassing in grandeur and beauty the Lower Church with Simone's frescoes and the Upper Church with Giotto's. When Vasari writes soberly, "The tomb containing the body of the glorious saint is in the lowest church, where no one enters, and whose doors are walled up," he is simply rationalizing, after his kind, the local legend, and when the tomb was

at Constantinople and at Assisi

violated in 1818, and the monstrous erection of dark and heavy marbles was edified in the kindly earth, that every tourist might gape and chatter at his ease there as in his inn, the then Pope was only fulfilling, with a touching grossness of literality, this vision of the splendours of an "invisible church," a house not made with hands. In the *Collis Paradisi Amoenitas*, published at Montefalconi in 1704, figures a plan and a picture of it, in which it corresponds roughly to the church above. "The vaulted roof is supported by slender columns with chiselled capitals, and the walls and floor are ornamented with marbles and mosaics of different colours," writes one who has examined the book of the Padre Angeli. Now the *Pelegrino curioso*, visiting Santiago in 1577, relates that the crypt was as big as the church above. This was entirely from hearsay, for Morales, five years before, armed with full authority from the King of Spain, could not penetrate, and wrote, in the *Viaje Santo* (1572), that it was Archbishop Gelmírez himself who closed up the entrance to the crypt where

S. Francesco

Santiago

the apostle lay, that none might penetrate.[3] In the *Historia del Glorioso Apostol Santiago* the Fr. Hernando de Ojea affirmed (1615) that "D. Diego Gelmírez had closed with strong ashlar and mortar the doors of the chapel where the sacred body lies; so that not only the body but even the tomb and the chapel in which it lies, might not be seen thēnceforward." Even when in 1589 Drake came to Corunna, this remained intact. With the idea of removing these relics with the rest to Orense, the Archbishop D. Juan de S. Clemente commenced works, but a great wind and a great light came out of the sepulchre and he gave over the attempt. We know that wind, it has blown out of a thousand caves, on a thousand adventurers in magic places. Said the Archbishop, "Let us leave the Apostle, he will take care of himself and take care of us." In 1665 the Canon Vega y Verdugo, the same who sketched the retable, was officially enquiring "¿Por qué nos dejan tapadas las escalerillas que bajaban al cripto del Santo Apostol?" It must be remembered, here, that the wide tribunes

The wind from a wide-mouthed grave . . .

at Santiago, turning as they did around the apse and spanning the western porch, actually constituted a sort of Upper Church and were thus used. The great Archbishop consecrated three altars in three chapels there; he entered habitually by this way from the palace: at times, for instance in the rising when they were besieged in one of the towers, he and Doña Urraca have the air of living there most of the time. Aymery calls them always *Palacio*. So, like Constantinople and Assisi, Compostella counts three churches one above another. Certain pilgrims, arriving after nightfall and miraculously admitted saw the whole church blazing with light.[4]

Sed Deus dum luce fulva

In 1480 Erich Lassota of Steblova, an honest man and a loyal soldier, but heavy-witted, set down in his diary that there were two "bóvedas" or churches one above the other, *i. e.*, an Upper and a Lower Church, crypt and nave, with a gallery above.[5] That was all he could take in.

as Erich Lassota knew

These churches underground, ablaze with lamps, breathless with perfume, filled with the rustle of awed movement and the

Constantinople, Assisi, and Santiago

sound of sobbing, historically go back, probably, to the Holy Sepulchre and the other pilgrimage places about Jerusalem. An Italian traveller in 1306, Torsello Sanuto,[6] notes that the scene also of the Annunciation, of the Nativity, of the Marriage at Cana, lie all in caves, and churches are built above. And the legend has attached itself to the three churches in Christendom which have drawn men from far, have haunted their hearts and stirred them with a greater love, with a stranger longing, with a more exotic allurement, than any others. The name of Rome is like no other name, but there is not one sole Roman church like S. Sophia, or the shrine of Santiago or S. Francesco. And these two saints are those who have come nearest, in all Christianity, to supplanting the Founder himself. S. Francesco for a moment was a warmer, nearer rival of Jesus, and Santiago for centuries was more potent than the pale Christ who walked among the Golden Candlesticks. On the baldachin, as already described, S. James usurps the seat, the function, the very

gesture and attribute of his Master, and if Fr. Fita is right, then above his statue on the portal the nimbus is cross-marked, and if Fr. Dreves is right, then the pilgrims' song invokes *Got Sanctiagu.*

The best description I know of the stairs that go down into sacred darkness, and the lights, and the devotion, is given by a French traveller:

Pilgrims' tokens

. . . Dans les échoppes . . . des objets d'obscure piété chrétienne: chapelets par milliers, croix, lampes religieuses, images. . . . Et la foule est plus serrée, et d'autres pélerins . . . stationnent pour acheter d'humbles petits rosaires en bois, d'humbles petits crucifix de deux sous, qu'ils emporteront d'ici comme des reliques à jamais sacrées. . . . Cette place est encombrée de pauvres et de pauvresses, qui mendient en chantant; de pèlerins qui prient; de vendeurs de croix et de chapelets, qui ont leurs petits étalages à terre, sur les vieilles dalles usées et vénérables. . . . La façade . . . a deux énormes portes du XIIe siècle, encadrées d'ornements d'un arch-

aisme étrange; l'une est murée; l'autre, grande ouverte, laisse voir, dans l'obscurité intérieure, des milliers de petites flammes. Des chants, des cris, des lamentations discordantes, lugubres à entendre, s'en échappent avec des senteurs d'encens. . . .

Les petites flammes

La porte franchie, on est dans l'ombre séculaire d'une sorte de vestibule, découvrant des profondeurs magnifiques où brûlent d'innombrables lampes. . . . Oh! l'inattendue et inoubliable impression, pénétrer là pour la première fois! . . . De sanctuaires sombres . . . les uns, surélevés, comme de hautes tribunes où l'on aperçoit, dans des reculs imprécis, des groupes de femmes en longs voiles; les autres, souterrains, ou l'on coudoie des ombres, entre des parois de rocher demeurées intactes, suintantes et noires. Tout cela, dans une demi-nuit, à part quelques grandes tombées de rayons qui accentuent encore les obscurités voisines; tout cela étoilé à l'infini par les petites flammes des lampes d'argent et d'or qui descendent par milliers des voûtes. Et partout des foules, circulant confondues comme dans une Babel, ou bien station-

nant à peu près groupées par nation autour des tabernacles d'or où l'on officie. . . . Sous les hautes colonnes, dans les galeries ténébreuses, mille petites flammes se suivent ou se croisent. Des hommes prient à haute voix, pleurent à sanglots, courant d'une chapelle à l'autre. . . .[7]

Chevet

The eight piers and arches of the chevet were open and unencumbered, as they are today in the great Norman churches, for the *Compostellana* says expressly that the precious altar and the lofty baldachin over it, drew the eye from every side. The painted statue of S. James that is now enthroned there, belongs to the thirteenth century, like that above the place of offerings, on the north-east pier, and that of his mother which corresponds on the south-east, Mary Salome. Above the statue, as pilgrims tell, and a document confirms,[8] hung a crown by a chain, and it was the pilgrims' custom to put that crown on their own heads. Erich Lassota thought[9] he remembered two crowns, one at Iria and

The Crown

one at Compostella: the *Pelegrino curioso* thought the crown was upon the seated statue, and pilgrims took it off and put it on their own heads. That hanging crown, however, was a bit of Byzantine imperial splendour, deliberately copied here in the West. Benjamin of Tudela in describing the throne room at Blachernes, wrote in 1161, "the throne in this palace is of gold, and ornamented with precious stones; a golden crown hangs over it, suspended on a chain of the same material, the length of which exactly admits the emperor to sit under it."[10] This crown, moreover, is a part of the panoply of heaven; in Adamnan's Vision it is placed above the Throne of God[11]: in the *Pèlerinage de l'Âme* the Virgin alone, exalted above all other creatures, like the Spouse in Canticles, has constant access to her Son in the Godhead and, like Esther before Ahasuerus, goes in under the crown.[12] Finally, in the *Chymical Marriage* of Christian Rosencreutz, it is still hanging above the King and Queen.[13] In the time of Manier the crown was gone, and pilgrims scrambled

Pèlerinage de l'Âme

up some steps behind the altar, such as acolytes use, to kiss the image, and put their tippets on his shoulders, their hats on his head.[14]

As Pilgrims Pass

Mas; ¡qué fanatismo, locura mística, vertigo de fe . . .! Y como la más bella cosa del mundo, me describa las escenas espantosas de la gran orgía mística.
—Gómez Carrillo.

In the great years, and at the height of the season, this church must have been —God forgive me!—rather like Coney Island. Not that there were habitually, what the Knight of Rozmital once beheld, cows and horses stabled therein, people cooking, dressing and sleeping,[1] but simply that immense crowds kept arriving, and tramping through, like a dozen Cook's parties in a day, and everything had to be shown to them, and everything explained so that those on the outskirts could hear,

A dozen parties daily

One Lord, one Faith, one Sacrifice

and offerings had to be accepted and if necessary stimulated, and the sacraments of penance and the Mass somehow put through, with the perpetual lisping rustle at confessionals and the perpetual tinkle of sacring bells at minor altars. At the high altar only once a day is offered the one Sacrifice. The pilgrims pushed about stupidly, in the dark, and asked each other where one went for the certificate of confession, and where one went for the certificate of communion, and how much money to have ready for each, in the exact change, because of the crowding. Like Erich Lassota,[2] Manier[3] copies out the formulae and sets down the prices of his day.

Alms were given as well as accepted: the archbishop's almoner gave a *cuarto* to each of his party, and he found in the town a perpetual free lunch system. Here is the record of one day: Mass at nine, in the cathedral, then to dinner at S. Francisco at eleven precisely, on bread, soup, and meat. At twelve, soup at S. Martin, with stock-fish and meat and excellent bread.

At one o'clock, to S. Teresa, for bread and meat: at two to the Jesuits for bread; at four to S. Domingo, outside the town, for soup, which does for supper. Then to the Hospital and to sleep in excellent beds; this was in November, when night falls soon. One day, when Manier was at S. Martin, he saw a Scotchman who was black as the chimney-back, and astonished the party; the reader may remember that Kipling, being equally astonished with the same anomaly, has preserved it in the coloured cook who spoke in Gaelic, of *Captains Courageous*. Travellers' tales, we say!

His testimony is confirmed

Out of the *Constituciones* of the Holy Apostolic and Metropolitan Church Sr. López Ferreiro has extracted a sort of order of the day for vergers and others, drawn up in the middle of the thirteenth century. "Haec sunt consuetudines quas custodes arche operis Bti. Jacobi consueverunt observare cum custodibus altaris."

From the time the bell sounds for early mass, a clerk, with the verger in

Instructions as Beadles

charge of the ark, the chest which received offerings for the works, is to station himself, and the verger, with his wand, to touch pilgrims on back and arms, and keep them moving: they must not stop long enough for any writing, nor for any discussion and disturbance. The clerk is to be vested and to stand upon the ark, which is the most important thing in the church, and phrases are provided by which foreigners shall understand this. To the French he will say: *Zee larcha de lobra monseñor Samanin; zee lobra de la gresa* [C'est l'arche de l'œuvre de Monseigneur Saint Jâmes; c'est l'œuvre de l'église]. To Lombards and Tuscans he shall say *O Micer Lombardo, queste larcha de la lavoree de Micer Sajocome. Questo vay à la gage fayre.* And to peasants he shall say: *Et vos de Campos et del extremo, acá venide á la archa de la obra de Señor Santiago, las comendas que trahedes de mortos, et de vivos para la obra de señor Santiago acá las echade et non en outra parte.* The last sentence seems meant for English: *Betom a atrom Sang yama, a atrom de labro.* There he stands, calling and cry-

ing, all day long, and no man can get his pardon before giving up his money, except that while the indulgence is read out he and all the vergers must keep silence; but if any man wants to lay an offering on the altar, he is bound to point out to that man where the altar is, though he is permitted to show also where the ark stands. So, the order is prescribed in which the marvels are to be shown, first the altar, then the crown, then the cross-steps that go up thither, and the chain, and then the ark. Similarly, if someone wishes to carry something to the treasury, the verger is to ask if the gift is made to S. James or to the works: if the former, he may put it himself on the altar, if the latter, put it himself in the chest. When necessary the clerk can unvest himself and help to carry offerings, but he must see that a verger remains in charge of the ark, or that some man sitting on the steps, without a wand, is watching the linen, wax, etc., without touching the pilgrims. But if at such a time any pilgrim asks where the ark is, he must show him well and truly.

Crown, cross, and chain

Old rags hung up

To the *Cruz de los Harapos* on the roof, the pilgrims climbed, and thereon hung, not their travel-worn garments, exchanging these for new as some have held, but any rag or scrap of clothing, with magical intent, by a use most accident and primitive.

The staff which S. James had used in his long wanderings was shown also and so is, indeed, unto this day, if anyone cares to ask for it. The Canon López Ferreiro, who had as stout a stomach for marvels as the next, published a drawing thereof,[4] a column of cast bronze enclosing the remains of the pilgrim's staff,—*bordón* in Spanish and in French *bourdon*. It is adorned with a band of decoration wound spirally around, like the ornament of the marble shafts at the west: the whole topped with a capital leafy as the head of a date-palm. Lassota, who saw here Roland's horn, also took notice of this,[5] and Nicholas of Poppelau,[6] and the Secretary of Rozmital: Tetzel,[7] naming the chain with which S. James was bound, adds that whosoever seeking sanctuary could reach that chain and wrap it about his body, was safe.

Shown at Jerusalem, also

They saw just such a banner as hung at Leon, of the saint in a white cloak on a white horse, killing Moors. In this connection I should perhaps declare, touching the matter of the rather coarse relief built into a recess up in the south transept, that it is in its own way as fabulous as any of the rest. It is not "of great historical importance," for it is Romanesque work of the twelfth century like the rest: if any committee of Spanish architects recognized it as belonging to the church of Alfonso III they spoke unwisely.[8]

But the sacristan must have something to say, and of S. James *Matamoros* he has indeed but little, for that aspect of the cult of the Apostle belongs more properly to the Ebro basin and the region of the Iberian horseman, as you see him, Castor or another, on early coins.[9] Here at the world's end, the Apostle rules as Lord of the dead, as Far-traveller. He came weary and found rest, springs welled up to refresh him, and about the hillside where men saw the little lights, were leafy groves of fruit-trees[10]; and to pilgrims it was told

Springs, fruits

how when S. James first sent his disciples through Spain, he gave them good seed to sow, and how after he was buried there at the last, the nettles and tares that had sprung up, died down, and harvests were bountiful.[11]

harvests

The average pilgrim, however, muddle-headed or tired or foolish, conformed to the practices of the place, and was protected against extortion or outrage. In 1478 the Archbishop and Chapter were sending a special messenger to the king about the harm done to *Romeyros* and pilgrims who came to S. James.[12] On the other hand, a reasonable provision was made to receive offerings in kind: of the oil I have spoken already, and the Constitutions already cited rule that the verger in charge may not receive the image of a man or a horse, nor any other form, nor incense, nor any stuffs: nor anywhere in the church are iron staves received, nor iron nor leaden crosses, yet at the altar a good sword may be taken, or a good bell.[13] It is all astonishingly efficient.

So to this day

Sebastian Ilsung, who was there in 1448,

feels something more. "In olden days it was a great pagan temple," he says amazingly, ". . . there was much to tell if there were time. Every day great miracles were done."[14] But he finds time to tell how he could not dine with the Archbishop because he was leaving, and so the Archbishop sent six pairs of pheasants and as many of capons to his lodging. Nicholas of Poppelau, forty years later, doubtless thought it all very magnificent, but cares more to relate what gift he accepted from the King of Portugal, viz. a brace of niggers.[15]

A great pagan temple . . .

Castle and Church.

Pensamiento mío
no me deis tal guerra
pues sois en la tierra
de quien solo fio.
—Diego Hurtado de Mendoza.

In between these two comes the visit of the noble Bohemian, Lev de Rozmital de Blatna, of whose journey through Spain and Portugal the two accounts, written one in

The Knight of Rozmital

Latin, and the other in some barbarous German by his secretaries, preserve strange matters, and amongst others a bit of Spanish history which his editors have thought was not elsewhere recounted. Schaschek, in the former, describes[1] the approach to the city from Padrón, by a hilly road and the first view of it:

"The city of Santiago is situated among high mountains, is very spacious, and is girt with a single wall, the battlements of which on one side are full of yellow violets that you can see far off, and on another the ivy is so thick that it seems a wood. A broad ditch goes around, and above rise square towers of an ancient kind, nowhere far apart." They arrived in August, to find the townsfolk had risen and held the city, the Archbishop, and twenty-three priests: they were besieging the cathedral, but the Prelate's mother and brother had barricaded the doors and were making a good resistance. Consequently Galicia lay under an interdict, the babes were not baptized, the dead were not buried. Nevertheless, the whole land sided with their lord,

The ivy
Tod

Bernard Yáñez de Moscoso who was besieging the city. The Lord Lev himself visited the Baron and courteously asked his leave to visit the Cathedral in precisely the terms we all have ready at the tongue's tip: he had visited many courts and journeyed through many lands, even heathenesse, to come to the place where lay S. James's bones, and these with him had a very earnest desire to see these famous places: and the Baron replied civilly, but doubted whether, if he should let the gentleman go in, the other party would let him get out again. His opinion of the Archbishop's mother was like what some have held of Doña Urraca. However, they tried it. The lady then pointed out, to begin, that they were all in a state of excommunication because they had had dealings with the besiegers, and they went through ceremonial purifications quite such as would be exacted if the besiegers had small-pox: they were taken into a tower where was a tank, but that was dry, for the besiegers had cut off the water; and all unshod and set on their knees. Then

Ceremonial purifications

from the church issued the Legate with the choir of priests and clerks, a black cross going before, and in Master Matthew's porch, the *Gloria*, they stopped and intoned the requisite prayers, and the Legate came down the stairs and touched them all, from the Lord to the least, with his stole. Then they got up and went into church barefoot: the priest showed them everything, including the axe of S. James's martyrdom, and they left a trophy of arms, apparently as an offering, and not without a dash of vanity. In a chapel where hung the armour of the Lords and Commanders now long dead, "the Lord and his suite likewise left theirs," says Tetzel.[2] Another traveller says: "So I took leave, hanging up my arms in the cathedral church where there were many. I had done the like already in the chapel at Finisterre."[3] The Great Captain is said to have made the same offering when he came in pilgrimage to Santiago after taking Naples, and gave other rich ornaments and jewels, and a rich lamp which he endowed magnificently that it should burn night and day.[4]

Los de aquel siglo pasado . . .

Tetzel makes a longer story of the adventure, feeling *quorum pars fui:* he had been sent ahead with one Frodner, who found that the Baron besieging had just been wounded with an arrow in the throat, and who made a plaster to draw the arrow out. Notwithstanding, when the party came back from Finisterre to Padrón, they heard that the Baron had died and the enraged mob had dragged the Archbishop before the church and cut his head off there. This, however, was inexact, for Archbishop Fonseca died in his bed, later.

Tetzel's story

Sr. Fabié, who has edited a good bit of these travels for a pleasant volume of the *Libros de Antaño*, confirms the rest of the story in a discreet footnote. At the end of the *Historia Compostellana*, published by Fr. Flórez, and taken from the last appendix of the MS. of Salamanca, he has read this, which is the closing paragraph:

Libros de Antaño

"*Item, Dominus Alfonso de Fonseca ejus con sobrinus de Ecclesia Hispalensi ad Compostellam translatus, in* I° *anno captus fuit per Bernardum Joannis in Villa Doncia, anno Dni. 1465.*"[5]

Bernard Yáñez de Moscoso

The Gallegans knew the story however: Ruy Vásquez told it in his *Historia Iriense* and it serves Vasco de Aponte for another of the *hazañas*, the exploits, of his *Ancient Houses of Galicia.*[6]

Time-honoured Lancaster

The siege of 1117, and that of 1465, are not, belike, the only ones the old church has stood. When the Duke of Lancaster came, the town had no mind to sacrifices, the citizens made peace cannily, as Froissart relates[7]:

> And when the duke of Lancastre had sojourned at Coulongne [Corunna] the space of a month and more, then he was counsayled to dislodge themselfe, and to draw towardes saynt James in Galyce, where was a better countrey and a more plentyfull for men and horses; so he departed and rode in three batayles; first, the marshal with CCC. speres and vi. C. archers; then the duke, with CCCC. speres, and all the ladyes and damoyselles in his company; and in the arrère garde, the constable syr John Hollande, with a CCCC. speres and vil. C. archers. Thus they rode fayre and

easely in iii. batayles, and were rydynge three dayes bytwene Coulongne and saynt James. . . . The marshall with his vawarde came to Compostella, where the body of saynt James lieth, and the town was closed against him; howbeit, there were no men of warre there in garyson, but men of the towne that kept it, for there were no Frensshmen wolde undertake to keep it to the utteraunce, for it was not stronge ynoughe to be kept against such men of warre as the duke had brought thyder. The marshall of the host sent thyder an herauld of armes, to know their ententes what they wolde do: the herauld came to the barryers, and there founde the capytayn of that warde, called Alphons of Sene. Then the herauld sayde, Syr capytayn, here a lytel besyde is the duke of Lancastre's marshal, who hath sent me hyder, and he wolde gladly speak with you. Wel, said the capytayne, it pleaseth me well; let him come hyder, and we shal speak with him. The herauld returned, and shewed the marshall as they said. Then the marshall, with xx. speres with hym, wente thyder, and found at the barryers the

An herauld of armes

capytayn and certayn of the chefe heads of the towne; then the marshal lighted on fote, and iii. with hym, and the lorde Basset and syr Wyllyam Ferinyton. . . . Syr, sayd the capytayn, we wyl not use us but by reson: we wolde gladly acquyte us to them that we belong; we know ryght well that my lady Constaunce of Lancastre was doughter to kyng Dampeter of Castel, so that if kynge Dampeter had abyden peasybly still kyng, she had ben then ryghtfull enherytoure of Castell. But the matter chaunged otherwyse, for al the royalme of Castel abode peasybly to kynge Henry his brother, by reason of the batayle that was at Nantuel, so that we al of the countrey sware to holde kyng Henry for our kyng: and he kepte it as long as he lyved; and also we have sworn to hold kyng John his sone for our kyng. But, syr, shewe us what have they of Coulongne done or sayd to you, for it maye be so, syth ye have lien there more than a month, that they have made some maner of treaty with you. Syr, sayd the capytayne, gyve us lytell leysure that we may speke togyder . . . .

The King Dampeter

that died at Montiel

The narrative is as leisurely as the proceedings; anon it continues:

Within ii. lytell Frensshe myles of saynt James in Galyce, there came in processyon all the clergy of the town, with crosses and relykes, and men, women and chyldren, to mete with the duke and the duches. And the men of the town brought the keys with them, whiche they presented to the duke and to the duches, with their good wylles by all semblaunt; I can not say if they dyd it with theyr good hartes or no: there they kneled down, and receyved theyr lorde and lady, and they entred into the town of saynt James. And the fyrst voyage they made, they wente to the chyrche and all theyr chyldren, and made theyr prayers and offrynge with grete giftes, and it was shewed me that the duke and the duches and theyr ii. doughters, Phylyp and Katheryn, were lodged in an abbaye, and there kept theyr house; and that other lordes, as syr John Holande and syr Thomas Moreaux and theyr wyves lodged in the town, and al other barons and knightes

Clergy and townsfolk together

lodged abrode in the felde, in houses, and bowres of bowes, for there were ynowe in the countrey. They founde there flesshe and strong wyne ynough, wherof the Englysshe archers dranke so moche that they were ofte tymes dronken, wherby they had the fevers, or elles in the mornyng theyr hedes were so evyl, that they coulde not helpe themselfe all the day after.

the fevers

While the princely pair stayed in Santiago, the King of Portugal sent them a gift of white mules which was greatly prized, and they sent back to him in return two falcons, the fairest ever seen, and six English greyhounds.[8]

white mules

A traveller in the sixteenth century says oddly: "Cette église métropolitaine est archiepiscopal, très forte, très naturelle, en forme d'un gros donjon ou chastiau."[9] The castle-church was a recognized type through southern France and Spain, and the hastiest recollection of incidents in the history of Albigensian persecutions, will explain how it came into being. Froissart expounds the matter clearly:

Well, said the king, what thing were best for me to do? Sir, said the knight, we shall show you: cause ye your towns and castles on the fronter of Galyce to be well kept, such as be of strength: and such as be of no strength, cause them to be beaten down: it is showed us how men of the country do fortify minsters, churches and steeples, and bring into them all their goods. Sir, surely this shall be the loss and confusion of your royalme; for when the Englishmen ride abroad, these small holds, churches and steeples shall hold no while against them, but they shall be refreshed and nourished with such provision as they shall find in them, which shall help to further them to win all the residue.[10]

Castillo-iglesia

Tuy, close to the grey Atlantic, Elne in view of the Gulf of the Lion, are other instances familiar. Ujué in Navarre evokes the memory of Mont-Saint-Michel: but the lonely sanctuary stands not in Peril of the Sea; her foundations are upon the holy hills. Of the towers of Santiago, which Sir John Berners calls steeples, some-

Thunderbolt and S. James

thing was said earlier. Travellers were never weary of counting them, and they were landmarks to the country-side. A curious *refrân* associates them with the thunderbolt:

"O S. Bastian corramos
â cima d'e Pico-Sagro,
para ver cal raya o sol
n-as torres de Santiago."[11]

A warrior's grave-mound whence he will rise

Remember, says Sr. Murguía, that the shrine of Santiago is founded upon a tomb and a castle: the hill was a castrum, the church was a fortress, in the tomb a warrior lies. Like Barbarossa he wakens sometimes, as Luke of Tuy testifies.[11] Ferdinand the Great invaded Portugal, and fought the Saracens all over the north-west, and last besieged Coimbra. He went on a pilgrimage to Santiago and kept a triduum in the church, devoutly praying the Apostle to restore Coimbra to Christian worship, and gave much money; then went back to camp. "The Lord," says Luke, and Dominus Jacobus must be the one intended:

. . . heard King Ferdinand's prayers, and while he fought at Coimbra with the sword, the Apostle fought for him in heaven interceding with Christ. That the city was taken by the merits of the blessed Apostle, is manifestly known. For there had come from Jerusalem an insignificant Greek pilgrim, who abode in the porch of the church of S. James, insistent with vigil and prayer. When people entering sang, praising S. James as a soldier, he contradicted them, saying S. James was no soldier but a fisherman. While he watched the night in prayer, being suddenly rapt in ecstasy, S. James appeared to him, and holding some keys in his hand, with lively countenance spoke to him: "Look you here, you have mocked my men and said I was not a soldier." Then appeared a shining horse before the entrance to the church, and the glory about him lighted all the church, through the open doors. The Apostle mounted, and gave the pilgrim to understand that with these keys he was going to open the city of Coimbra and give it to King Ferdinand at about the third hour of the day: which said, he

Graeculus quidam

. . . et illuminabit abscondita tenebrarum

disappeared. The Greek told it to the clergy, and when the news came, the day and hour agreed.[12]

That blaze of light which pilgrims sometimes saw, filling all the church in mirk mid-night, is the same that burns above a warrior's grave-mound, on wintry headlands of the northern seas.

Yet brothers of S. John Gualberto have knelt on these same stones. What gifts they sought, the pilgrims brought: at times, pardon, and the grace to forgive; peace, and the gift of tears. The Bolognese Friar Gian Lorenzo Buonafede, almost contemporary with Manier, after long desire, made the journey: entering, he found the church crowded, and as, kneeling before the altar, he wept, he was not the only one. From day to day he went back and kissed the statue with sobs; tears came freely. He arranged to celebrate his daily Mass in the cathedral, and again we are reminded of Lourdes; the first one, he said for the intention of his father and mother. They put him up very kindly

Buonafede

at the Friar's convent, and he came back to the shrine: "After vespers," he says, "I sat there a long time with tears in my eyes."

The grace of tears

Santiago still enjoys the great advantage of being open early and late, and is best of all at nightfall. One may kneel so long at the *reja* before the dim-glimmering sanctuary, that all sense of hands or feet, of brain or breathing, is lost. No other shrine except Chartres can so stir, can so draw back, but in Chartres the light all comes from the east, even at twilight, and here from the west. The transept doors stand open, pale patches in the luminous warm dark, and there are long lights down the aisles of the nave, and the cold green sky looks in at openings of the *Gloria*.

Los Muertos Mandan.

Content thee, not the annulling light
Of any pitiless dawn is here;
Thou art alone with ancient night,
And all the stars are clear.

It is a dead town, monumental and *triste;* with gigantic edifices of churches and convents that were too rich for their own good. Here and there flowers a happy bit of Renaissance, as in the arcade *Tras de Salomé,* and one day we came suddenly upon a Gothic house, with the pointed arches of the lower story built up but the window still in use, and the corbels with bag-piper and tumbler still holding up the cornice. But most of the streets are oppressed with the heavy pomp of the seventeenth century, square doors and shallow mouldings.

Santiago has, indeed, a University still in operation, but since when are University towns the less dead? Bologna with the monstrous horrors of the Spanish armouries

plastered against its fading brick; Padua with the thousand heraldries of students early dead painted upon its cloister vaults; Salamanca, choked up with convent churches; Alcalá tawdry and dirty in the power of the *Padres Escolapios*; Oxford even, with the worn stone of its colleges that front along the High Street perpetually replaced and perpetually gnawed away by the insatiable tooth of time:—these towns are like ancient sepulchres where from time to time the living return to banquet, with tapers and baked meats, in memory of the else-forgotten. One day knows light and movement and mingling voices, then again closes down the darkness, the flowers drop their faded leaves, dry, and turn to dust, the wine thickens and then hardens in the golden cups, silence and sleep come home, brooded under the wings of night.

A university town

The living cannot touch that life of the dead which the University enshrines: dead theories, dead ideals, dead dreams of earth and sky, of God and humanity. An instant long loud voices trouble it, then the old

ways resume. The Copernican system, the Mosaic cosmogony, the Tridentine dogmas, are there inurned: though the older are for long undisturbed and are at last forgotten, you may lift a lid and stir the fine dust, or you may burn incense and evoke the pale wraith.

"Los muertos mandan"

Yes, the dead command us still, all the dead of the most ancient earth, not those of two millenniums alone. The children are crying in the market place, but though they pipe we may not dance, though they mourn we may not weep, for we hear other voices, our fathers' and our fathers' fathers'. The smug religion of pulpit and pew and parish house, which finds yet no room for the unemployed to sit down, and no supper for the striker to eat, that already is a thing of yesterday, and it shall not know tomorrow. The sweet religion of indulgence and confession, of drowsy rosaries counted through fragrant dim-lit hours, has fallen to women and children, and they are outgrowing it. The religion of the ancestral dead, which was before Confucius and before Buddha,

reclaims the heart. Make an inward silence and listen, at last you shall hear the word. Though nationality be a fatal mirage and races mingled inextricably, the line in ascendance is real, and the heritage awaits inheritors. The accumulated illusions of the centuries fall down, the blood-built battlements, at the trumpetting from afar.

Eucharistic commemoration

They are everywhere, these dead, and most of all you meet them in the Mass. In the clouds of incense they throng and whisper, theirs is the commemoration, theirs the sacrifice. As day followed day and year came after year, they passed from the visible to the invisible, from the militant to the triumphant, but because they once were there, there are they still. In the mingled cup, in the broken wafer, the priest presents again the pain of all the world; the broken heart that yet could constantly endure; the intolerable wrongs, and griefs, that yet were borne. This anguish of the indomitable can fortify, this grief of the long-past can console. Not for nothing does the Italian hill-

The pain of all the world

peasant, in his procession of Good Friday night, dress the Childless Mother like any other widow, with veil of crape and handkerchief of lawn; so, other mothers, who, too, have lost their sons, steep their grief for anodyne in another's wide as the world. In the pale Host uplifted you recognize the supreme renouncement: the perfect becoming subject to imperfection, the immaculate submitting to contamination, the supreme sharing the brotherhood of oppression and ignorance and shame.

In the strength of our forefathers we go, not in their tracks. Their stars we follow, not their dead campfires, their virtues not their acts, under cruel penalties. Those dear dead of all the world who come back when they can to direct or to console, for whom the Romans, not unmindful, brought fresh flowers to an image and poured wine above an urn, for whom the Tuscan family still spreads wreaths before a sepulchre and lights lamps upon a grave, in a loving service never quite intermitted, these dead, it would seem, in their own despite are at times a distress, a menace, a hideous

instrument of destruction. If the cup of *saki* be really set only to send the poor little ghost, hunger-appeased, back to bed, and the *Lanterne des Morts* kindled only to guide strayed souls back into the kindly covering earth, a little sadly; yet there are stories more terrible than these, troubled observances world-wide as they, of larves and lemurs, *revenants*, ghouls, vampires, women dead in child-birth, who seduce night-travellers in the jungle; and, with the hell-hounds of northern wintry forests, not the hunted alone, but dead souls hunters of souls. That the dead can betray and can destroy, primitive use and tale record for us in their wise, and our own life shows us in the lives about: it is a part of piety to set the perturbed spirits at rest where they can do no wrong. We are not better than our fathers, nor worse. There must be no sound of chanting in our ears, if we would hear the most ancient word. Let the dead bury their dead.

He dicho.

Dead souls

V

THE WORLD'S END

Only the mists—only the weeping clouds:
Dimness, and airy shrouds.
Beneath, what angels are at work, what powers
Prepare the secret of the fatal hours?
See, the mists tremble and the clouds are stirred.

"A great and famous idol." Page 350

"S. YAKOB is the capital of Jalikijah, and is the greatest and most holy sanctuary which the Christians have. It is to them the same as our shrine is to us. Their Kabáh is a colossal idol, which they have in the centre of the largest church. They swear by it, and repair to it in pilgrimages from the most distant parts, from Rome and from lands that are yet further, pretending that the tomb which is to be seen within the church is of Yakob one of the twelve Apostles and the most beloved of Isa,

may the blessing of God and salutation be on him and on our prophet."[1]

Abn-Edhari of Morocco, the author of the *Bayen-el Mogrib*, writing under the year 996, tells how Almanzor came to the Gulf of Iria "which is one of the sanctuaries of the same Santiago whose is the sepulchre. That sanctuary is second in importance only, the Christians feel, to the said sepulchre, and to it come the devout from the remotest lands; from the land of the Copts, from Nubia, and others." Abn-Edhari says again:

A Holy Sepulchre

Yakoub in their tongue is Jahcob, who was Bishop in Jerusalem and began to run over all lands preaching to the dwellers therein, and with that intent came to Spain where he attained the bound. Afterwards he went back to the land of Syria, and died there, when he had reached the age of one hundred and twenty solar years. His disciples fetched his body and gave it sepulture in this church, the furthest of those which received his influence.

Thus appears the Far-traveller again, very old, and destined to return

"beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars."

When the disciples were in Padrón, which is Iria Flavia, being oppressed with weariness and pursuit, they laid the precious body upon a stone, which softened under the touch and received it. Tetzel and the Latin secretary and all the party of the noble Slav, saw this stone, and their testimony[2] is true: all the pilgrims mention it, but because the enthusiasm of the throngs was chipping it to bits, it had been sunk in a pool of deep water. Steps led down to the pool, and the water was very clear so that it was well seen. The stone was probably genuine, *i.e.*, not manufactured to match the legend, for it was probably just such a stone coffin hollowed out to fit the head and shoulders, as was built up in the church wall at Mellíd. It was shown to Erich Lassota, in 1581,

As at the Temple of the Sun and Thurkill's Vision

From *Cathedrals in Spain*, The Century Co.

The Great Stair at Le Puy

as S. James's bed. The *Pelegrino curioso* apparently saw such another at La Barca on the Ría de Camariñas, of which he tells that it had been sunk, in the same way, for the same reason: he says also that S. James sailed over sea in it. For parallel to this we need not look so far as the Isle of Penguins, for there is the journey of S. Cuthbert down the river to Durham.

The sea-faring adventure

Erich Lassota confirms him[3] (1580); he calls it the Barca de S. Yago, and says that *Nuestra Señora's* bark is at the bottom of the sea, though her statue is at Manxia (Mountjoy). On the road to Finisterre the Bohemians saw this, beside the way a ship with cables, hull and other tackle, all of stone, and were told that this ship transported God and his Mother, who disembarked there, and climbed the hill, and founded a chapel for the Virgin.[4] The compiler of the *Cancionero popular gallego*[5] has a store of pretty songs about this Virgin that came from over sea:

Ai! miña Virxe d'a Barca,
ai, miña Virxe, valeime

qui estou n-o medio d'o mar
sin ter barqueiro que reme.

They are good to chant gaily all together, sorting and packing fish, or hauling nets; they are better to sing softly while the shuttle flies in the brown net, and the last line trails off in a long crying:

Veño d'a Virxe d'a Barca
veño d'abaná-la pedra
tamén veño de vos ver
Santo Cristo de Finisterra !

A worshipped stone

So, it appears, the rocking stone is still frequented. But the daintiest belongs on the beach with the mussel-fishers.

Nosa Señora d'a Barca
alá va po-la ribiera
collendo conchiñas d'ouro
meténd'-as n-a faltriqueira.—

According to Nicholas of Popplau, who was there just a hundred years before Lassota, in 1484, Nuestra Señora de la

Barca herself was the rocking stone: "We could move it with one hand," he says.[6]

The most curious thing, however, in all this trumpery, is Lassota's Shield of S. James at Padrón, so-called because when the infidels pursued him he hid behind it, and you can see still how the stone yielded "to receive his head and his right arm so he could hide in it" — I translate exactly the confused account. This recalls with uncommon emphasis the sculptures of Mithras emerging from the rock, and it happens that among the few Spanish inscriptions which M. Cumont publishes, is one from Padrón.[7]

Mithras emergent

Sebastian Ilsung, who had made the journey in 1446, records: "The cape of Finisterre is two miles high, surrounded and beaten upon by the sea; there are the footmarks of our Lord S. James and a well that he made himself with his own hands [there is one in the hillside above Padrón, and one just before you get to Santiago, besides]; also a sort of chair in which sat S. Peter and S. James and S. John." He was a shrewd man, with a sound estima-

Footsteps of Buddha in Ceylon

tion of political and social matters, not uncourtly, and though he could bolt marvels as a dog bolts sandwiches, he had the sense of awe. Of all the travellers whom I have read, he alone feels in Santiago how venerable, how immemorial is the sanctuary, and here, again, he shrivels under the brow of the towering cape:

The Cape

> The cape of Finisterre is two days' journey from Santiago [he goes on hurriedly], on horseback, on the worst road that I remember in my life. My servant fell sick, and I had to leave him behind. The second day I lost the road and went above and below by the coast, without knowing where I was, till God and S. James came to my help and I got to a village where I was very hungry because there was nothing to eat. There they told me the road to Finisterre. . . . I had a letter from the Archbishop to the Prior, who took me in. Otherwise I must have slept in the street.[8]

In a different temper the Friar Buonafede de Vanli went to *Nuestra Señora* and

copied out, with authenticating licenses, and the like, all of her miracles. He also visited Finisterre, and between the two places, S. Julián de Moraime. "On the twentieth, by a hard road, up a hill, accompanied by the said Giuseppe Martínez in whose house I slept, I came to S. Julián de Moraime, which belongs to the Padri Cassinensi [*i. e.* Benedictines]. It is a place of no rarity. I drank the chocolate the Prior gave me."

Bartolomé Villalbay, the *Pelegrino curioso*, gleamed and fluttered all about like a heath-butterfly. He went to the Monastery of Noya, and picked up there two pilgrims with whom he shared sausages, cheese, and fruit; the place where they sat was full of mountain-pinks. They held witty talk, and they talked also of places that they hoped, or that they could not hope, to see: "the insigne city of Orense," Celanova, and S. Esteban de Ribas de Sil. In Santiago he called on the Abbess of S. Clare's, a very great lady, and he wrote some pious poetry for her; and called on other nuns, and had a monstrous fine time.

Ya has encontrado el camino . . .

The hospital he praised as well furnished and administered—this is the great foundation of Ferdinand and Isabel,—and found the wards all whitewashed.

Everyone inspected the hospital. Sobieski said that it could rival the finest in Christendom, and his description of the court is worth pausing on, but Buonafede's, just a hundred years later, is even more curious. On the eve of the Festival of the Portiuncula, the richest, in the way of profit, of all Franciscan feasts, he wrote: "At the Hospital Royal to see a procession. First came men masked, dancing and singing spiritual songs with castanets, then priests vested with the cotta, in midst of whom they carried the silver statue of S. James[9]: then the Sacrament with many torches and various instruments, to the sound of which the whole people sang a verse of *Pange Lingua.*" To hear this would have been worth living through even the spiritual songs to the castanets. "There was a curious thing: in the first cloister near the fountain, were three boxes, like opera boxes, one above the

Compare Lucian and Macrobius

other; in the lowest, a statue in black of S. Ignatius or S. Francis Xavier; in the middle, the Punch and Judy show; and in the top one was represented a Priest celebrating with Deacon and Sub-Deacon, the priest kneeling on the steps of the altar." This is only the beginning of things: but Buonafede is too good to snip out in bits.

That most of this, however, is pretty poor stuff, this running and gaping over the countryside you must blame poor human nature. Mexican ladies, I am told, who are capable of swooning on Sunday morning with the ecstasy of the Sacrament, are capable of dancing all Sunday afternoon. One is not content, quite, to take Padrón and Noya, Moraime and Corcubión, as simply as Frómista and Carrión, yet they are much simpler places. I propose not to take them at all. As coastwise Gallegan they are interesting, and they shall be considered later, in another book, along with hill-top Gallegan. But their connexion with Santiago is chiefly geographical.

Coastwise Gallegan

Noya still uses the old hospital, carved on the huge arch stones with shell and

Noya

bourdon and Noah's ark. The portal of S. Martin is imitated from Santiago, barbarously: the interior has nothing to do with it. Up in the façade a beautiful wheel window dazzles like a wheel of stars: in the archivolt the crowded figures have a sort of massy beauty: the bestial heads at the bottom of the door-jambs are exceedingly like these of Master Matthew. By an unhappy device that Bamberg had anticipated, the statues stand on top of each other, that they may all be seen, three and three in either jamb. Sea winds have worn the granite only to coarsen, and the work at newest was local, inexpert. The date is 1434.

There is a sailors' song, that rings across the brimming tide in the *ría*, and is answered from under the grey, delicate eucalyptus around the grey weatherworn church of S. Mary:

—Os marñeiros de Noya
Cantan y poden cantar,
Tèñen os remos n-a lancha
para poder traballer.

—Ouh, campadre, a lancha é miña:
c'os remos atrevasados
temos d'ir a romeria
c'os nosos cestos colgados.[10]

Padrón was a place of obligation, because the original landing of S. James was there, by tradition; and historically, the shrine can be traced back as far as Santiago. Says a *refrán*, enforcing the duty: Padrón

Quien va á Santiago é non va al Padrón
O faz romería ó non!

So, wishing the pilgrimage to count, I went. From Master Matthew's bridge, just below, the walking is easy, various enough: the approach, where hills rise on the left and roads fork at a double cross, is picturesque. Iria lies beyond the town on the other side, and keeps nothing ancient but a few stones and a pointed doorway, in the tympanum an Epiphany entirely Gallegan. Where one meets lovely kindness, it seems ingratitude to say there is no beauty. Walking back into the town, I met a woman going home from work, and we talked as

we tramped through the dust, she questioning, I trying to convey some image of the journey that took *doce días en el mar*. At last she asked, with no intent to blame or to mortify: "Hadn't you even a servant that you could bring with you?"

The moving waters at their priest-like task

All this Gallegan shore is fair with blue waters, serene and tidal water-ways embraced by the gigantic earth. There is a *canción* which says, borrowing perhaps from an early and lovely Romance:

> Camariñas, Camariñas,
> o rei te quixo vender;
> o que compre á Camariñas
> moito dinero ha de ter.[11]

Moraime

The church at Moraime is very curious, set into a hillside above the sea, so that you go down steps into the porch and more into the church, and what was a squat chapel without, is seen a fair and lofty sanctuary. The walls outside have the huge arches that appear at Puerto Marín, and also in two churches near Orense with which S. Julián has more

affinity, Aguas Santas and La Junquera. But, though hidden by accretions and disguised otherwise at times, they also appear on the cathedrals of Santiago and Orense, the French trait being pretty nearly naturalized, and likely to be second or third-hand here. If the church is of the twelfth century, the portal cannot be earlier than the thirteenth, but that sort of abortion is ageless, like deep-sea jellies. The three shafts in the jambs, on each side, carry each two figures, or once did; the intention here being not to set figures in the recesses as at Noya but to put them on the shaft, as at Villaviciosa in Asturias, and in some measure on the north door at Orense. The intention goes back to Chartres — to the west door and not the transept porches. In the archivolts are three rows of figures, laid over a torus, except the outmost row, which contains half-lengths in clouds. It would seem that the carver could not even count, for the figures run in fourteens; thirteen and the Saviour in one row, the others indeterminable. In the tympanum are six figures and a

The Portal

A Dove: for S. Basilisa?

bishop blessing, under arches. On the eighteenth-century retable, within, S. Julian figures, with a dove on his shoulder, in wig and steenkirk, wide skirts and huge cuffs, like a gentleman out of *The Spectator*. The only imitation of Santiago, apart from the portal, is a bit of arcading attempted in the north wall of the north aisle, two pointed arches under a round one, like the pattern of a triforium.[12] Both Corcubión and Finisterre have good churches, of the square-apse, towered type, but they owe nothing to Santiago.

(or indeed Cape Cod)

On the Cape — the folk there speak of *El Cabo* as we of the North Cape and that of Good Hope — I found grey rock, and drenched heather, and a choking fog. "Más allá no hay más que las aguas del mar, cuyo término nadie más que Dios conoce." We could not see the headland even that we stood upon, nor hear the call of the Atlantic: the green underfoot went up into the blinding white; the grey overside came invisibly out of the creeping white. At the extreme end of Europe, as we leaned and strained, we could see one

wave that lap-lapped on the rocks below, but not the ones behind, that always urged it. It was rather like magic to have gone to the end of the world and found nothing there: one had always known it, without admitting. A tag of Gaelic, picked up somewhere, went lap-lapping in my brain:

At the end of the world, nothing

Mar a bha *as it was*
mar a tha *as it is*
mar a bhitheas *as it shall be*
gu brath *ever more*
ri tràg adh *with the ebb*
's ri horiath *with the flow*

The noble Slav found there a history[13] that still calls to one out of the mist, like the sound of people talking when in the fog a fishing boat slips by:

It is written in the annals of history, the tale begins, that a King of Portugal had three ships built, provisioned with all needful, including twelve scriveners in each with writing material to last them four years, to the end that they should sail so far as they might in that time, and every ship's scriveners were to write all

As Bran and Brenden sailed

the regions they reached and all that befell them in the sea. After they had sailed two years they came to a great mist that took two weeks to cross, and when they emerged they came to an island. They went on shore, and found subterranean houses full of gold and silver, but they touched nothing. Above the houses were gardens and vines. They sailed on, and saw waves mountain high, that went up to the clouds, and they were sore afraid, as if the Judgement Day had come. They discussed, and agreed that two ships should go on, and the third one wait a fortnight: this ship waited sixteen days but none came back. Then full of terror they turned back toward Lisbon: when they entered the port the townsfolk came and asked them who they were; when they said "We are those whom the king sent to explore the confines of the sea, that we should write the marvels we saw," the others answered: "We know those men, and they were not such as you, not worn, not hoary, but youngsters of twenty-six years." Indeed their own kin did not know them, for they were white as trees in hoar frost.

VI

THE PARADISE OF SOULS

The stars are threshed,
and the souls are threshed
from their husks. — Blake.

The Dark Star, a phrase applied more than once by mediaeval travellers to the granite land that lies at the End of the World, it is usual to treat as a mere corruption of the name of Finisterre, due to the stupidity of German tourists. But Gabriel Tetzel, who accompanied the Knight of Rozmital, is perfectly explicit, they found the name and did not invent it. "Vor Sant Jacob," he writes in his barbarous dialect, "ritt wir an den Finstern Stern, *als es dann die Bauren nennen* es heisst aber Finis terrae."[1] Nothing could be more exact. Nicholas of Poppelau quotes a phrase rather like Wagner's in *Tristan*,

The Dark Star

that makes it the shadowy land.[2] A son of the land, the husband of a folk-poetess, Sr. Murguía, to whose intimate knowledge and faithful record not this book only but many another more learned owes so much, takes the name as familiar and explains it partly by reference to the land of the dead, partly "porque brillaba en occidente, vertiendo sus pálidos resplandores sobre las aguas misteriosas en que concluía el mundo, y de donde las barcas que abandonan las tenebrosas orillas, jamás tornaban a la ribera."

There, far in the west, the most ancient people, the most ancient faiths, retreating slowly, lingered: and thither came, carried by the pilgrims, all that the rest of the world had come to think and feel.

Folk-Customs

The degree to which, in the centuries past, the land of Galicia was saturated with what the eighteenth century classed all together in one lump as superstition, may be measured, though inadequately, by the quantity which has survived. It is not in Galicia alone that survivals are met: we found the baskets for bread and candles on

the church floor, at Monreal, and the *hacheras* which these explain, throughout Leon; we found the Gardens of Adonis withering at Corullón. About the Cape of Finisterre the souls still flutter and cry like seabirds.

On the authority of Sr. Murguía, the Condesa Pardo Bazán, and the Gallegan Folk-lore Society, we may consider as still active two or three very ancient elements: in the first place, the relations still maintained with the spirits of vegetation, and the natural magic intended to control the principle of fertility; secondly, some practices connected with death, the intercourse with ghosts and *revenants* and with other spirits; lastly, such vestiges as may be traced of very ancient beliefs that touch the *whence* and *whither;* and thereafter may perceive the part which these elements had in the cult of the Son of Thunder.

1. Fertility charm
2. Ghosts
3. The land of the dead

The night of the 29th of April is Mayeve, the "*Vispora do mes d'os Mayos.*" Then on the hills about Master Matthew's bridge, above Padrón, fires are kindled, and the peasants run about waving lighted

brands, and singing an old spell which shall make "the ears of the green corn fill":

Alumea, pay,
Cada grao, seu toledan!
Alumea, fillo,
Cada espiga, seu pan trigo!
Alumea ô liño
Cada freba, seu cerriño![3]

May-eve

On that same night, at S. María de Róo, near Noya, a great bonfire is built and kindled in silence, but when it blazes high, the whole people join hands and dance around it, all night long, women, children, men, without an instant of intermission till dawn whitens. This is their song:

Lume, lume!
Vé ô pan
Dios che dé
Moito gran.
Cada gran, com' un bogallo,
Cada pé, com' un carballo.[4]

These two, Sr. Murguía published in his volume *España sus monumentos y artes.* The Spanish Folk-lore Society publishes

amongst other odd spells, one to secure the safe delivery by a cow of her first calf: give her to eat ears of Indian corn with baby ears around, that is to say, little ears around the principal one.[5] What was manifestly a spell to secure a good crop, the present writer saw, near Padrón in 1915, at the end of July, when corn was in tassel. On a wayside crucifix hung a yellowed ear of ripe corn, half husked, not weather-worn but rich and full. The maize which is, with tall cabbage, the staple of Galicia, is preserved in corncribs on stone legs, well built, well roofed; and at one gable end rises a stone cross, at the other, the phallic symbol in pyramid or console form.

Phallic emblem

Through the streets of Santiago and Corunna still goes the figure of May, dressed in young boughs like a Jack-in-the-Green, crowned with flowers, surrounded by young children who dance and beg for offerings, while May contents himself with bowing low in time to the cadence:

Cantarán o Mayo
e mais ben cantado.

Then the children begin:

Ángueles somos,
del cielo venimos
bulsa traemos
dinero pedimos.

Déano-las mayas
Señora Maria;
déano-las mayas
qu'están bailando n-a criba.[6]

La Señora

After this the song breaks into comedy, rehearsing the streets through which the procession passes, and enumerating the gifts of nun and soldier, lady and *caballero*. Milá y Fontanals publishes, from the recital of a Gallegan lady, a version which plainly puts the Virgin in her right place, not only as the Lady of all good gifts, but as the Good Lady of Tyrolean folk-lore, she who keeps the little unborn souls in her care, playing about her, as when a Tyrolese peasant saw the Good Lady pass once, with a flock of unchristened babes, and at Altar, again, in the valley of the Saal, a ferryman took the party across.[7]

"Esté é o Mayo que Mahiño é,
Esté é o Mayo que anda d'o pé.
O noso Maya, anque pequeniño,
Da de comer á Virxen d'o Camiño,
Velay o Mayo *cargado de rosas.*
Velay o Mayo *que las trae mas hermosas.*
Angueles somos del cielo venimos.
Si nos dais licencia á la Reina le pedimos,
Angueles somos dei cielo bajamos.
Si nos dais licencia á la Reina la cantamos."[8]

que alumbró con estrellas su camino . . .

Coming back to the figure of May, "all bedashed with herbs, mosses, and flowers," the reader will remember that it was thus, most likely, that Sir Meliagrance disguised himself and his knight to entrap the Queen in an ambush, what time when "the Month of May was come, when every lusty heart beginneth to blossom," Queen Guenever rode a-Maying into woods and fields around Winchester, and was carried off, into the land whence none returns.[9]

S. James himself, it is possible to perceive, was once a vegetation god, or at any

rate has taken over the functions and signs of one. It is indeed one of the aspects of Sol Sanctissimus, that he is giver of good harvests. In a *Life and Translation of S. James Major*, that M. Paul Meyer has published from an unique MS.,[10] we have the prose version of a thirteenth-century French poem derived, he believes, directly from *The Book of S. James*. As was said already, we know that pilgrims waited in turn to read that and make extracts, like Arnaut of Ripoll in 1173, and whatever in the poem was not in the *Book*, is likely to be pilgrims' talk. Well, S. James preached in Spain and converted "la gent Sarrasine," the Moors. The folk were so evil before S. James came thither, when God had given all the goods that the earth could yield of sustenance, that over all the land were nettles and briars, so that nought good could grow between them. . . . To his seven disciples the saint ordained that they should go plucking out the nettles and the sharp thorns and the bad roots of evil plants from the evil ground, and then put good seed into the ground that the

Vegetation-spirit

seed should not fail, for tempest nor thunder, to come to good.[11] The poet at this point feels that there is something odd about the agricultural interest, and explains that all this is to be taken as an allegory, but he resumes later on, after the sepulchre of S. James is made in Galicia, and the church consecrated, and the people baptized: "Now the land was changed in nature. Where the holy Apostle was buried, the land became so full of wheat, of fruit, and of all foods that profit man's body, that in all the land the people were filled, that aforetime swelled up and died of the great famine that was in the land."[12]

The Tribal Hero

This is good matter for *The Golden Bough:* it is confirmed by the form of the *voto de Santiago*, which was certainly at the outset paid in kind and was calculated on the basis of tilth, of arable land recovered from the Moors. Turpin says that when Charlemagne established it, the dues included a measure of wheat and a measure of wine. It was levied, in the earliest document we have, on each yoke of oxen.[13] S. James's oxen, which are also the oxen of

S. Isidro Labrador, as has been said, appear in a Gallegan spell or formula recited against S. Anthony's fire:

Pico Sagro, Pico Sagro,
Que te consagrou o bendito Santiago
Con seus boys e con seu carro,
Libranos d'este fogo airado;
Por la intercesion de la Virgen María,
Un padre nuestro y un Ave María![14]

Chthonian

At Saragossa, the Apostle took care of the kindly fruits of the earth. That city figures chiefly in his legend as what is called the Happy Other World, where fruit will not rot, nor wheat must, nor anything spoil; but this is a part of his character as a chthonian power. Now the chthonian deities were likewise powers of fertility, as every one knows.[15]

The Spanish church keeps the feast of S. James Minor on May-Day: now S. James Minor, as his name implies, is only a pale doublet of the Son of Zebedee. We found the two confused on the north portal at Leon; and because S. James the Great, as

inheriting the form and the function of Sol Sanctissimus, kept his feasts at midsummer and midwinter, the other is put in to fill another place of his, the May-Day feast. The Slavonian pilgrims, wrote Ojea in 1600, time their arrival for the latter end of April, and on the third year of pilgrimage put garlands on their heads, and thus go in solemn procession about the church[16]: this too must be a fertility-charm. The feast of the consecration of the cathedral of Santiago, is also kept on May-Day.[17] To the same class of attributes as the oxen and the garlands belongs the olive tree of S. Torquato in Guadix, that was always in fruit for the Spring feast,[18] and Guadix was the first site of the legend of S. James's preaching in Spain. Another curious parallel to the French story, is found in that half-remembered tale of the Senators at Rome tearing Romulus to bits and every one carrying off a bit in his robe to bury in his field. So this scrap of folk-tradition, precariously preserved,[19] marks with unexpected force an aspect we might have failed to recognize, how the great S. James

Excellent herbs of Paradise

is more than the Tribal Hero giving food to his people, more than Sol Sanctissimus, Lord and Life-Giver, though he is still before all the Lord of the Dead, the Leader of the wandering souls.

Natural piety wears two aspects; the hope of new life, the unforgetfulness of death. Among ancient and long-remembering peoples, the two keep company. In Asturias and Galicia, the ancestral ghosts are made welcome year by year. A place is laid and a chair set on the last night of the year and, on All Souls' Night in Proaza, the bed is left for them, the hearth fire is fed with good logs, the light is left burning on the table, and before the living withdraw to sleep, they eat *magostos*, chestnuts and new wine, in a kind of commemorative banquet.[20] So the second Council of Braga denounced a practice already hoary: "It is not lawful for Christians to carry food to graves, and to offer to God sacrifices of the dead," and it ruled also that it was unfitting for ignorant and presumptuous clergy to carry the Mysteries [the Eucharist] out of doors to grave-

So the Wife of Usher's Well

stones, and distribute the sacraments there, but they must do it in the church or basilica in which were deposited the relics of the Martyrs (*i. e.* only those of the dead officially accredited) and offer there for the defunct.[21] *Petitorios*, real funeral baked meats, were forbidden by the synodals of Mondoñedo in the sixteenth century[22] notwithstanding the Canon López Ferreiro publishes extracts "notable for the elegance and purity of the language" from the will of Cardinal Gómez Fernández de Vívere, a familiar of the Archbishop Alvaro de Isorna, which provides that his grave shall be made in the old chapter-room, by the door of the chapel where Archbishop Isorno lies, and continues, in choice Gallegan: "Item mando que o primeiro dia de miña sepoltura leven co o meu corpo ofertas de cera, pan, vino e carne o pescado segund uso e costume da cibdade": and this was in 1484.[23] A last curious vestige of this survived in the habit of up-country children, and not only the poor, who begged food from door to door, singing, it would seem, as at Yule and Twelfth Night; then

Custom in Santiago Cathedral

went off by themselves to eat the collection, in child's play now, and not necessarily in the churchyard. In the eighteenth century an Ochogavia of Orense directed in his will: "Item, I bid . . . to place upon my grave four great candles, four tapers, bread, wine, and *baeta*, for a year and a day."[24]

All-Souls' Eve

In Tuscany I have seen the lamps kindled on every grave and flowers strewn, for All-Souls' Eve, and the fires lighted on every threshing-floor on the eve of the eighth of September. In Mexico they beg: "Un cobrecito señorito para mi tumbita." In France I have seen even rich folk, of Paris, visiting their dead in November, and others lighting fires on the Savoy shore in August; and in Galicia I have a faint remembrance, that I cannot localize, of the fires of S. John. A stranger in Spain must depend largely on others' testimony, for the Spanish peasant is mistrustful as a cat: I repeat therefore at second hand. Along with the Beltane fire, Celtic in practice as in name, should be recorded the Yule log, which under the name of *Tizón de Navidad* was prohibited

by the Synodals of Mondoñedo as late as the middle of the sixteenth century. Sr. Murguía will have it that the log was fetched and kept burning for the sake of the returning ghosts, to welcome and warm *las ánimas:* and records that in Tuy just such a log is still kindled on All-Souls' day. Yule log

But not alone in the long nights of Mid-winter, or in November at the close of the natural year, are the souls abroad—they are about, everywhere, all the time. In Corunna the beggars beg in the name of the souls:

"Para misas y bien de las benditas ánimas, quien pudiere por el amor de Dios."[25]

The twilight hour belongs to the family ghosts, and dim little churches are murmurous with the rosaries and musical with the litanies, of widows and childless mothers in their close-drawn black veils. In Santiago the unco' gude go begging, from shop to shop, at nightfall, for the same end.[26] In return, in the region of Corunna, those who want to wake at a certain hour have only to say three Our Fathers to the *ánimas benditas* and these will see to the waking.[27] Poor souls called blessèd, a little as the

Eumenides were so called! Some lie yet in purgatorial fire, some go on pilgrimage, some wander in sad throngs, like flocks of migrant birds. The spectral Company, or *Estadea*, known also in parts of France, is made up of such souls: of them, as understood in the province of Orense, Sr. Murguía writes:

A dust-whirl in the road

> By night the dead rise from their graves and meet inside the church: they start out together from the west door at the stroke of twelve. A living person leads the procession, man if the church is dedicated to a male saint, woman if to a female. The living carries the cross and the holy water pail with the aspergil of hyssop; he cannot turn nor observe what goes on behind him, he gets his orders, he knows not how. Each ghost carries a candle, but is invisible; you know their passage by the wind of their going and the smell of burning wax. The living cannot lay down his charge and he who goes with the dead, as the phrase is, may be recognized by pallor, weakness and sickness: he cannot tell what he has

seen, nor where he went, indeed; he cannot give up his equipage until he meets upon the way another person in whose hands he places the cross and the pail: then that one must succeed him. The only escape would be as the Company goes by to draw a circle and stand inside it, or else drop face down on the ground and let the spirits trample over and on. The procession goes to announce someone's death, a year ahead.[28]

Wills o' the Wisp

In other parts, the souls go about other business, perhaps. A woman spinning late at her window, saw vagrant lights flitting about the meadows, drawing together, proceeding towards her cottage. The legend as told in Asturias has some grisly elements, the point of it for us lies in what her priest told her the next morning: *viz.* that what went down the road were souls in pain, to whom God has appointed this world as a place of penitence, for not all such souls are in Purgatory.[29]

The reader recalls here, realizing how all the land must be full of wandering ghosts, that Priscillianism, of which Galicia was

the very source and stronghold, is thought to have been much concerned with the transmigration of souls; no wonder, since the adepts must have been cognizant of them on every side, with every breath; and recalls as well, wondering if the good *Cura's* word was a last reflection of it, the theory of Origen that the souls of men in the world are only a rebirth, another chance, granted to the unhappy angels,—

quel cattivo coro
degli angeli che non furon ribelli
nè fur fideli a Dio, ma per sè fero.[30]

Bees

Porphyry has said that souls come down from the moon to the earth under the form of bees, and a Gallegan proverb seems to sustain this:

O que mata un abellon
Ten cen años de perdon,
O que mata un-ha abella
Ten cen años de pena.[31]

One curious Gallegan use connects the bees with the dead, when the mourners

circle around the bier with a humming noise, called *el Abellon*. When the dead are carried to the burial, in Vilancosta,[32] there must be none asleep in the house, lest the soul of the sleeper should escape and accompany the departed.

In Indian symbolism the bee is the soul, the hive is the body, the honey is sweet life. In Greek, the bees are associated with Zeus, and with fertility, much as when they are born from the buried ox in Virgil; but they are souls also, and when Hermes evokes a little dead figure from a burial jar, the soul hovers above in the form of a bee. Here, simply, the winged and fragile creatures are the family souls in some other than earthly durance. Therefore, in New England, within the memory of those now living, the bees must be told of any death in the family. To the shrine of S. Juan de Ortega, as already said, went childless women, to pray not vainly, and the white bees that lived in the Saint's tomb were the souls waiting to be born that they carried home in their bosoms. This is a better way to manage the process than

are souls

that of drinking down the person who is to be reborn, like Cuchullain's race.

Dante knew something about these white bees, though, according to his practice, he made his own use of old lore, when he described, about the *candida rosa*, the swarm of bees, *che volando vede e canta*:

> Le facce tutte avean di fiamma viva,
> e l'ali d'oro, e l'altro tanto bianco
> che nulla neve a quel termine arriva.[33]

The Orchard Saint

A story which seems to belong here, as involving a bee, is that of a local saint. There is an early saint recorded by La Fuente, who, like a kind of northern and colder Dionysus, came from eastward and introduced his people to cider and taught them to plant orchards.[34] Once, when Christ went about in the world with S. Peter, he was thirsty and plucking and opening an apple to eat of it, out came S. Andrés de Teijido. It is possible that this astonishing adventure may be associated, on the other hand, with the fruits of Paradise, for while the apple was es-

pecially sacred among the Celtic peoples,[35] his shrine, in the extreme north near Cape Ortegal, is much sought in pilgrimage: a proverb says, "A S. Andrés de Teijido o que non vai de morto vai de vivo," and a pretty *canción*, one of many, is this:

Surrogate of S. James

> Fun o Santo San Andrés
> aló n'o cabo d'o mundo,
> ¡ sólo por te ver meu santo
> tres dias hai que non durmo![36]

At the end of the world

The souls go likewise on pilgrimage to Santiago, in such multitudes that they lighten all the sky, for in Galicia the star dust of the Milky Way, that to Shelley was a swarm of golden bees, is held for the innumerable souls that have to make that journey. Sr. Aribau preserves a notion current in Asturias, that S. James was lonely in his grave, that lay in the far and out of the way, and God said to him: "Don't mind, for all men born have to come and visit you, and those who do not come while they are alive, will come after death." In Castile, a shooting star is recognized

The elder version

as a departed soul, bound on its long journey, and lest it go astray the poor wandering soul is sped with a prayer, "Dios te guía y la Magdalena."[37]

So *hacheras* are lighted

I have quoted already the Asturian romance of the *Alma en pena*. The soul, it will be remembered, crossed the running water on rays from such a consecrated taper as those that send their light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death.

and candles in February

It seems that the unbaptized babes, and those that died unborn, see light on Candlemas Day. The cigar-makers of Corunna, on that day, set their lights on a sprig of rosemary — that's for remembrance — and all the sacred day the little souls are not in darkness. In Compostella those that should have been Godparents,[38] strew the church with fragrant herbs and flowers: the lights avail only for the hours of Mass time, when, also, a dove is loosed above the altar, in allusion nominally to the Feast of the Purification, but with a further reference, in the dim backward and abysm of time, to the souls that live as singing birds in the tree of life. The Good Lady, Our Lady, is

one with Venus of the doves, the Mountain Mother, and she is the mother of the motherless in Limbo, as indeed of all living. This is S. Bride, Christ's fostermother, who passes through the Highland in February and shepherds hear the crying of lambs and no bleating of ewes.[39] I have referred already to South-German and Austrian legends of Frau Holde,[40] and the baby souls she keeps, like S. Juan de Ortega, in a great chest, and that flutter before her and about her as she walks, like those little beings with angel faces and wings changing like pigeon's breasts, that flutter in a crowd around Mantegna's *Mater Dei* in the Milan versions. S. Ursula, who habitually shelters 11,000 little souls under her cloak, in Carpaccio's *Glorification* at Venice stands *in* the Tree of Life, and the little souls are clustered around at the springing of the leaves, like the fruit of the date palm.

S. Bride

S. Ursula

In the end, however, the poor wee babies shall be delivered from their long night time, and coming back to this earth after the Day of Judgement, grow up to the age of thirty-three years, three months, and

five days. There, at the blessed age of Our Lord, they shall stay, content, forever, and the earth shall be like Paradise before Adam fell,[41] till at last, after a greater or a lesser expectation, they shall come to see the face of God. This is the end of a story that was told in Galicia by a very old man, about forty years ago.

The Western Isles

It was in Spain that Sortorius heard of that land which lay beyond, out in the strange Hesperian seas, *beyond the straits of Hercules over the visionary sea:*

. . . an ancient lawn
Far hidden down the solemn West:
A gracious pleasaunce of calm things. . .
And Captains of the older time,
Touched with mild light, or gently sleep,
Or in the orchard shadows keep
Old friendships of the golden prime . . .[42]

The Long Way

Deh, peregrini, che pensosi
andate
forse di cosa che non v'e
presente,
venite voi da si lontana
gente?. . . .
— Dante.

The pilgrims, perhaps from the very first, had a vague notion how long was the way to go. In the portico of Santiago, to explain one sculptural motive, I invoked the Vision of Tundall. Now the author of that was one Brother Marcus, an Irish monk who wrote it in Ratisbon about 1148. The date gives time for pilgrims to bring the book to Santiago, for the Irish convent of S. James in Ratisbon was a great one and, as the Schottenkirche, is known to tourists still, if even we do not suppose that the story came straight from Ireland by the way of commerce. But Spanish and Irish authorities lay some stress on the relation between these regions; the Knight of Rozmital believed that on a fine day, he had seen Ireland from the coast of Spain. What he did see

Tundall's Vision

was Atlantis, for it lay about where he looked.

The grey-eyed girls, the dirty, pretty, saucy children, the pigs that live in intimacy with their owners: — a Gallegan proverb says, "I a lady, you a lady, who will drive the pig outdoors?" — all these have suggested to casual travellers a possible kinship, if not colonization, between the west of Spain and the west of Ireland. The drift of folk-lore, of tale and use, however, set elsewhere; on the continent, towards Armorica, and in the islands toward the isles of the north. Striking correspondence may be found, notwithstanding, between the lore of Asturias and Galicia, and that of the Hebrides and the Highlands, between Finisterre and Ultima Thule. The strangest figures of the so-called Fiona Macleod, the *Sin-Eater*, and the *Washers of the Ford*, are familiar in Spain under the protection of Señora Pardo Bazán and D. José Menéndez Pidal.

Beyond the stormy Hebrides

"I doubt if any now living," writes the Gaelic poetess, "either in the Hebrides or in Ireland has heard even a fragmentary

legend of the Washer of the Ford. The name survives, with its atmosphere of a remote past, its dim ancestral memory of a shadowy figure of awe haunting a shadowy stream in a shadowy land." But in the *Biblioteca del Folk-lore* among notes taken down from the talk of a girl of Proaza in Asturias, is the following:

The Washers of the Ford

> In all Asturias there are Xanas, who are kings' daughters and live enchanted in the springs. On Midsummer night before dawn, they wash their clothes and spread them in the dew. Those who get up early enough can see them lying on the grass. They are thin as though no hand had touched them, and white like snow.[1]

As in dreams one is always coming somewhere and never arrives, one gets to the next-but-one corner, one hears the voices and smells the flowers, and then one is out of reach again, so in following these "clues" of folk-tale, one is always coming in sight of the place where Galicia shall be named roundly as the land of the dead, or the

western Paradise, or the Paradise of Souls, and then, instead, all is away again. The Gallegan's notion of earth, his earth, become another Eden; Aymery Picaud's insistence on a fair Paradise, fountain-watered, beside the bourne, though his own wits testified to a paved square and sellers of trinkets and notions; Thurkill's impression that the resting place of the blessed dead was upon the *Calzada* and within the Basilica; that carving of souls in a green Paradise, above the north-western door, all may stand as evidence, fragmentary, indeed, but indubitable, that the pilgrimage of the centuries was the pilgrimage of the soul. *Stella obscura* rules the ascendant, the long journey of the soul is known, and is prepared for. On the estuaries and among the Atlantic rocks of the extreme North-west, the dead is dressed decently for his journey, all the village if necessary contributing, and the clothes are washed and ironed and mended, though they must have neither pins nor hooks to catch and hold the soul at setting out.[2]

The green and grassy track

The pilgrimage of the soul

That from very early times S. James was

a chthonian power, there is another bit of evidence, likewise fragmentary but sufficient. Already Aymery Picaud stated, it will be remembered, in his guide book for pilgrims, how on the southern front of the great church the Apostle stood on the right hand of Christ between two cypress trees. Now the cypress belongs to the dead and appears in an Orphic guide book for the pilgrimage of the Soul after death. On the leaves ot gold inscribed with direction to the *Alma peregrina*, that have been found in southern Italy, a white cypress stands beside the House of the Lord of the Dead:

Ut cupressus in montem Sion

> Thou shalt find to the left of the House of Hades a Well-spring,
> And by the side thereof standing a white cypress.
> To this Well-spring approach not near.[3]

And the tablets from Crete tell the same story:

> I am parched with thirst and I perish.—
> Nay, drink of Me,

The Well-spring flowing forever on the right, where the Cypress is.

The Cypress Tree

The cypress trees are wound about with the vine, by reason of a passage in the Apocryphal Acts of S. Matthew:—[4]

> For behold, I shall plant this rod in this place, and it shall be a sign to your generations, and it shall become a tree, great and lofty and flourishing,—and its fruit beautiful to the view and good to the sight; and the fragrance of perfumes shall come forth from it, and there shall be a vine twining round it, full of clusters. and from the top of it honey coming down, and every flying creature shall find covert in its branches; and a fountain of water shall come forth from the roots of it, having swimming and creeping things, giving drink to all the country round about.

This was in the City of the Man-eaters, where SS. Matthew and Andrew had been before: but the tree is the Tree of Life, much as it appears in the Zend Avesta and

the Edda. To this day in Sicily the cypress is the tree of immortality, and Pitré records,[5] that at Salaparyta on All Souls' Day, children play with cypress cones and with branches of cypress and rosemary, and then return home joyfully, and this signifies the life of the Blessed souls. The tree was brought back from Syria, probably, into Spain, by Templars or other Crusaders, for on a tympanum at Castrelo, above the Miño, where Templars built, the Tree and the Cross alternate.[6] At S. Salvador de Sarria the figure of the Saviour is flanked by two cypresses on the Mount of Transfiguration, but as the present church was built so late there, this seems likely to be a back-wash from Compostella with the symbolism misunderstood, as Aymery in the twelfth century preserves another misinterpretation for our warning. The western tympanum at Santiago had long been destroyed, with its scene of the Transfiguration, and the Last Judgement on the south face was as likely to be misread by a clerk in the thirteenth century as by a Canon in the twentieth. The cypresses of the

Crusaders carry

Toulouse copies Santiago

Puerta de las Platerías are the attributes of S. James and so, on the transept portal of S. Sernin at Toulouse, where the figure is present, there are the trees.

Nor may it be forgotten that in some versions of the Legend of S. Viril of Leyre, he was Abbot of Samos in Galicia (being sent thither, say the Navarrese chroniclers, to reform that abbey) and it was there that he listened to the little brown bird that sang on a low-hung bough, and heard the music of Paradise.[7] Samos had many relations with Santiago, some of very ancient date, and the figures of SS. Julian and Basilisa, there revered, are among the elder lords of the land.

Replacing Serapis and Isis

It is, in a way, confirmation of this, to which indeed all of this study has been leading up, that about Saragossa, the only other place in Spain which properly belongs to the Apostle and was the scene of an Epiphany, clung also rumours that belong to the land of the dead. An Arab geographer of Almería reports[8] that a light shines over the city always, above a tomb: Muslims say that of one of the Companions of

the Prophet,—Christians for "the Prophet" would read "the Lord." There nothing wastes nor spoils, neither moth nor rust doth corrupt. Fruits will not decay, nor wheat must, as who should say: O happy harbour...

There everlasting spring abides and never-fading flowers.

It is only in Paradise that such things are found, or in the tales of such strange travellers as Irish legend loved.

The Singing Souls.

. . Sino yo triste, cuytado,
que vivo en esta prision,
que ni sé quando es de dia
ni quando las noches son,
sino por una avecilla
que me cantaba al albor....
—Romance.

From Tundall the full text has not yet been quoted:

Anon he came and saw a tree
That wonderly mickel was and high. . . .
With all kind fruit that savoured well,
Of divers kind and several hue,

Some white, some red, some yellow, some blue,
And all manner herbs of virtue. . . .
Many fowls of diverse colours
Sat among the fruit and the flowers,
On the branches singing so merrily
And made divers melody,
Ilk of them in his best mannere
That song was joyful for to here.
Tundale listened fast and laughed
And thought that was joy enough.
He saw under that ilk tree,
Wonning in cells, great plenty
Of men and women shining bright
As gold, with all riches dight . . .
Each one had on his head a crown
Of gold that was of seemly fashion . . .
And sceptres in their hand they had,
With gold they were full richly clad
With bright clothes of rich hue,
As they were kings crowned new.
So richly as they were dight
Was never earthly man of might.
Then spake the angel. . . .
And said: This tree [signifies Holy Church].[1]

Rather like bees

On the doorway the souls sit up among the leaves, the saints and prophets stand

below, against the jambs, and all is blazing with yellow, red and blue, green and gold. Nothing else gives quite so sharp a vision of what such work looked like when it was still new.

These singing souls appear elsewhere twice and may here be dealt with: one is in the fifteenth-century rendering ot S. Peter Damian's *Ad Perennis Vitae Fontem*, but the Elizabethan is responsible for their manifestation. The hymn begins "Hierusalem, my happy home" and is signed F. B. D., and the passage is this: S. Peter Damian and S. Perpetua

> Quite through the streets with silver sound
> The flood of life doth flow,
> Upon whose banks on every side
> The wood of life doth grow.
>
> Those trees forevermore bear fruit
> And evermore do spring;
> There evermore the angels sit,
> And evermore do sing.[2]

That there can be no question that the singers in the trees, in spite of Dante and F. B. D., are souls and not angels, is shown

The Deathless Adventurer

by a set of episodes in the famous Irish Voyages.

In the Vision of Adamnan, which may be of the ninth century, occurs the following: "This, then, is the preaching which Elijah is wont to make to the souls of the righteous under the Tree of Life in Paradise. Now when Elijah opens the book for the preaching, then come the souls of the righteous in the shape of bright white birds, to him from every point."[3] The same birds, beating their wings till blood-drops fall, come again in the Voyage of Snegdus, where in an island was a great tree with beautiful birds on its branches: melodious was the music of these birds a-singing psalms and canticles.[4] In the Voyage of Bran, the birds sing the Hours:

> An ancient tree is there with blossoms
> On which birds call to the Hours.
> 'Tis in harmony it is their wont
> To call together every Hour.[5]

In the Voyage of Maelduin it is told: "As they went from that place they heard in the north-east a great cry and chaunt, as it

were a singing of psalms. That night and the next day till Nones they were rowing that they might know that cry or chaunt they heard. They beheld a high mountainous island, full of birds, black and dim and speckled, shouting and speaking loudly. The next island contained many trees and birds and a man whose clothing was his hair. He said: "The birds whom thou beholdest in the trees are the souls of my children and my kindred, both men and women, who are yonder awaiting Doomsday. The next island had a golden rampart about it . . . there was also a marvellous fountain, which on Wednesdays and Fridays yields water, on Sundays milk, but on feast days wine. . . ."[6]

In the Voyage of S. Brendan, the party comes to the Paradise of birds and the leader "flies down, his wings sounding like bells, and perches on the prow of Brendan's ship, and tells him they are angels who fell with Lucifer, but who refused to join with him in distinct rebellion. . . . He rejoins the other birds, and as the Hours go by, they chant all the service."[7] S. Brendan

Now the Voyages of Maelduin and S. Brendan are reckoned to come somewhere between the ninth and the twelfth century, and Kuno Meyer will have that of Bran as early as the seventh.[8] There was every chance for pilgrims to have heard about them, and to tell of them, one to another, while they waited for mass in the church, or for food-time at the convent door, or for sleep in the crowded hospice. The pilgrim is your great disseminator of lore, as birds are carriers of seeds. By the time he gets home and tells the marvels he has seen, and the marvels he has heard, to those in his own land, who can tell the one from the other? There inside the fair wall of the church, there close beside the marvellous fountain, angelic voices sing the Hours, and up in the green and gold of the carved leafage above the entrance door, sit little souls that sing as well. Critics are agreed that the Voyages belong somehow with that last long voyage that lies before all of us, to the land whence none returns, to the world of souls, and the voyage, and the Western Isle, and the Hollow

Cockle-shells and cockle-burrs

The land whence none returns

Land, and the road that goes to Hell, are confused in men's minds as the recollections of a tired child at nightfall.

The Bridge of Dread.

. . . Y tenía
Un tan estrecho puente,
Que era una linea no más,
Y ella tan delgada y debil,
Que a mí no me pareció
Que sin quebrantarla, pudiese pasarla.
—Calderón.

To explain the singing souls among the leaves, it was necessary to invoke one of the most famous instances in mediaeval literature of those Visions of Heaven and Hell that beset men's minds. The jocular friar in the square getting ready to send around the bag, and the terrible monk in the darkening church thundering of the Doom, alike rehearsed them till the stages of that awful journey were as well known, the geography of that sad place as fixed, as the route of the Jerusalem pilgrims, or of those of Rome or Compostella.

Apocalypses and *Pèlerinages*

"I knew," so the preacher would introduce the passage, "of a presumptuous monk who went to purify a church: he fasted three days, then fell asleep, and his soul was taken up by angels through the roof of the church." By the way, the beginning of the vision was that "he saw the church in which he was, all alight, and yet there was still a part of the night" unspent: with which may be compared a similar experience not infrequent in Santiago:

Hay caminos y destinos

. . . Thereupon he is let down northward into a great glen. It seemed as long to him as if he saw from the rising of the sun to its setting. He sees a great pit, as it were the mouth of a cave between two mountains, which they entered above. For a long time they went along the cave, till they came to a great high black mountain before them at the mouth of Hell, and a large glen in the upper part of the mountain. This was the nature of that glen: it was broad below, narrow above. That cave was the door of Hell, and its porch. And he

saw the folk of the Island, whomsoever of them were, when in the body, under the displeasure of God. They were in the middle of the glen, wailing. . . . Thereupon the man's soul went into Hell itself, even a sea of fire with an unspeakable storm and unspeakable waves upon it. And he saw the souls aflame in that sea, and their heads all above it, and they wailing and lamenting, crying woe without ceasing, through the ages. . . .[1]

de perpetua maldición

That is pretty fine, even read in translation, and when a grand voice rolled it out in the bitter November dusk, or through the howling of March winds outside, it would not be forgotten, even when Advent resolutions and Lenten repentances were mouldered with the dead leaves of youth. The mountain looms at the end of a road that begins in fair country, with raspberry bushes along the way to pick from as you walk. Suddenly, as when Childe Roland comes to the dark tower, there is the glen:

> From thence a deep dale shalt thou have
> Up unto the Mount. . . .

High hills, and of the Spains see a cry:
The noise is full grievous, pardie![2]

Ask the man what that noise is, he looks foolish. He does not know what he is talking about. Ask other pilgrims, then:

Quand nous fûmes au Mont-Etuve
Avions grand froid,
Ressentimes si grand froidure
Que j'en tremblais. . . .
Quand nous fûmes au Pont-qui-tremble
Bien etonnés
De nous voir entre deux montagnes
Si oppressées,
D'ouir les ondes de la mer
En grande tourmente:
Compagnons, nous faut cheminer
Sans faire demeurance.[3]

The sea and the waves roaring . . .

Owain Miles had felt that cold:

Le pais fut orrible et grand,—
le vent fut dur et anguissant;
oncques sa vie n'eut si grand froid,[4]

He had gone down "par une mult gran vallée," and there had heard "pleurs et

Master Matthew's Porch

pleintes crians merci, . . . les pleints et les piteux cris." There the land was "noir et obscur," and the wind that blows between the worlds pierced and tortured him.

> Aquí el viento que corría
> Penetraba sutilmente
> Los miembros, aguda espada
> Era el suspiro mas débil,[5]

writes Calderón, in his mannered, courtly style adapted to destroy conviction even when a good image is offered: not so the homely pilgrims:

> Quand nous fûmes au Mont Etuve
> Qui est si froid et si rude
> Et fait plusieurs cœurs dolents. . . .
> Quand nous fûmes au Pont-qui-tremble
> Nous étions bien vingt ou trente,
> Tant Français comme Allemans;
> Nous nous disions l'un à l'autre,
> Compagne, marche devant.[6]

. . . Men's hearts failing them for fear

The Purgatory of S. Patrick which Sir Owain thus visited, was well known in Spain: Alfonso X made a Romance of it, and Calderón a play, though in truth the

play evades the subject until the last possible moment and then despatches it in a single set speech.

Para los hombres cabales

Owain Miles had to make his fearful journey because of a sin he had committed, and he paid for it on the way. He was, in short, in the same case with those souls in Galicia whose accomplishment after death of what they neglected in life, is set for a sign across the night sky. He crossed the Bridge of Dread, and he came to Paradise, in the end, as one comes to a church door:

todos son buenos caminos

in the high wall a door opened a little and a sweet smell blew out, and then came a procession of ecclesiastics richly vested, bishops, monks, canons, friars, and after them the laity. They bore banners and branches of golden palm trees.[7] But inside that wall was the garden of Paradise, and in the midst the Tree of Life.[8]

The whole of the Apocrypha seems to have been especially familiar to Spaniards: the early church in the west suffered martyrdom for it. A frequent source, even if not the first, among these Visions, was that attributed to S. Paul, in Greek of the

fourth century. S. Paul after being uplifted above the earth, and seeing, as in the Porch at Moissac and the capitals at Carrión, the deathbeds of the righteous and the unjust, looks upon Heaven. Outside the gate of heaven stands a fruitless tree. He goes down into Hell, and after that he visits the Earthly Paradise, "sees the World tree with the four great rivers of Paradise gushing from its roots: he sees the Tree of Knowledge and the Tree of Life."[9] Only in a later redaction does the Bridge of Dread figure.[10]

Apocalypse of Paul

About 594, Gregory the Great had given the first Christian testimony to a bridge, but the theme was seized upon; Tundall had had to take two bridges: the second was spiked, and only a hand-breadth wide, and monsters waited in the lake to snap up whosoever should fall:

He saw none that brig might pass
But a priest that a palmer was,
A palm in his hand he had
And in a slavyn he was clad
Right as he on earth had gone.[11]

Scott quotes, from a MS. in the Advocate's Library, the essay of Sir Owain:

The Bridge of Dread

This the Brigg of Paradise
Thereover thou must go. . . .
Owain beheld the brigge swert
The water thereunder black and swert.
And sore him gar to drede. . . .
The brigge was as high as a tour,
And as sharp as a razour,
And narrow it was also,
And the water that there ran under
Brennd o' lightning and of thunder
That thought him mickel woe.[12]

This is the "Brig o' Dread, na braider than a thread," of the *Lyke-Wake Dirge*[13] preserved by Aubrey in his *Remains*[14] as he had heard it in Yorkshire in the seventeenth century, and as Scott printed it, substantially the same, in the *Minstrelsy*.[15] By the same bridge the brother and sister pass into hell in Andrew Lang's translation of a French folk-song. It reads:

They danced across the Bridge of Death
Above the black water,
And the marriage bell was tolled in hell
For the souls of him and her.[16]

In the former poem, as in Persian and Arab tale, the bridge, though it must be crossed, does not lead necessarily to hell. For S. Bona it led to Santiago. For Sir Lancelot and Sir Gawain, in the *Conte de la Charette*, it leads to the land whence none returns, where Guenevere must be sought. It is a bare sword's edge,[17] for the one, for the other, the *Pont-qui-tremble* of Manier, more than half submerged. Finally in the *Regulae Amoris* of André le Chapelain, "il vacillait et etait souvent submergé par les flots."[18] In this tale a knight who is seeking Arthur to learn the laws of love, goes certainly to his realm after death, and finds him enthroned much like Cormac in Tundall's vision, but better off. The condition and name of the land that lies beyond, let Gaston Paris pronounce, for he speaks as one having authority, and not as the scribe.

Blessèd souls were at the Bridge

Lancelot crossed the Bridge of Dread, to see Guenevere in the land of the dead. "The land of the dead played a great rôle in ancient Celtic beliefs, and the information about the Gauls that the writers of

Celts, says Shelley, for Jugo-Slavs

antiquity have left, testify no less than the most authentic documents of Irish poetry." "The Celts represented the abode of the dead as an island situated in the west which was at the same time the abode of the blessèd. There, under a sky always mild, heroes grew not old.[19] . . ." Guenevere's Maying, which has dropped out of the story of Chrétien, is a Celtic trait and recalls the Slavonian pilgrims, who for May Day, put garlands on their heads. This provokes on the one hand, a reminiscence of Owain Miles who saw the procession of bishops that came out smelling of incense and "bearing banners and branches of golden palm trees." But it is older than that, for these green branches grew by the gates of Paradise. When to the *Wife of Usher's Well* her three sons came,

Their hats were of the birk:
It neither grew in syke not ditch
Nor yet in ony sclough;
But at the Gates of Paradise
That birk grew fair eneugh.

Scott quotes, as a gloss on these lines, from the Maase Book, the case of a returned ghost, Jewish, who says: "I wear the garland to the end that the wind of the world may not have power over me, for it consists of excellent herbs of Paradise."[20] If it is, on the other hand, like all Maying, a spell to secure fertility for their far-off fields and gardens, then, like the ceremonies of Candlemas, it seems to offer more than a bare vestige of earlier worship than the Christian of S. James, in the city of the hollow hill. If indeed Frau Holde was dispossessed by the warrior buried there, or was merged in the Celtic Proserpine, yet she has out-lived, everywhere else in Spain, every other devotion.

Wind o' the world

This warrior's grave, whence the dead hero comes out, in time of need, is not a Celtic element, but Scandinavian; so, the lights that burn above the barrow, the wind that rushes out on who would violate the hero's bed. Of souls that pass across the sky, moreover, I can recall no certain instance in Celtic lore,[21] but there Wotan leads his warriors and the Wild Huntsman

as at Verona

his train, and Helgi returns with his host in that wild lay that chills the flesh and thrills the blood:

Lay of Helgi

Is it a mere phantom that I think I see, or is the Doom of the Powers come? Can dead men ride? Ye are pricking your steeds with the spur! Or have ye been granted leave to come home?

It is no mere phantom that thou thinkest thou seest, nor is it the end of the world, though we prick our steeds with the spur, but we have been granted leave to come home. Come out, O Sigrun from Sevafell, if thou desirest to see thy lord. The barrow is opened, Helgi is come. The sword prints are gory on him. The king bids thee come to stay the bleeding of his wounds. It is time for me to ride along the reddening roads, to let my fallow steed tread the paths of air. I must be west of Windhelm's bridge before chantecler awakes the mighty host.[22]

In this aspect, for the only time, Santiago is found on the hither side of the

bridge, where quick and dead must part. An old rhyme says:

On all Souls' night, on London Bridge,
The quick and dead together walk,
The quick and dead together talk.

This matter of the Bridge of Dread, as I see it, may be summed up in ten lines, and affords an instance of the way folk-lore lives on: (1) The Bridge of Dread enters formal literature under ecclesiastical sanction, in such Visions as those of Paul, Tundall, Owain, and Thurkill. The last has a very special bearing on Santiago. (2) They owe the circumstance to a body of legendary and religious doctrine, half-myth, half-dogma, Persian, Arab, and Norse, for the most part. (3) It haunts men's minds, and (*a*) appears in popular literature, which is precisely not *métier de clergé*, like "This ae night," Lang's "Bridge of Death," and the *refrain* about London Bridge; and also it (*b*) intrudes in conscious literature sometimes unaware, sometimes half aware, sometimes when the only un-

Out of the East

awareness is that it was not wholly volitional; for instance in Dante, Chrestien de Troyes, André le Chapelain, and Bojardo. The loveliest work of d'Annunzio and of Maeterlinck illustrates what was said about the intrusion of folk-lore where the author is under the delusion that he selected his material.[23] (4) The Bridge, finally, is discovered on the Way of S. James in the journeys of S. Bona and Manier, and the *Chansons de Pèlerins.*

Literature, conscious and unconscious

When the soul, by a curious variant on the motive of the Bridge of Dread, passes a flowing stream on rays from consecrated tapers,[24] with that water a Celtic element re-enters; for the problem is that which the souls meet on the Breton coast; by waking up a fisherman to ferry them over.[25] This exactly corresponds to Manier's description of the *Pont-qui-Tremble*:

> Of a Sunday we came to the little town so famous as the site of the quaking bridge (*pont-qui-tremble*). The city is on the seashore, one of the places most perilous and anxious in all the Spains.

The passage costs two *cuartos*, that is a *sol*. It takes a half-hour to pass. It is at least half a quarter-league across. There must be at least fifty persons, and they go in a great boat built for the purpose, which is rowed. You see the frightful waves of the sea dash into the air, one against the other, that seem to menace you with ruin, besides the horrible noise they make. They shake the boat you are in, they drop the boat down between two waves as if it were falling down a precipice, when you think the waves are swallowing you up. Then another hastily dashes you up as if on a mountain. That is what happens through all the passage, which gives you hideous terrors so that you think every moment will be your last. That is why—because of the danger—that this passage is called the quaking bridge.[26]

An eighteenth century euhemerist

Procopius tells the same story of the fisherman, and I extract the account, like others before me, from an admirable version:

I have read, [says Scott's figure, preluding the passage,] in the volumes of the learned Procopius, that the people

separately called Normans and Angles are in truth the same race, and that Normandy, sometimes so called, is in fact a part of a district of Gaul. Beyond, and nearly opposite, but separated by an arm of the sea, lies a ghastly region, on which clouds and tempest for ever rest, and which is well known to its continental neighbours as the abode to which departed spirits are sent after this life.

"Going West"

On one side of the strait dwell a few fishermen, men possessed of a strange charter, and enjoying singular privileges, in consideration of their being the living ferrymen who, performing the office of the heathen Charon, carry the spirits of the departed to the island which is their residence after death. At the dead of night, these fishermen are, in rotation, summoned to perform the duty by which they seem to hold the permission to reside on this strange coast. A knock is heard at the door of his cottage who holds the turn of this singular service, sounded by no mortal hand. A whispering, as of a decaying breeze, summons the ferryman to his duty. He hastens to his bark on the seashore, and has no sooner

launched it than he perceives its hull sink sensibly into the water, so as to express the weight of the dead with whom it is filled. No form is seen, and though voices are heard, yet the accents are undistinguishable, as of one who speaks in his sleep. Thus he traverses the strait between the continent and the island, impressed with the mysterious awe which affects the living when they are conscious of the presence of the dead. They arrive upon the opposite coast, where the cliffs of white chalk form a strange contrast with the eternal darkness of the atmosphere. They stop at a landing-place appointed, but he disembarks not, for the land is never trodden by earthly feet. Here the passage-boat is gradually lightened of its unearthly inmates, who wander forth in the way appointed to them, while the mariner slowly returns to his own side of the strait having performed for the time this singular service, by which these ferrymen hold their fishing-huts and their possessions on that strange coast.[27]

Blind as the fool's heart . . .

Sr. Murguía will have it that S. James himself, *Apostolus peregrinus*, was involved

in an adventure rather like the Voyages of Bran and Maelduin, and cites in evidence a relief at Caldas de Reyes, where the bark of S. James is guided by a figure half-girl, half-swan.[28] Caldas de Reyes is full of Roman remains and folk-lore; it figures also in the Miracles of Our Lady collected by *el Rey Sabio*,[29] it was, in short, a seat of dreams. Furthermore, at Mugía, near Finisterre, where in 1446 was shown the bark in which Christ and his Mother came over-sea, you have the real Irish sea-faring adventure.

A House of Dreams

The situation stands, then, thus: that there was an actual pilgrimage made by historical figures and plain people, extending over many centuries, we admit freely. But notwithstanding, all popular (as distinguished from courtly or scholarly) accounts of the journey which have survived, are made out of well-known elements of literature and folk-lore: the Bridge of Dread, the Passage Perilous, the Pit of Hell, the crowded ferry, the Paradise at the journey's end, the fresh and perennial fountain, the singing at the Canonical

Hours, the souls in trees, the voyage over-sea. Nay more, the present writer, if the reader will recall, rode up to the bridge and could not cross (for it was broken down) and had to be ferried over, as Lancelot very nearly came to be; and thereafter, the next day, crossed Whinny Moor in that mist which is the souls of the dead, pressing close about, as Breton fishers know.[30]

Souls in the fog

VII

THE ASIAN GOD

Magni deinde filii tonitrui,
Adepti fulgent prece matris inclytae,
Utrique vitae culminis insignia:
Regens Joannes dextra solus Asiam
Ejusque frater potitus Spaniam.
— Mozarabic Office.

THE Romans, who lived always on good terms with their dead, have left inscriptions that testify to the presence, before Christianity, of *las ánimas*. The Reverend F. Fita publishes[1] a stone of the third century which commemorates the apparition and good counsel of a dead husband; and Hübner publishes the memorial of a like apparition among the Lusitanian stones.[2] In Roman days as in Catholic, the dead came back to ask for prayers and sacrifices,

for rosaries and Masses. An altar found at Cordova only a few years ago is dedicated to the Gates of Dream, or rather to the twin gates,[3] and on the sides are carved the cup and platter consecrated to the Communion of the deified dead. A lady, Calpurnia Abana Aeboso, being inspired by a dream, vows an altar to the nymphs of the waters and raises it duly,[4] in the western regions; twenty-eight such dedications are included in the *Corpus* and in the same parts was found the mosaic of Hylas and the nymphs, who are the Xanas of Asturias,[5] the Washers of the Fords.

The Gates of Dream

Hylas and the Nymphs

We have seen already what good soil is this land of S. James for all manner of vague inherited beliefs, dim awareness of other than human presence, natural magic in the employment of spells and charms, religious ritual employed in precisely the same way. Warde Fowler remarks that the Romans associated divinity "with force and activity which could be brought by due propitiation into the service of man."[6] To acquire merit by rosaries and litanies, fastings and vigils, gifts for *las ánimas*, is to have that

Latins logical minded

merit afterwards at hand, like electricity in a storage battery. The logic of this position is impregnable and is merciless. It is not in the least Celtic. The most striking trait common to all Celtic lore is its indifference to logic and to what we fondly call the law of causation. In the *Mabinogeon* anything might follow as easily as anything else; in the *Voyage of Bran* the various islands are interchangeable; in the *Lais* of Marie de France, moral responsibility has evaporated. The Irish stories of rebirth will illustrate this: to make a man his own grandson, except as a comic motive, would be difficult to a logical-minded people,[7] to a Latin-minded people.

Celtic elements there are in this mass of Gallegan lore, and other elements which, if they were not installed earlier on the site than the Celtic, or imported by Roman legionaries and officials, are still common to other European stocks, Germanic or Slavonic: the journey of the soul, the Bridge of Dread, the passage among the stars—which, with the weighing, are all Asiatic at one or two or three removes.[8] But it seems

possible that the Romans as Latins count for more than hitherto was reckoned, throughout the spiritual and aesthetic history of the Spanish people. The magnificent development of the State portrait, in the sixteenth and seventeenth century, supplies one example of a legacy, possible and far, tempering and determining the spirit through a century and a half of the Renaissance. Another is that devotion to the family ghosts which has been shown to exist and to take visible form, from the bee-hive in the back garden to the *sepultados* at Sahagún, from the tomb of the Scipios to that of the Escorial. Consider the pantheons of all the kings of all the Spains, and Veremund carrying with him, as he fell back before Almanzor, the ashes of his house, and the altars of his race. Then recall the similar pantheons that the great families maintained, Fonseca at Coca, Gómez at Carrion, Carderera at Poblet. Consider how apt is a phrase like the following, to express the Spanish temper in the greatest ages:—"Of these was the worship of the family, which

Portrait busts of Rome

The ancestral Ghosts

Worship of the family

continued to express in some degree the inheritance of a traditional animism, passing at one or two points into something near akin to what we call divinity."[9] Yet that was written of the Romans of Rome. Lastly the figure of the thaumaturge, of Santiago himself, is more than a little Latin.

Sol Invictus

The figure of S. James is doubtless to be identified with that of Sol Sanctissimus, the Sol Invictus of Roman state worship. The Queen Elvira called him invictissimus.[10] His feast is kept as near as could be managed to the solstitial pause, his authentic legend is crammed with solar machinery, from the oxen of the Sun to the wolf who lent an epithet in Greek to Apollo, λύκιος,[11] and who stands for the sun in the Gallegan legend that God condemned the moon to wander by night and to be eaten up by the wolf.[12] He is also the tribal Hero, the great first Lord, and Luke of Tuy's story is as old and as spirit-stirring as the *Lay of Helgi*. Even in the monkish version the kingly figure armed at all points like a warrior does more than announce the victory, he is on his way

southward to win it, he has got up out of his grave to fight for Spain; as on that other night in Leon, when likewise the other tribal heroes awoke and arose, and the Cid and Fernán González came to call the great Ferdinand for the morrow's battle.

S. James on his huge white horse at the battle of Clavijo is a figure not unfamiliar, not unparalleled. So looked the champion in Paul the Deacon's story how — The White Horseman

> Ariulf, after the victory at Camerino, inquired of his men whom that man was that he had seen fighting so vigorously in the war he had waged, and protecting him in every moment of danger, and said, "Surely I saw another man there much and in every way better than I." But no one else had seen him. Now when they drew near to Spoleto the Duke asked whose was that spacious abode he saw, meaning the church of the blessed martyr S. Savinus, invoked by those who went to war against their enemies: and when men told him, he, yet being a heathen, asked, "How can a dead man help the living." But he went into

the church with the rest and while they were at prayer he stared about and recognized in the figure of the saint his protector in the battle, swearing to it with an oath.[13]

So looked, likewise, the Twin Brethren at the battle of the Lake.

The Latin heroes of the Tuscan land appear and vanish away again, supplanted by the stable, the hieratic figure of the Imperator,[14] but in the farthest west of the Iberian land the great Knight lives on and gathers up into his own being, at need, all the tribal devotions, all the regional potencies and powers, and thence goes forth to confute the outlander, to expel the alien, to overthrow the invader. */ Santiago y Cierra España!* is the unforgotten word. S. James *is* Spain.

A High god

The Constant Worship.

Religions change but the cult remains the same.
— Goblet d'Alviella.

So much, every traveller in Spain might see: but the matter need not be left here. There is evidence for whoever cares to seek it out, that the immemorial worship has never changed in the city of the hollow hill,[1] and that when successive religions overflowed the land, and ruled therein, and again after a while they were no more, yet the same lights burned on unquenched above the same shrine.

One devotion at one shrine

Before entering upon a consideration, however brief, of cults in Spain that preceded the Christian, where proof is intended and evidence is obligatory, a word must be said about the difficulty of obtaining evidence. The Spaniard, isolated in his peninsula at the world's end, ringed about by the waves of the sea and the heights of the Pyrenees, receiving everything and giving up nothing, has been in the eyes of Europe a figure picturesque but quite

Spain little known

strange. He is often reproached with his aloofness from others: their neglect, it might be fairer to call it. The single volume of the *Corpus* devoted to Spanish inscriptions makes a poor showing, yet Hübner kept up his Spanish correspondence and few scholars so much as he have reckoned with Spain. Cumont in *Les Religions Orientales*, as in the *Textes et Monuments*, shows a pleasant and friendly enthusiasm in his attitude to Spain, but little knowledge at command: Toutain, in *Les Cultes Paiens*, betrays a sulky determination to belittle and explain away whatever he has encountered. In truth, while on the one hand he abuses of set purpose the argument from silence, and for his own ends prefers to admit no evidence as to the antique world that is not cut on a stone and printed in the *Corpus*, yet on the other hand his knowledge of other sources is sadly limited. Gaul he knows, and the German frontier, because he is a Frenchman, and Africa because he was there once, and a little about Lusitanian cults because the book of Leite de Vascon-

The argument from silence

cellos[2] somehow fell into his hands after Cumont had taken him sharply to task for his limited resources and restricted range. But for the rest, he feels still that what is not in the *Corpus* he can deny altogether, and what is found there he can usually explain away, and the upshot for the reader, of the three volumes so far published, is a discouraged sense that nobody of importance worshipped anything.

Heiss's coins

Heiss, in *Les Monnaies Antiques de l'Espagne*, though he published superb plates of coins from the east coast and the south, stopped there, or nearly. Of the *Conventus Asturum* he says that Pliny names 22 peoples with a population of 240,000 free men, and he shows two coins from Lancia: of the *Conventus Lucensis*, though it had 16 peoples and 166,000 free men, though therein lay Caldas de Reyes, Iria, Corunna, he has not a coin, yet there are plenty at Lugo, I am assured, and Murguía published, to prove one point, four from these parts.[3] Of the *Conventus Bracarensis*, Heiss knew of 24 cities and

175,000 free men in Pliny's day, yet not a coin![4] Notwithstanding, there is more to be learned about Roman Spain from this book than any other European work that I have encountered.

In the Ebro basin

From it a few generalizations may be drawn, premising that other types than those relevant to the present argument are rarely enumerated. Throughout the Ebro basin, we find the horse alone, or with a rider (sometimes armed, oftener in a light native jerkin) and ridden with a halter and not a bit, as Spanish countrymen ride today, — excepting in the south, where sometimes a curb-bridle and two reins may be made out. At Lérida and elsewhere[5] a crescent or a star often hangs over it; at times the *jinete* rides with a palm; on other coins the gaunt wolf appears, or a wolf's head. At Jelsa,[6] near the Roman bridge of Celsa, are found the horse, the horseman, the bull, and the ploughman ploughing with a yoke of oxen, who certainly in this case is a peasant and not a priest. At Huesca,[7] the horseman has a lance on both Celtiberian and Roman coins, at Cala-

Fine examples in Toledo Museum

horra[8] both lance and palm are found, and superb bulls or bull's heads. At Cascante,[9] on the Celtiberian coins, while the reverse of four coins shows the horseman or the horse, on the obverse may be seen, beside the head, the poor crooked plough. At Bilbilis,[10] near Calatayud, the horseman either carries a levelled lance, like one running a tilt, or, as on a beautiful Augustan type, raises the weapon to spear a fallen enemy. On two, thunderbolts appear. From Belsinum,[11] mentioned by Ptolemy, which is near Borja, comes a set of types in which the horseman raises his arm to brandish a short sword, curved in two instances. Saragossa,[12] being the Colony of Caesar-Augusta, has the ploughman or priest shaking out his whip over the yoked oxen, and a very fine winged thunderbolt as reverse to a *Divus Augustus Pater*. Temples are on other Saragossan coins, and legionary ensigns, and a grand consecrated bull. Here, then, at one seat of the cult of Santiago, and in particular *Santiago Matamoros*, all his particular attributes and cult figures preceded him.

The horseman

thunderbolts

the bull

S. Isidor Labrador a surrogate of Santiago

I include of course, S. Isidore the Ploughman, as sufficiently demonstrated, I hope, in the chapter and section on *Doctor Egregius*.

At Coruña del Conde,[13] in Old Castile, the *jinete* and the bull are found, with a boar, and from that same region, at Salas de los Infantes, came the fine relief of the horseman on a Roman tombstone:[14] on a curious coin of Agreda[15] (in the north of Soria, close to the frontier) the horseman bears a sickle, which on three of Olbega looks more like the *herpê* of Jupiter Dolichenus; at Sasamón he carries a trident, at Lancia[16] it is more like Samson's jawbone of an ass. In a type at Arsa again the weapon might be a corruption of the Minoan double-axe: sometimes, in this region between Castile and Leon, it is a hammer, again corrupted into what Heiss calls a missile weapon but which in all its variants might be still the double-axe. It must be remembered that Spanish coin-types of the south are often marked by Phoenician traits and others yet earlier, indisputably Cretan: with Hercules,[17] Ca-

Herpê

or double-axe

biri,[18] and the horned altar,[19] they show a sphinx,[20] the labyrinth, and Europa[21] on the bull.[22] All influences are possible: but in these parts of Old Castile there are fewer traces of what we are concerned with. On coins at Tricio,[23] close to Nájera, on the other hand, the horseman levels the lance. Many of the coins of Acci, which is Guadix,[24] show magnificent legionary standards and the eagle perched between, or two eagles; now Acci was named Julia Gemella. One regrets the absence of the type from *Legio VII Gemina*, for the sake of comparison. Were the twin-legions, later, devoted to S. James because he was a twin? In the *Conventus Cartaginensis*[25] there are horsemen with palms, and others with lances, as well as horses riderless, and it is at Iliberi,[26] near Granada, that we find the rider in flying cloak and round targe, and sometimes two horses. The types of Mérida[27] are chiefly trophies of arms, or the ploughman, or the city gate, a temple, or an altar with many horns: but nothing so fine as those in the east. Other coin-types of the south glory in its fruitfulness,

Cretan elements

Twin legions

The bull Apis

with the wheat-ear, or the plough, or grapes, or the bull Apis belike, as in the exquisite figure resting under a setting moon.[28]

To these should be added the four coins published by Murguía as belonging to Galicia, two of which show the bull with a sun, and a third the horseman with a palm. The lack of other coins from the north-west makes it difficult to finish out any conclusive argument: but that is the case with all Spanish studies.

The Iberian horseman

The horseman, however, is found invariably, though not exclusively, wherever twin saints are worshipped, at Calahorra and Sahagún,[29] and at Guadix in the south which is the first place in Spain associated with the cult of S. James. The superb bull type imposes itself on the imagination, but it is not universal: it is found by the Ebro, in the *Conventus Cluniensis*, at Mérida, and in the south with a difference. The ploughman is the sign of a Roman colony, but at Saragossa and Celsa he is a peasant, bare-headed, in a short smock.

"... with him there was a ploughman was his brother"

Spanish scholarship is shy: it keeps as haughtily aloof as the Castilian in his cloak.

The Spanish scholars have published mostly in periodicals or in very limited editions, often inaccessible outside of Spain: the European scholars often cannot read Spanish. Salomon Reinach, for instance, knows far less about what lies on the south side of the Pyrenees than what lies in the southern hemisphere. Research into Comparative Religion would be difficult, doubtless, in Spain; Murguía guards himself scrupulously with a comical note, and of the precautions of Father Fita I have spoken already. Menéndez y Pelayo when he rewrote the *Historia de los Heterodoxos* was an old man and rather indifferent. It is only possible, at this time, to stake out the line of argument and fix enough solid evidence to sustain something, I hope, more solid than a house of cards.

Comparative religion in Spain

What material exists consists, first, of legendary matter and folk-lore; secondly, of passages in early writers; thirdly, of monuments, coins, dedications, inscriptions. With the first I have dealt, in the last chapter; the second for our ends are almost negligible; the third will not take long.

Lapidary inscriptions are all Romanizing, but as they apply they will be mentioned. Of figured monuments, I know none in Galicia. I have ventured to reconstruct hypothetical Mithraic reliefs in two cases — a table-scene like the one on the Rhine, at S. Domingo de la Calzada, and Mithras emerging from the rock, at Padrón: these being in the hypothesis cannot be used in the proof. The conspicuous cock and bull at Leon, with the Zodiacal snakes there, may be contributory, but they carry fatal associations in their names. There remains the Comparative Method.

Thesis

S. James is something more than a tribal Hero and a vegetation-spirit, he is more even than a faded sun-god: he is a High God in his own land, and with the mounting syncretism of the later empire he took up into himself all the other out-land gods. This happened everywhere in the time of the Roman conquests, it was the price of survival.

Of the primitive Celtiberian religion, as of that of the north-west, little is known: Macrobius says however that "the Acci-

tani worship very devoutly an image of Mars with rays about the head, and call him Neto,"[30] a war-god who is sun-god also. By reason of the early legend which associated with S. James the seven Spanish bishops and the town of Acci (Gaudix) we are permitted to infer a like cult in Galicia. At Tuy there is a dedication to a local Mars,[31] and Neto or some relative of his, it would seem, is named on a stone at Padrón. Now in many ways Tuy is a kind of lesser doublet of Compostella, and down to the time of the ruin of Galicia, which is to say until the Catholic Kings, Tuy and Orense, (Mondoñedo and Lugo also in some degree) were either virtually or strictly suffragan to Santiago. It is all the land of Santiago.

Celtiberian warrior-and sun-god

Endovelicus was a mountain god in Portugal, and belongs to a restricted area;[32] but traces of the goddess Ataecina, the Iberian Proserpine, have been found throughout Lusitania and a part of Bética. "Saint Proserpine" says a stone that Flórez published long and long ago.[33] With her one would like to associate dedi-

S. Proserpine

cations to the twilight and the Shrine of the Morning-Star,[34] *Lux Dubia*, and *Luciferi fanum*, found, the former in the very same parts, and the other on the Andalusian shore, consecrated both where the wind falls faint as it blows with the fume of the flowers of the night:

> And the murmur of spirits that sleep
> in the shadow of Gods from afar
> Grows dim in thine ears and deep as the
> deep dim soul of a star.
> In the sweet low light of thy face, under
> heavens untrod by the sun. . . .

S. Eulalia

At Mérida she was worshipped, and invoked by formulae analogous to some found in Cnidos, at the shrine of Demeter, Persephone, and Hades.[35] Her reincarnation in S. Eulalia, the sweet-spoken lady of the doves,[36] I cannot stop here to demonstrate, but I must point out that the cathedral church was dedicated to the latter at Iria, where the body of S. James was landed, where legends of his presence and his preaching abound, and where there are traces,

hardly at all effaced, of an attempt to establish the cult-centre. At Hierapolis the Lady of the Doves shared her temple with a bull god: from Padrón the cult-image set out in a cart drawn by bulls, to find the wayside shrine of Liberodunum. Neto the sun-god who is a war-god, had then probably for a companion a dove-goddess, Ataecina, worshipped chiefly in her chthonian aspect. On Candlemas Day, her doves were loosed in the sanctuary at Santiago, at the Mass for the little souls in Limbo. But S. James, as I have shown, is himself a chthonian power.

the Lady of the Doves

The Horse of the God

With Celtic cults we must take into account the possibility of some figure in Galicia like the Gallo-Roman *Dis Pater*, the ancestor of the Gauls, who holds a bowl in one hand and rests the other on a long-handled mallet, wearing in many cases a wolf-skin hood.[37] The coins of the Verones,[38] in Old Castile, show a hammer in the hand of the rider. This identification would explain the shrine at Compostella *sub Lobio*, the bourdon on which S. James leans, and his death or that of his

Wolf

Iconography and legend

double, S. James the Less, by a fuller's mallet. It would also explain the Tau-staff carried by his effigy in the *Gloria*, on the church door at Noya, and in a miniature of 1328, in the manuscript known as *Tumbo B*, where the Apostle is vested and seated on his altar, among nine stars, holding the same hammer-headed staff.[39] The wolf-skin belongs also to the Etruscan Hades, whose aspect in the tomb-paintings discovered at Orvieto and Corneto, is very like S. James; it is an attribute of the underworld, of Aidoneus, a Zeus overshadowed and graver.

Aidoneus

In the Renaissance a pair of twin columns was unearthed at Seville,[40] and set up again, with an effect not unlike, I suppose, to that at Edessa. The cult of the Dioscuri was established early in Spain: Toutain admits two inscriptions to Pollux in Bética,[41] and to these must be added the mention of the two Castors at Caldas de Vizella.

Dioscuri

Mélida affirms that the Iberian horseman, the *jinete* of the Celtiberian cointype carried over into Roman times, should

be identified with Castor the horse-tamer, considered apart from the other of the Dioscuri, Pollux the boxer. Those specimens struck near Granada, on which a galloping rider is controlling another horse besides, should confirm this. Calahorra worshipped twin saints, or at any rate a pair of young soldierly brothers, Demetrius and Celadonius, Sahagún worshipped a like couple, Facundus and Primitivus; I have pointed out how the Sign of the Twins, at Leon, presents just such a pair holding the ark or casket in which their relics were revered. Orense, closely related to Santiago, claimed for herself Facundus and Primitivus; and Tuy, even more nearly related, the source of S. Elmo's fire in the body of S. González Telmo, (ob. 1300). S. Elmo's fire has belonged to Castor and Pollux ever since the first Greek mariners observed it. Moreover, the Twins have a kind of special care for travellers, and the sea-faring Miracles of S. James, *VII*, *VIII*, *XI* and *X*, are entirely within their province.

Castor

S. Elmo's fire

A curious mediaeval relief found at Cal-

Swans

das de Reyes,[42] shows the body of the saint in a boat drawn by a swan-maiden, something like a siren but winged and web-footed, very like Lohengrin's. Work of the fourteenth century, it includes a monk playing on a harp: this is entirely plausible and affords a perfect instance of the adaptation to older motives of the new grotesque monster-style in Gothic. Here falls pat an observation of Goblet d'Alviella about the degree to which certain pictures have taken such possession of the eye and the imagination that they become commonplaces of figured language, and the artist's hand cannot escape their influence in the production of new symbols; so also the copyist approximates a strange model to some thing known.[43] There is no question that this figure is in some sense a swan: now, as Reinach points out,[44] the

and white horsemen

Dioscuri have swan-horses and were once swans themselves; so, indeed, was Apollo. To the swan-nature may be attributed the dazzling whiteness which distinguishes the apparitions of Santiago *Matamoros*, for instance, in the lines of Gonzalo de Berceo

where the twin saints swoop down from the upper air like great birds, whiter by far than recent snow, on horses whiter than crystal. This is not the principal aspect of the Compostellan cult, but belongs rather to the Ebro basin, where at Tricio, close to Nájera, by the very field of Clavijo, the coin-type of the *jinete* was struck. But, indeed, Apollo was himself a twin, and the bearded sun-god at Heliopolis, as Macrobius saw him, would pass anywhere for S. James of Compostella.

Apollo at Heliopolis

Of the twin brethren, Pollux only was immortal and was taken up into heaven. Castor died and went to the underworld, and we have seen that S. James corresponds to Castor. Who was, in his case, the divine twin, will appear presently. Meanwhile, it should be said that the river Limia, mentioned in a score or a hundred of donations to Santiago or to Tuy, was called *flumen oblivionis*, and identified with Lethe.[45] To the Romans as to the Celts, the *Tierra de Santiago* was the Land of the Dead.

The Mortal Twin

The underworld

This matter of Twins, so important in

Twins

savage Africa as Rendel Harris and his friends the missionaries have shown, beset the Spanish imagination as well. S. Zoyl of Carrión enshrines some sort of tale of twins, of which the misadventure and miraculous protection of the Countess Teresa is only the last-revised version, and Carrión claimed for long to possess a head of S. James. It was S. James Major's so long as possible, then it was S. James Minor's: lastly Santiago de Compostella showed them both; all that matters here is that a S. James should once have been harboured in the abbey and on the altar. The Infants of Lara, in the earliest legend,[46] were born seven at one birth, in Old Castile, and down on the confines of Galicia a like story exists, of girl-children now, born to a prostitute and in horror thrown into a pond or exposed by the side of it: someone riding by stirred up with the butt-end of his lance the litter of wretched babies, and one pluckily closed tiny hands on the wood, and clung and was saved. Of these, in a variant, S. Liberata was one, S. Marina another, others SS. Euphemia, Victoria,

Maiden saints in Galicia

Eumelia, Germana, Gemma, Ginevera, Quitera,—nine in all.[47] Now *Libera* is an epithet of *Dea Ataceina*, and Marina, as I noted at Puerto Marín, is only the Syrian word My Lord, a cult-epithet here of S. James's though associated in the east with Jupiter Dolichenus.[48] Of S. Marina in Spain the hagiographers could make nothing: the hymnographers identify her with Margarita and call her the Sea-Born. The Golden Legend recites an eastern legend like that of S. Restituta which may be encountered in Spanish calendars.[49] *Hera Sancta* was enthroned beside Jupiter Dolichenus, and Saint Proserpine, perhaps, beside Neto once: at any rate Cumont seems to say[50] that *sanctus* like ἅγιος implies a Semitic influence, in our case a Syrian, perhaps. Malakbel, he adds, comes out as Sol Sanctissimus. The significance of the nine children, and the nine stars about S. James in *Tumbo B*, I do not yet fully understand.

Libera with her lord in Libero-dunum

S. Marina

Another saint who appears unexpectedly at Compostella is S. Susanna, whose church D. Diego Gelmírez built on the hill where

S. Susanna

the cattle market is held, and carried off relics of her from Portugal.[51] The shrine had previously been a Holy Sepulchre, say the historians. The only thing notable about S. Susanna[52] is that she had twin trees, the place of her martyrdom was *ad duas lauros*. If the hilltop cavern which belonged to the chthonian twin, had struck D. Diego as unseemly, scandalous, and possibly a seat of Pagan survivals, he could not have done better in changing the dedication.

Cavern

He built and rebuilt also at Cacabelos—a place oddly named, with nothing Spanish in the sound. But the *cacubelus*[53] employed in the cult ot Augustus, must have sounded not unlike those wheels of bells that Spaniards love to ring in the Mass-time, and that Street so fancied and sketched for his book.

Before coming, however, to the imperial cults, I should point out that an Orphic reminiscence tinges the story of Calahorra, where the heads of the comely young martyrs were carried

Orphic mysteries

Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore,

Christ as Pilgrim—From Silos

or more correctly to the Cantabrian, for they were thrown into the Ebro and washed about until they turned up at Bilbao on the Bay of Biscay. The Orphic Guide for souls has been quoted earlier in interpretation of S. James's two cypress trees: it is necessary to add that Mithras seems to have fallen heir to the cypress trees along with the mysteries, and on the relief of Heddernheim[54] has enough for a respectable grove. The cypress in Babylonia was the property of the thunder-god Adad, before it was that of Atargatis the Syrian Goddess: Zeus takes it over on a coin of Ephesus.[55] By the law of syncretism all these instances converge upon S. James; the tree-and-vine passage in the *Acts of Andrew and Matthias* would only serve as confirmation:[56] he inherits all these claims. To the syncretic mind there are no rival claims. There is an apposite phrase which I recall hearing from a good lady of theosophical tendency, disposed, like others of her kind from Julia Domna down, to merge likeness in identity and ignore unlikeness:

Atargatis yielding it in the Renaissance to Mary

"It is all a part of one and the same great truth!"

For centuries the Spaniards reckoned time from the Era of Augustus; his head is set on some of their most beautiful coins, and his temple at Tarragona was the scene of a prodigy and the occasion of an epigram. Long before the imperial religion was established, the central and universal worship of Sol Sanctissimus, in Egypt

S. Saviour *Soter*

statues were dedicated to the emperor as *Soter*,[57] though the epithet belongs peculiarly to Serapis: by one way or the other it came into Spain, and the earliest churches, the earliest Christian dedications that we know, are oftenest the Saviour's; at Oviedo and Saragossa the cathedral, at Leon and Santiago the central altar of a triad. I have quoted already the curious phrasing from Fulbert's Mass, *Sother theos athanatos*, applied nominally to the First Person of the Trinity.

Serapis

The worship of Serapis was well established in Spain and the cult of Isis was marked by splendour. Toutain reckons nine dedications in Spain and the Nar-

bonnais, which was a part of Spain in imperial times as it was in the Middle Age. At Guadix Isis had, as Cumont says with truth,[58] as many jewels as any Spanish Madonna. There she was worshipped as the protectress of young girls:[59] it is possible that the beautiful couchant bull, under a setting moon, on a coin of Orippo, was dedicated to her; it came from the town called Las Dos Hermanas.[60] Colleges and Confraternities were established in her honour at Valencia on the Mediterranean and at Igabrum in Bética,[61] where the fat Cordovan land swells up to the hills.

Twin Sisters. Compare *Las dos Casas*, Vol. II.

Serapis is Jupiter, Sol, and also Pluto, as in Julian, "Zeus, Hades, Helios, Serapis, three gods in one god-head,"[62] and when the wave of new devotion sweeping across the peninsula reached Compostella, the identification with the local god was, so to speak, already made. That prayer which Constantine composed for Sunday morning, which might be recited by worshippers of Mithras, Serapis, Sol, and Jesus,[63] had been breathed for three centuries at least. Ser-

apis had a temple at Emporiae; a stone in Portugal is dedicated to Serapis Pantheos,[64] and another Greek inscription was found less than fifty years ago three leagues out of Astorga, with an inscription Εις Ζευς Σεραπις, and the semblance of a temple within which was seen an open hand pointing upward.[65] On the worship of Mithras and Serapis at Mérida, a good deal had been published by Mélida[66] just before the beginning of the war. He was, says Réville,[67] "the god of life in this world and before all in the world of the dead."

Lord of the dead

If it is not the cap of the Dioscuri but the calathos of Serapis in which we must seek the original of S. James's broad-brimmed hat turned up in front, with a shell and with the crossed lines of staves flanking that, which may be substituted for the crossed withes of a basket, then the early appearance and stubborn persistence of that attribute may be explained. Serapis fixed the type of the Apostle in personal traits, the beard, the brow, the quiet eyes, the grave dignity, the solemn yet recollected character of the great images.

For many, he came to be the sole god in the universe: but that was a process to which all the surviving gods tended, in the syncretism of the third century and thereafter.[68]

They were still distinguished [says Réville],[69] and yet they were confounded. Each had his tradition, his history, his proper origin, his cult, his priests, his temples; and nevertheless they were so easily interchanged in the minds of worshippers that they seemed to be no more than diverse masks under which the same single divinity was hidden. . . . The divers clergy of the oriental deities being exclusively consecrated in each case to the service of a particular god, they took a personal interest. Each of the particular divinities, Serapis, Isis, Attis, Mithras, comes to be considered all-powerful and universal, because he has absorbed all the divine functions. The necessary outcome is confusion and combination among the gods themselves.

Simul adorantur et glorificantur

What Réville says of the Roman women might have been written of the Spanish, with

all their Virgins, invoked diversely for different intentions, or interchanged from petulance or for want of novelty. The solemn business of changing from *la Macarena*, the *Virgen de la Esperanza* to another, and the discomfort of poor Doña Carmen in Madrid when she finds herself with the unfamiliar *Virgen de la Paloma*, are typical episodes in *Sangre y Arena*. In Rome—

Blasco Ibáñez testifies

> When the devout went to the temple of the Syrian Goddess to take part in the spring festival, some were paying homage to Derceto, others were dealing with Rhea, others again, with Juno. They were no less united in one same cult, because they found there the religious emotion that they sought, and because they had the vague sentiment that these diverse goddesses held amongst themselves the closest possible relation.[70]

The Syrian Goddess

Pagan syncretism by the third century had formed the habit of identifying all the gods. Christian polity was to be driven into the same practise, in self-defense. When Ambrose at a critical moment dis-

covered the bodies of Gervase and Protase, he knew that the Milanese were devoted to the Dioscuri, and he meant to give them something fit to worship.[71] What Dussaud calls somewhere the exasperated syncretism of the later empire, is a process which may be a measure of expediency, or of edification; it may ease a conversion, or it may lift the spirit on a wave of cosmical emotion. Like the Emperor Julian, Swinburne and Alexander Severus both found in it the appointed means to the religious experience:

They perish but thou shalt endure

To the likeness of one God their dreams enthralled thee,
Who wast greater than all Gods that waned and grew;
Son of God, the shining son of Time they called thee,
Who wast older, O our Father, than they knew.

The Star-led Wizards.

Grey without the autumn air
But pale candles here prepare, . . .
Let the choir with mourning descant
Cry, In Pace requiescant!
For they loved the things of God.
Now, where solemn feet have trod
Sleep they well, and wait the end.

Nuestra Madre de Angustias, men say in Zamora

The oriental religions strictly so-called, the Asiatic, remain to be considered. The earliest of these is that of the Phrygian Goddess, the Great Mother. To *Magna Mater Idaea* four Lusitanian inscriptions are addressed: two at Lisbon, one at Medellín, and one at Ventas de Caparra in the province of Cáceres: at Port Mahon in Minorca there was a temple of Athys.[1] For this the Celtic worship of the Mothers had prepared, to which testify five inscriptions, one at Coruña del Conde being a dedication to the Gallegan Mothers.[2]

Now it is a curious fact about the worship at Compostella, that though S. James has nothing about him in the least like the wanton languid young Asiatic, the son

and the leman of the goddess alternately, whose decentest action is to die, and whose chief ritual is what Ezekiel saw of women weeping for Thammuz; yet the only relation you find there is that of mother and son. In the church, below the high altar, Mary Salome sits on the north-east pier, where James Minor occupies the corresponding place on the other side: and the Tree of Jesse in the *Pórtico* is crowned with the same figure. S. Mary Salome has a church of her own, and the street behind it is called *Tras de Salomé*, and of the little church of the Corticela, included now in the cathedral, behind the north transept, who shall say to what Mary it was dedicated once? A mysterious episode in the early history of the cathedral carries with it some implication of the cult of Cybele.

Intermittent Christianity

Before the time of the Catholic Kings, perhaps, certainly before the close of the fourteenth century, Galicia had very little to do with Roman Christianity, and in the earlier ages, for long stretches of time, it had lapses from Christianity altogether.

Friends of God

A Visigothic king set up his capital at Tuy, and no word is bad enough for him in the ecclesiastical histories. To the sect of Priscillian, or, more truly, to his way of thinking and reform, belonged the whole north-west in the fifth century. There is an odd phrase of Mgr. Duchesne's[3] which seems to suggest that on the worship of S. James and his seven disciples the passionate devotion to Priscillian and the seven martyrs of Priscillianism had some bearing. At the Council of Toledo in 400 the bishop of Astorga never gave him up,[4] the Gallegans went on mostly living in schism, dissociated from the rest of Christianity, as later they were to be adherents of Peter of Luna and other Anti-Popes.

Benedict XIII

Anon came the heathen Suevi, and the bishops for a while did the best they could, but the very names of them are lost. Kings of Leon came in and cleared up the country; then, when the Moors arrived, what bishops were left settled in Oviedo, but the sheep were scattered. Under the Norman invasions they withdrew, or died, again: now all these *interregna* of official

Christianity gave the chance for lapses into ancient paganism. At the end of the ninth century there was a bishop in Compostella called Ataulf: I have spoken of him before. The same ugly charge was laid against him as commonly against the priests of Cybele, and his purification had something to do with the killing of a bull.[5] It is possible that Ataulf simply clung to old ways of the land, and was ruined to vacate his place for a new-comer and king's favourite, Sisnandus, as later Diego Peláez the Spaniard of Spain was ousted by a creature of Cluny and of Raymond of Burgundy, Diego Gelmírez. It is possible, however, on the other hand, that the elder worships were not utterly forgotten, and that this was a *taurobolium.* *Tauro-bolium*

Moreover at Iria, where the church, though once the See, was throughout the Middle Age only a pale reflex of Santiago, and thereafter nought, a pine tree grew in the fore-court, as a popular song says:[6]

Nosa Señora d'Adina
Ten un piñeiro no adro

Vota piñas en octubre
Cereixas no mes de mayo.

The pine of Cybele

There may have been such another at Compostella, for the chronicle speaks of "Monasterium quod de *ante altaria* nuncupatur, et *Piniarium*, ubi monasterium S. Martini ad honorem Dei constructum est."[7]

Mithras in Spain

The *Compostellana*, describing the ordeal of Bishop Ataulf, says that he caught the bull by the horns, and I have recognized earlier that this may be derived from a Mithraic relief of the familiar type, where Mithras slays the bull: as the rock with S. James's head and shoulders emerging, seen at Padrón in the fifteenth century, may be another, especially as there was a Mithraic dedication there. The base of a statue was found at Mérida long ago, and in excavating for a new bull-ring more than twenty statues and fragments were discovered. Cumont knew only thirteen Spanish inscriptions that are Mithraic,[8] in all; Toutain added a little more rather sullenly;[9] Mélida has shown that Mérida

had a community and a sanctuary.[10] The dedication to *Dominus Invictus* at Malaga might be out of Luke of Tuy. I have indicated the possible cult survival at Leon in the acceptance of oaths taken on the shrine of S. Isidore as inviolable and legally unimpeachable, and the strongly zodiacal character of the sculpture and the first saints, father, mother and twelve children, while aware that there were other star-worshippers than those from Persia.

Who leads the souls

Mithras, however, was psychopompos, and along the *Camino de Santiago*, the souls were guided. Where once S. Michael had taken over this office along the Way, and led the souls and weighed them at Sangüesa and Estella and at the great cathedrals, and at Santiago in Thurkill's *Vision*, there S. James assumed the rôle, and at Compostella it is his main business. Helios too in the East is psychopompos, as Dussaud notes, and is a rider,[11] such another as that in the fourth Miracle of S. James. The Celtic Mercury, the protector of wayfarers and merchants, as Menéndez y Pelayo observes with truth, is

The Celtic Mercury

less often to be found in Spain: he can only be identified with certainty twice, both times in the south, on the coins of Carmona that show the caduceus or a head with the *petasus*,[12] and on an inscription at Cartagena where fishermen and fishmongers consecrate a statue to Mercury. I think, however, the winged helmet, associated with the caduceus on coins of Sagunto and Valencia, is a sign of the Celtic Esus-Mercury who comes very close to Mars, and who carries also a scrip or wallet as his attribute.[13] The *petasus*, at any rate, is bound to evoke again the recollection of S. James's wide-leafed hat which is, along with the wallet or scrip, his most conspicuous badge and suggests an identification, and indeed the high god of Baalbek is associated with Mercury not only in his temple but his character, a text calling him Jupiter Optimus Maximus Angelus Heliopolitanus.[14]

Angelus Heliopolitanus

As Salâmbo, his mate the Syrian goddess, was worshipped in Seville, and the story of SS. Justa and Rufina reads like a Passion-week with the *pasos* going through the

streets.[15] The complete correspondence of the worship of Atargatis with the Spanish Virgin's, in aspect, in cult-images, in attitudes, in emotion, would take as long to show as this other case of S. James; it must be said however that her only image at Santiago is that of the *Virgen de las Angustias*, which matches pretty exactly the *simulacrum of* Mount Lebanon that Macrobius described.[16]

Nuestra Señora de la Paloma

For once a vague and convenient term like that of "the Syrian Baals" must be allowed for the divers births of godheads all more or less interchangeable. While there are parallels certainly between Santiago *Matamoros* and Jupiter Dolichenus, who supplied the name to Galicia, as it appears, of Marina, for first his priests and then after a while a bishop of Doliche are found bearing the name;[17] yet the main business of this investigation will be with the high god of Heliopolis. He is associated at the shrine with Venus and Mercury; he has himself the eagle and the caduceus both for attributes, bulls for his throne, the thunderbolt, the

The high god of Heliopolus

wheat-ear, and the whip. He is Adad the bull-god.

A Syrian triad

There are traces of an early triad once installed in the land of Santiago, after the manner of the Syrian triads. The Gallegan *Chronicle of Iria* says:

> Desfizo una eigrejo mui pobreciña, que estaba ende feita na ribeira de Sar, enda poseron o corpo de Sanctiago, cando o decéran da nave; e por honra de tan grande hóspede con grande industria reparóu é fize una mui boa eigreje con tres cabezas e tres altares: o medio á honra de Apóstol Sanctiago, porque cando o decéron da nave, ende fora recebudo o suo corpo; un á honra de sancta Maria Salome; y outro de S. Joan apóstol y evangelista. Y á dita eigreja assi feita, poso nela candieiros e ornamentos competentes ao culto ecresiástigo.[18]

That is to say, where the disciples had landed at Padrón with S. James's body, there was a little shrine where the image of the son of Thunder could be seen be-

tween a goddess and a beardless young god. D. Diego Gelmírez destroyed this, like a good many other old things: the *Compostellana* says:

"Ecclesiolam sancti Jacobi de Patrono ab uno templi sabulo usque ad summa tecti fastigia, cum quodam bonae memoriae Pelagio presbytro aedificando construxit."[19]

Faint vestiges of shadowy cults

It has been shown already how D. Diego seems to have done away with a chthonian sanctuary at Compostella and installed a new saint there: on the whole, considering the efforts he expended in making a clean sweep of all the old disreputable vestiges of heathen cults, I think we are fortunate to trace so much still.

The emigrant Syrians who worshipped Adad, found him already in Spain indigenous. That the bull was a Spanish totem, especially among the tribes of the south, it would be hard not to believe, for even to this day he is so treated:—adored, protected, pampered, and then at certain times ritually killed. How solemn, ordained, fixed, and recognized is the ritual of the *toreador*, let others more learned,

The Bull as Totem

expound, but the fact is matter of common knowledge. The great house of the Dukes of Osuna, in whose domain the finest bulls are bred, claims for mythical ancestor either a bull, or the herdsman Hercules when he was tending the flocks of Geryon. Doubtless that of the bull-ancestor is the earlier version.[20] Of the magnificent bulls of the coins enough cannot be said; before them came the bronzes of Costig[21] and Cerro de los Santos.[22] It should be observed that the most complete and rapturous account which we have of a *taurobolium*, exists in the poetry of Prudentius, a Spaniard.[23] Menéndez y Pelayo affirms that bull-worship may be recognized in Spain from the remotest age.[24] So when thunder-gods and bull-gods come from the east, they find that already the land belongs to them and is their appointed rest and their native country and their own natural home, which they enter unannounced as lords that are certainly expected and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

The influx of Syrians into the western

world, described by Cumont, has been resented but not disproved. In a fine and famous passage, from which I can quote only bits, he says:

The ever increasing traffic with the Levant induced merchants to establish themselves in Italy, in Gaul, in the Danubian countries and in Spain; in some cities they formed real colonies. The Syrian emigrants were especially numerous. Compliant, quick and diligent, they went wherever they expected profit, and their colonies, scattered as far as the north of Gaul, were centres for the religious propagation of Paganism just as the Jewish colonies of the Diaspora were for Christian preaching. . . . At the same time the necessities of war removed officers and men from the Euphrates to the Rhine or to the outskirts of the Sahara, and everywhere they remained faithful to the gods of their native country. The requirements of the government transferred functionaries and their clerks, the latter frequently of servile birth, into the most distant provinces. Finally, the ease of com-

Dear pilgrim coming

from the East . . .

munication, due to the good roads, increased the frequency and extent of travel. Thus the exchange of products, men and ideas necessarily increased, and it might be maintained that . . . the gods of the Orient followed the great commercial and social currents.[25] . . .

. . . one look

Bréhier, taking up the same phenomenon at a later date, adds more of the same sort, and the whole passage is of value for the present argument:

> From the fourth to the seventh century you can follow the traces of their establishments . . . at Rome, Ravenna, Trêves, Lyons, Bordeaux, Narbonne, etc. . . . Far from assimilating with the native population, they exercised involuntarily upon it a fruitful action. They introduced new conceptions into the west and under their influence religious architecture, the decorative arts, religious iconography, and also religious ideas penetrated from the east into Gaul and Italy. . . .[26]

across the water

Like the rest, he knows not Spain, and so that name is missing from his enumera-

tions, but Lampérez has insisted on the signs of the passage of a Syrian architect in the twelfth century at Irache and at Zamora. Thus a way is prepared and a path made straight between the Lords of the east and the west, the high gods of Heliopolis and Compostella. to this twilight nook

The figure at Santiago was worshipped as a god of fertility, especially at Saragossa, as I have shown, and as a god of thunder, especially at Compostella, as folk-lore still testifies.[27] Arriaga mentioned in the seventeenth century that Spanish children thought the thunder was the galloping of Santiago,[28] and indeed in the Indian folk-lore of America it is the thunder-bird who returns followed by all the ghosts.[29] This seems reliable primitive stuff. Arriaga says that when the Peruvian Indians were converted, they called after S. James, one child of a pair of twins whom they had formerly called the Son of the Lightning.[30] For He is the Son of Thunder, as the liturgies reiterate, *quod est, filius tonitrui.*

Adad is the elder Babylonian storm-god, worshipped at Baalbek as Jupiter Optimus

Maximus: he brandished in his raised right hand a whip, in his left he carried wheat-ear and thunderbolt.[31] Certain coins show a cypress tree in the temple doorway, where others show the wheat-ear, and on other types a cypress tree, or possibly three cypresses, figure in the field.[32] In an ancient Babylonian ritual, where the purifier puts on dark garments as for underworld deities, and all the implements have a symbolic value, the cypress is associated with Adad.[33] The cult-image of Jupiter Heliopolitanus, swathed in a long strange strait-waistcoat, and flanked by a pair of bulls,[34] might well give occasion to the effigy — as iconography misunderstood brings forth hagiography — of the mummy of S. James in the ox-cart.

Adad

his cypress

Furthermore, it corresponds exactly, of course, to the statue of S. Isidore the Ploughman with his insignificant oxen by his side, as we saw that at Cacabelos. I hope I have proved satisfactorily that S. Isidore the Ploughman is only one aspect of *Doctor Egregius*, cut off like a

and bulls

gardener's slip and set to grow alone; and that the greater Isidore is still only a surrogate of S. James.

Just why S. James at Compostella abandoned the bulls it is hard to see, unless that they seemed too pagan and but little scriptural: the lions that flank his chair in the *Gloria* belong by rights to Atargatis the companion-goddess. There was however a lion-god, Gennaios, at Heliopolis, a solar power, the *djinn*.[35] For long he abode there unforgotten, for Benjamin of Tudela in the twelfth century repeated what he heard, that when Solomon built that House, to move the huge stones he called in the *djinns*.[36] It is far from unlikely that the actual cult-images should have penetrated into Galicia, and not merely the tale of them, for at Nîmes a cippus and at Avignon a statue may be seen,[37] and the relation between Provence and Spain was close and constant. The Djinn

So indeed was the relation between Europe and the coast of Palestine. Now a famous pilgrimage-place, Tortosa, may have had a shrine dedicated to the Heliopolitan triad,

Tortosa in 1280

for the pilgrim Burchard of Mount Sion, who is entirely trustworthy, describes ruins where he saw the same sort of immense stones as amaze travellers still at Baalbek, and two beautiful bronze cult-images of Adad have lately been found there.[38] The old Dominican wrote in 1280:

So Burchard of Mount Sion

> Beneath the Castle of Arachas and the town of Synochim is a great plain, exceeding beauteous and fertile, reaching as far as the Castle of Krach, which once belonged to the Knights Hospitallers of S. John, and as far as Antaradus, now called Tortosa, being about eleven leagues long and six leagues broad. . . . Four out of these eleven sons of Canaan, to wit Sidon his first born who built Sidon, and Aracheus who founded Arachas, and Sineus who founded Synochion, and Aradius who founded Aradium as aforesaid, — these four, I say, remained in the land of Lebanon as hath been told. . . . The monuments and sepulchres of the first four are shown at this day one league before one comes to Antaradus, and they are exceeding rich and of wondrous

size. I have seen stones therein — for I measured the stone — four and twenty feet long, and as wide and deep as the height of a tall man, so that it is a marvel to behold them. How they can have been raised up and used for building, altogether passes man's understanding. . . . S. Peter preached for a long time at Antaradus when he was on his way to Antioch, as we read in S. Clement's Itinerary. Here Clement found his mother. Here also S. Peter built the first church in honour of the Blessed Virgin, which church exists at this day. I have celebrated Mass therein, for I abode there for six days.[39]

The first church of Our Lady

Now the god between bulls who had the *herpê*, whose figure is found everywhere in Palestine, was also at Acre perhaps, certainly crusaders and pilgrims had a chance to see the image and identify it after their manner. The crusaders had raided Baalbek in 1176.

What pilgrims saw

At Byblus [says Benjamin of Tudela], when the Genoese took the town, in 1109, they found the place where was

Heathen idol in 1109

once the temple of the children of Ammon. There also was their abomination, which is to say their idol, sitting on a throne made of stone but covered with gold. There were two seated women, one at his right hand and one at his left, and one altar opposite where perfume was offered.[40]

The two earliest crusaders' churches in Palestine, says Phené Spiers, were Byblus and Beyrout (1120–1130), with which was contemporary that of Tortosa.[41] It was a famous pilgrimage place. Says Joinville:

This, Saragossa claims

Je demandé au roy qu'il me laissast aller en pèlerinage à Notre-Dame de Tortouza là ou il avoit moult grant pelerinage, pour ce que c'est le premier autel qui onques fust fait en l'onneur de la Mere-Dieu sur terre, et y fesoit Nostre-Dame moult grant miracle.

There is small doubt that the shrine of Our Lady was older than Mary the Mother of Jesus. Justinian built a church to Our Lady in the middle of a cypress grove at Byzantium, and we can guess Whose the

grove had been before: so possibly here. The church at Beyrout, by the way it was built in the twelfth century, is standing yet, and is of a noble Romanesque architecture. Furthermore, S. Philip lived here with his daughters, unless that was at Caesarea, and there according to the *Cites de Jherusalem* they were buried: Burchard says S. Philip and his two daughters had a mansion at Caesarea[42]; "at Caesarea, in a church there, was the chapel of S. Cornelius whom S. Peter baptized, and who was, after Monseigneur S. Peter, Archbishop; in this chapel lie the two daughters of Monseigneur S. Philip."[43] But Luke of Tuy says that S. Philip and his two daughters are buried in Hierapolis of Asia,[44] and, indeed, it is the beardless Adad of the Syrian sanctuaries who fixes the type of S. Philip in Byzantine and western painting. Mgr. Duchesne speaks of a double tradition in the Byzantine *Catalogues*, which sometimes bury S. James in Judea, sometimes in Caesarea of Palestine.[45] It begins to look as if S. Philip and S. James were confused.

Iconography of S. Philip

The Mortal Twin.

Meat for my black cock
And meat for my red . . .
—George Peele.

Romances of the Apostles

At this point it becomes necessary to consider those apocryphal *Acts of the Apostles* which brought Pricillian to martyrdom,[1] and with them, the general confusion of mind, in the early centuries of the church, about the name and character of certain of the Apostles. There was a time when these pious romances supplied reading to the devout. S. Toribio, whom we have met on the Pass of Rabanal, as he came back from the Holy Land with relics some time before 440,[2] was very active against the Priscillianists and denounced them as reading the *Acts* of S. Thomas, S. Andrew, and S. John, and with these the *Memorials of Apostles*, which are not otherwise known. Yet S. Silva of Aquitaine, on her journey sixty years before,[3] had read the *Acts of S. Thomas* at Edessa, and elsewhere those of S. Tecla, as a matter of course and with edification,

precisely like those sentimental travellers who read *Le Jardin de Bérenice* at Aigues-Mortes and the *Chanson de Roland* at Roncevaux.

About certain of the twelve Apostles, and disciples, equally, the situation is not very clear: even the lists in the canonical Gospels do not agree. Some, like SS. Peter and Paul, John and Barnabas, are plain, their names, their burial places: but again, as Michael the Syrian says[4] rather dolefully, there are only three names for six Apostles, which is hard. Some of them are brothers, some of them are commemorated in couples. James was the brother of the Lord, but which James? "Thy Mother and Thy brethren are without"—which are brethren? The genealogy which the *Golden Legend* offers, it will be remembered, is this:[5]

A Jacobite Bishop

(1) Anna married (a) Joachim, (b) Cleophas, (c) Salomas, and had three daughters all called Mary: (2) Mary Virgin married Joseph and Jesus was her son: (3) Mary Cleophas married Alphaeus and her children were James Minor, Simon, Jude called

James called Justus: Compostellan Breviary

Thaddaeus (called also Addai, be it noted), and Joseph Justus called Barsabas (whom I know only as a name): (4) Mary Salome married Zebedee and her children were James and John called the Sons of Thunder, Boanerges. But the situation was not so clear in earlier centuries nor in the east. Michael the Syrian (1166–1199) says,[6] for instance, that James Zebedee was persecuted at Jerusalem and martyred by a fuller's mallet: with James Alphaeus he brackets Simon the Canaanite called Zelotes and also Nathaniel, who preached in Syria at Aleppo and Mabog (Bombyce, which is Hierapolis) and was martyred at Cyrrhus where his church is. But Theodosius in his treatise *On the Topography of the Holy Land*[7] says that "Cosmas and Damian lie there at Cyrrhus, not the famous physicians however." The point is apparently that twins lie there and Simon is a twin.

The next Apostle whom Michael the Syrian names is that Thaddaeus whose surname was Lebbaeus, who is Jude the son of James. He was sawn asunder at

Berenice, which is Berytus, says Chabot; now Berytus, or Beyrut is the sea-port of Heliopolis. After the list of Apostles he proceeds with the seventy disciples, of whom the first is Addai that preached in Edessa and baptized King Abgar, died and was buried there. Fifteenth comes Jude the brother of James; twenty-sixth Simon the son of Cleophas; twenty-eighth James who was killed with his brother; Mark and Luke figure as forty-third and forty-fourth; fiftieth, John who was thrown to beasts in the theatre of Baalbek! The son of Narses king of Persia who was born during a flight and was brought up in Membig which is Hierapolis, was sent to Edessa on an errand and saw the church built by Addai.[8] From this sample the confusion may be judged.

... *qui et Judas*

In Jerusalem the two Apostles called James were for a long time confounded. Theodosius (c. 530) who makes Cleophas one of the pilgrims of Emmaus, says[9]:

S. James whom the Lord ordained bishop with his own hand, after the Lord's

S. James in Jerusalem

ascension was cast down from the pinnacle of the Temple and suffered no hurt, but a fuller slew him with a pole on which he used to carry his things and he was buried on Mount Olivet. S. James, S. Zacharias, and S. Simeon were buried in one tomb which S. James had built, he buried the others there and left directions that he should also be laid therein.

The Mallet-God

Two things are notable here: one that the fuller's mallet belongs to S. James as the instrument of his martyrdom, but it was already the axe of Adad; and the other that the sepulchre with three bodies found at Santiago in the ninth century, existed at Jerusalem in the sixth.

A good companion

Antoninus Martyr, who was such another as Aymery Picaud, writing about 560–570, mentions the great earthquake at Berytus in which, the Bishop told him, 30,000 persons perished there; this will be what shook down the sanctuary at Heliopolis. He testifies: "On the Mount of Olives rests James the Son of Zebedee, and Cleophas and many bodies of saints."[10]

And he is trustworthy as Aymery, and like him took his notes on the spot.

John of Würtzburg (1160–1170) saw the church of S. James in the hands of Armenians, as it is still presumably: "He was beheaded by Herod and his body was placed by his disciples on board a ship at Joppa and carried to Galicia but his head remained in Palestine and is still shown to pilgrims"[11]. . . . An anonymous pilgrim who was in Jerusalem before 1187 saw "the Lord's temple where He was presented and whence He cast out those who bought and sold and from whence James the Lord's brother was cast down."[12] The *Cites de Jherusalem*, composed after that date, says that there is the church of S. James of Galicia who was the brother of S. John the Evangelist; that at Joppa under a castle in the church of S. Peter is found the cloak of S. James of Galicia on which he crossed the sea; that on a mountain above Acre stands the church of SS. James and John where they were born.[13] The *buen seynt de Galise* is fairly well-defined by the end of the twelfth century.

". . . A Gallegan without a head . . ."

S. James the Less

Burchard of Mount Sion went thither in 1232, and saw the place where S. James was beheaded by Herod Agrippa.[14] But thereafter he is almost forgotten in the east: and James the Less usurps his place. Marino Sanuto (1321) who borrows freely from Burchard, has not a word to tell of the Son of Zebedee, but he relates that near the Virgin's Tomb is the Sepulchre of James the Less, for the Christian buried him here after the Jews had cast him down from the Temple; and elsewhere, that in the Chamber of the Last Supper, S. Matthias was elected, the Holy Ghost descended, the seven deacons were chosen and S. James the Less was ordained Bishop of Jerusalem.[15] Leopold von Suchem, thirty years later, thought that James Minor, the Lord's brother, was martyred by the Jews casting him down from the Temple.[16] After this it seems no more than compensation, if Luke of Tuy makes S. James Major the protomartyr.

—enclosed, but open to the sky —

His confused account of the Apostles represents the state of Spanish knowledge in the thirteenth century, which was no

better than the Syrian. It amounts about to this:

Trajan [he says] built the bridge of Alcántara and allowed the Christians to be persecuted, and Simon Cleophas Bishop of Jerusalem was crucified. S. John died in Ephesus at ninety-nine, when Galen of Pergamo the great doctor flourished. [Then he starts a new paragraph.]

S. Luke of Tuy

Peter and Paul are buried at Rome; Andrew at Patras, a city of Achaia; James Zebedee in a marble ark and then carried to the farthest province of Spain, Galicia; John at Ephesus, Philip and his daughters at Hierapolis of Asia; Thomas at Calamia a city of India; Matthew in the Parthian mountains; Martial, a disciple of the Apostles, at Limoges; Luke in Bithynia and Mark at Alexandria; James Alphaeus beside the temple at Jerusalem; Thaddaeus, that is Jude, in Beyrout of the Edessenes. Simon Cleophas who is Jude (*qui et Judas*) bishop after James, was crucified at the age of a hundred and twenty years in Jerusalem and buried there; Titus in Crete; Crescens the eunuch of

But compare Abu-Edhari, page 203

Candace the queen of Arabia Felix, in Gaul.[17]

It is worth noting, perhaps, as an instance of how these confusions come, that the Jerusalem pilgrims went to see the place where Philip baptized the eunuch; now Mgr. Duchesne says[18] that the Latin texts of the *Apostolic Catalogues* give Macedonia to S. Matthew, Gaul to S. Philip, and Spain to S. James, a few sending S. Matthew to Ethiopia. Philip having been placed in Gaul and then withdrawn, the eunuch becomes his substitute. Two more notes of Mgr. Duchesne's must be remembered: the first, that Mozarabic calendars place the Feast of Santiago on May-Day[19]; now Tamayo de Salazar extracts from the *Chronicle* of Julian Pérez the Arch-priest of S. Justa, a statement that S. James the Less was commissioned by S. Peter, acting under orders from the Blessed Virgin, to attend to the interests of the Church and especially of Spain, and his feast fixed for May 1. The other is, that he accepts as authentic the Hymn

A vegetation spirit

attributed to King Mauregato (783–788) which declares *Jacobus Hispaniam:* and adds that there seems to be no distinction between the two SS. James.[20]

— in what sense?

In the Apocryphal *Acts of Andrew and Matthias in the City of the Man-Eaters*, James and Simon are called the brothers of Jesus the son of Joseph the carpenter.[21] The *Acts of Thaddaeus* relate how Thaddaeus was a native of Edessa, and after Christ had sent his likeness to King Abgar by Ananias the courier, then, after the Passion and the Resurrection and Ascension, Thaddaeus went to Abgar and instructed and baptized him, as S. Thomas did in the *Acts* which S. Silva of Aquitaine read there, and ultimately died and was buried at Berytus, a city of Phoenicia by the sea.[22]

Taking for a moment East and West together, the case may be stated about as follows:

Thomas was a twin, Didymus; but Thomas = Jude, and also Thomas = Thaddaeus (Addai)
Simon + Jude are a pair

— as Rendel Harris shows —

James is brother of the Lord; but there are two Jameses
James Major = James Minor and Philip + James are a pair
These all are twins and all are interchangeable.
Philip = Adad at Hierapolis, but
Philip + James Minor = James Major
∴ James Major = Adad, especially at Heliopolis.

S. Philip surrogate of S. James

Avatar of Dionysus,

It can be further proved. In the *Acts of Philip*, S. Philip is called the Son of Thunder;[23] he is subject to fits of rage like SS. James and John when they would have called down fire from heaven;[24] he directs the preparation of his mummy in wrappings that would bring it to the shape of the cult-image.[25] But he bears in other ways more likeness to Dionysus, he is accompanied by the leopard and the kid of the goats,[26] and by wild women,[27] and where his blood falls a vine springs up.[28] Now the minor temple at Heliopolis, as we know today, was dedicated to Dionysus. His companion and sister is Mariamne, who is a disciple of S. James in other legends,

and who, by the way, is herself a twin![29]

Rendel Harris has expounded delightfully how S. Thomas is the twin of Christ, and looks just like him, so that Christ on coming into a room is taken for S. Thomas who has just gone out.[30] "And the Lord said to him, I am not Judas who also is Thomas; I am his brother." In the *Acts of Philip*, when S. Philip is in the rôle of S. James, Christ appears in the likeness of S. Philip.[31] Priscillian knew this twin of Christ's: "Ait Juda apostolus clamans ille didymus domini".[32] As one of the Sons of Thunder, of course S. James was a twin, and again we have to thank Rendel Harris for all the instances of the twin-child that is the Lightning's child:[33] S. John was the twin brother to S. James, but S. John was otherwise disposed of. He lived to be very old, his place was Ephesus: *S. John in Ephesus, S. Peter in Rome, S. James in Compostella*, was an idea familiar to the twelfth century in Galicia, and doubtless elsewhere and earlier: so the world was distributed, east and west and in Italy. Therefore S. James must have another twin: and was he not

and twin of Christ

One goes to the under-world

already, in Canonical Scripture, the Brother of the Lord? The mortal twin, the chthonian power, is S. James: the divine, in heaven, is Jesus: but on the baldachin at Compostella S. James ruled.

Eastern Spain was peculiarly liable to influences from the East, and Syrian saints abound at Vich, Tarrasa, and thereabouts, who are often brethren, like SS. Cosmo and Damian, SS. Abdon and Senen. But in Catalan painting of the fourteenth and fifteenth century, the twins are enforced, the likeness between S. James Major and his Master Christ is as marked as in the *Gloria* of Maestro Mateo. In the *Last Supper* of Solsona S. James in hat and slaveyn still looks like Christ; in the Serras' altar piece at S. Cugat the two SS. James are identical, except for attributes. In Borassa's retable of the Poor Clares at Vich, SS. Simon and Jude look precisely like the Veronica which they are presenting to King Abgar; so in the predella, only SS. Thomas and Matthias (=Matthew), so S. James Minor.

Evidence from Iconography

The High God.

I stand at noon upon the peak of Heaven,
Then with unwilling steps I wander down
Into the clouds of the Atlantic even.

This Adad the bull-god, whose emblem was a hammer, was Hittite, the Lord of Storms. He was a sky-god and associated readily with a sun-god. He was Zeus, he was also Helios. He was lodged at Delos in the second century before Christ, when Achaios son of Apollonius dedicated a temple to Adatis and Atargatis the gods of his fatherland and served there in 137–136 B.C.; two other priests who followed, like himself came from Hierapolis. At Rome has been found a dedication to Adad of Lebanon and Adad of the mountain-top.[1] The great Temple of the Sun at Baalbek at which successive travellers have marvelled even into our own century, was begun by Antoninus Pius (138–161) and continued down to completion under Caracalla (211–217). Macrobius (c. 400) describes the worship of the sun under the name of Jupiter Heliopolitanus:[2]

Lord of Storms

Whip, thunderbolt and corn

That this divinity is at once Jupiter and the sun is manifest both from the nature of its ritual and from its outward appearance. It is in fact a golden statue of beardless aspect, standing like a charioteer with a whip in its raised right hand, a thunderbolt and corn-ears in its left — attributes which all indicate the combined power of Jupiter and the sun. In the cult attached to this temple divination is a strong point. . . . The image of the god of Heliopolis is carried on a litter resembling those used for the images of the gods in the procession of the Circus Games. . . . To prevent my argument from ranging through a whole list of divinities I will explain what the Assyrians believe concerning the power of the sun. They have given the name Adad to the god whom they venerate as highest and greatest. . . . Him therefore they adore as a god mighty above all others. But with him they associate a goddess called Adargatis. To these two they ascribe all power over the universe, understanding them to be the sun and the earth. They do not mark the subdivision of their power

into this, that and the other sphere by means of numerous names, but prefer to show forth the manifold glory of the double deity by the attributes with which they are adorned. . . . Beneath this same image [of Adargatis] are the forms of lions, showing that it stands for the earth; just as the Phrygians represent the Mother of the gods, that is the earth, carried by lions.

Syncretism

Here the Pagan worship died hard. In 297 occurred the conversion and martyrdom of S. Ginés the player,[3] revered at Compostella and at Arles, as Aymery mentions, by pilgrims to S. James, and further up the Rhone valley as well, for I have seen a statue of him in Burgundy. He saw the same light that flooded the crypt at Santiago, for when his companions threw him into the pool, he cried: "I saw the terrible glory in the bath, and I am a Christian!"[4] Constantine, according to Eusebius,[5] destroyed the temple of Venus and abolished the ancient Babylonian custom of "prostitution" before marriage, which obtained

S. Ginés the Player

Faiths and empires gleam

there. In the rioting which follows, the outraged populace seems to have seized the Christian girls and made them go through it, possibly in expiation of the affront to the goddess and the old ways; the story of what happened to Cyril the Deacon[6] sounds like a revival of Dionysiac orgies, for they tore him up and got their teeth into his liver. The great image lasted at least till nearly the end of the sixth century. Michael the Syrian says:

> In the epoch of Justinian II, 565–578, there was at Baalbek a city of Phoenicia between the Lebanon and Sanir, a great and famous idol, and (it was said) parts of the great house that Solomon had built. It was a hundred and fifty cubits high and seventy-five broad, built with stones entirely polished. It had huge columns, and cedars of Lebanon for timbers, covered with lead [which I take to mean roofed] with bronze ram's heads under each of the roof-beams. All the rest of the work was admirable. The pagans, seduced by the grandeur of the edifice, offered sacrifices to the

demons there, and nobody could destroy it. God for their confusion struck it by lightning which devoured it and consumed the wood, the bronze, the lead, and the idols therein. A great sorrow fell on all the pagans; *Now*, they said, ***paganism is ruined.***[7]

like wrecks of a dissolving dream

The thunderbolt was the fit ending for the thunder-god's shrine, whereof the huge stones had lent to it the name of ***Trilithon,*** but through the narrative of the twelfth century echoed the message of the fifth:—

Tell the king, on earth has fallen the glorious dwelling
And the water-springs that spake are quenched and dead.
Not a cell is left the God, no roof, no cover. . . .

Theodosius the Great built a church in the ruins, says Malalas.[8] "Quid vero Heliopoli erat, Trilithum vocatum ingens illud et celeberrimum . . . " and Theodosius was a Spaniard, as he says; a Galle-

gan, apparently.[9] But whether that church was dedicated to S. James, we have no way to know. It is not impossible.

Half a century before, Constantine had established there a bishop with his presbyters and deacons; the names of two other bishops, from the fifth century, are preserved. Maundrell saw one still legible, on an inscription, in his day.[10] According to the Germans who have explored the site,[11] the church had three apses at the further end, which were all pierced with doorways at a later time when the orientation of the church was reversed and a new apse erected at the east. It was built between the pools, around and about the great altar of the temple court, somewhat as Gelmírez's at Santiago was built over the tomb. The entrance to the temple was by a high and noble stair, the same down which Mâr Rabbula was thrown about 400 A.D.[12] A wide colonnaded propylaeum between two towers made the background for this, and opened into the hexagonal court, arcaded round, with an open cloister like that of Eunate. Here should have

The Temple of the Sun

stood the cypress tree which is to be seen as plain and unmistakable on certain coins, standing in the central intercolumniation of the propylaeum as, on others, is a wheat ear. The cypress

The court to which this in turn admitted was square, surrounded with colonnades, except on the side of the temple.[13] In the porticoes were *exedrae*, two on each side, that contained themselves five niches or absidioles. To this Syrian arrangement, which reappeared in the south-west of France, at Souillac and Périgeux, reference was made in the discusssion of *S. Pedro la Rua* of Estella. Two pools flanked at first the central altar and afterwards the church which enclosed this; a vaulted crypt or substructure existed below. From the court steps went up to the temple. It was encompassed by a broad ambulatory within a single row of columns, and the foundation was built of the gigantic monolithic pieces that impressed the imagination of every traveller, from John of Antioch to Bayard Taylor. The stepped pool

A little to the left, with the same

orientation and a parallel axis, stood the temple of Dionysus, about which Puchstein makes the same observation as Lucian about the shrine of Hierapolis, and Thurkill about that of Santiago, that those who stood outside could look up within and through, even to the sanctuary. That was not true either of Greek temples or of Christian basilicas, and where it occurred, it was remarked. The vine and ivy leaves of the door-frame are there still, as they caught on the imagination and flourished in the legend of the Serpent-worshippers and Philip the Apostle.

The great stone

The cult-image in the temple of Jupiter represented Adad the god of storms and fertility, sky-god and bull-god, with calathos, whip, wheat-ears and thunder-bolt, long sheath-like garment which Dussaud is right in understanding as a cuirass,[14] and a pair of bulls. His mate, Atargatis, Allât or Venus, was not Astarte nor a moon-goddess, according to MM. Dussaud and Cumont,[15] but the star Venus: the lion is hers and the group of crescent and solar disk on coins. The lion-god called Gen-

On the brink of the night and the morning ...

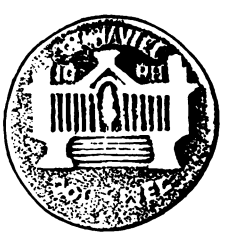
1

2

3

4

5



6

1 and 2. The Bull and the Ploughman: From Saragossa.
3. The Iberian Horseman: From Jelsa.
4. Isis's Bull: From "Las dos Hermanas."
5 and 6. Coins of Heliopolis showing the Stair and the Cypress.

naios, lodged in the sanctuary, is figured on coins of Berytus.[16] She was approximated to Juno and to Isis. The third member of the trinity was a son, Hermes or Simios, sometimes a daughter Simia. About this figure Dr. Frothingham has made some investigation of great value,[17] but it has nothing to do with Santiago. The western devotion in its patient syncretism took over the single most ancient figure of the high god, leaving the rest. Even that early dedication by Alfonso the Chaste, of altars to S. Saviour, S. Peter and S. John will not lend itself here to easy accommodation, though I have shown the tradition of another triad at Padrón which corresponds to the Syrian, and though I yet believe that the dedication to S. Saviour with its patronal feast of the sixth of August, the Transfiguration, was intended to glorify, with Rome and Ephesus, Compostella; with the centre of the world, the east and the west.

Not of morning nor evening is thy day

at Compostella

For Atargatis and the cult at Hierapolis, we have Lucian's full account,[18] quite trustworthy as to what he saw, very dubious

Hierapolis

as to what it meant. She is the Syrian Hera, she sits, girdled with sceptre and distaff, enthroned between lions, her mate is Zeus though they call him by another name, and he has bulls for lions.

So, *Radix Jesse qui stas in signo populorum*

Between the two is a third effigy that the Syrians call a symbol, it possesses no particular form of its own but recalls the characteristics of the other gods. A dove broods above. If this were such a monstrous pair of entwined serpents as appear upon the cup of Gudea, it would go far to explain why in the romance of Philip the townsfolk are called serpent-worshippers, but Lucian would have recognized a caduceus as easily as a phallus: — he saw phalloi, indeed, where probably there were none, but such twin pillars as have been dug up at Seville. He could not have said that the snakes had no form of their own.

Dr. Garstang desires to elucidate[19] the passage by reference to the Hittites and their draped pillars, and such pillars are known to Minoan cults, and the dressed Virgins of Spain are their daughters. In this connexion I should like to point out

that the figure in the *Gloria* which I have called S. James Minor and which is usually interpreted as a reduplication of the Son of Zebedee, carries as his attribute a Tau-staff wrapped around with cloths.

The Pillar at Saragossa

At Saragossa there was moreover a very ancient and long-enduring Pillar-cult,[20] existent before the Moorish invasion and known to all travellers today. The evidence for that will be found in *Appendix* I; and the facts in the case, so far as we can make out the traces of them, are as follows:

Before the Moors a tomb was worshipped, a light shone about the city. They received and held both beliefs. The Pillar of carved marble which was visible outside the mosque, and which determined the *mihrâb*, in which it was incorporate, was a marvel, a wonder, and a Holy Thing. The White Town was not so called because the walls were whitened, but conversely; perhaps because every several gate was one pearl. It had several characteristics that we recognize in the Happy Other World. The Christian church in Saragossa survived throughout the Moorish domination and

had every chance to preserve its traditions. The Moors associated the Tomb there with one of the Companions of the Lord (no matter which Lord) and also associated Saragossa with Tortosa.

At Santiago likewise

After the conquest of the city in 1118 the sacredness of the church was reaffirmed; the image may have been brought in then from the other side of the Pyrenees, but the Pillar was there. Conversely, there is a trace of a Pillar-cult at Santiago de Compostella, in that shaft which held up the original altar of S. James, which the Disciples, it is said, brought from Jerusalem but which Father Fita shows they could not have brought: it was made over to the Monks of Antealtares as compensation for losing the Sepulchre. Sir Arthur Evans reports the existence of Pillar-cults in the Balearic Isles, and publishes Minoan gems that show a tree standing in the temenos quite like the pine at Iria, and a pillar in the shrine like that of Santiago.[21]

In 1253 a confraternity of the *Virgen del Pilar* was established at the taking of Seville, that is good testimony for the

relative antiquity of the cult. In 1456, a bull of Calixtus III affirmed the tradition, in 1459 John II of Aragon gave privileges, in 1504 Ferdinand the Catholic, King of Aragon, assisted in promoting the devotion. Fray Lamberto, who represents local tradition, claims as the earliest bishops the two Companions of the Apostle S. James, who may be substituted for the Geographer's Companions of the Prophet; and they involved in the beginning the Sepulchre, that their charge was to guard. He associates with Saragossa, Tortosa at the mouth of the Ebro, and claims for Saragossa in Spain what Tortosa in Syria claims, the first church built to Our Lady in all the world. If the Lady of the Doves was worshipped at Heliopolis, and probably Tortosa, along with a bull-god and a Pillar, and since the coins of Saragossa in Roman times show the bull-god as well as the horseman, then we have at Saragossa all the conditions of the same cult.

A Borja of Valencia

Adad, Our Lady and a Pillar

There are other parallels at Hierapolis curious to note, like that brightness of the temple at night which proceeds here from a

stone in the goddess's *calathos*, and the stepped pool at the shrine described in Maundrell's *Travels*[22] and in Thorkill's *Vision*. The fragrance, which not only fills the temple but hangs in your garments, has been preserved for us also in the Legend of S. Isidore with the same vivid phrasing, "so that it hung long in the hair and beard of those about," as Redempto says or another.[23] Lucian's account throughout has the tang of actual memory, and it is not easily forgotten:

Clinging perfumes

> The ascent to the temple is built of wood and is not particularly wide; as you mount even the great hall exhibits a wonderful spectacle and it is ornamented with golden doors. The temple within is ablaze with gold and the ceiling in its entirety is golden. There falls upon you also a divine fragrance such as is attributed to the region of Arabia, which breathes on you with refreshing influence as you mount the long steps, and even when you have departed this fragrance clings to you; nay, your very raiment retains long that sweet odour, and it

will ever remain in your memory. But the temple within is not uniform. A special sacred shrine is reared within it; the ascent to this likewise is not steep, nor is it fitted with doors, but is entirely open as you approach it. The great temple is open to all.[24]

Besides the beardless Zeus, the Goddess, and the symbol set up under a baldachin and topped with a dove, Macrobius describes a bearded Helios, armed, with *calathos* and spear, women below him somehow involved with serpents. Hierapolis was a famous pilgrimage place. Many circumstances of the feasts,[25] — the throngs of strangers, the ritual, the carrying of the image, the emotion, — suggest what we know of Santiago in the crowded centuries, and Lucian and Sobieski are very comparable in what they report, though the details are more often diverse. Those sacred songs to the sound of castanets, those dancing men, like the *saises* of Seville where the Syrian goddess once was worshipped with spring processions in the streets and the annual wailing for her lover,

So Benjamin of Tudela testifies, page 332

seem as though they belonged on Asian soil. The customs came probably unawares, as men settled and practised their own worship in their own way, but architectural likeness would be carried as men travelled.

Syrian sanctuaries known:
1. From books
2. From travellers to the East
3. From visitors to the West

Macrobius and Lucian were both known to the whole Middle Age, and well known; if there were knowledge in bull-worshipping Spain of the bull-god of Heliopolis, and in the City of the Pillar of the pillar at Hierapolis, and in the land of Santiago of the statue which expressed nearly every function and every attribute of the Tribal Hero, the descriptions would be scanned and the sanctuary examined. The early pilgrims all knew Baalbek, S. Jerome's Paula no less than S. Silva of Aquitaine,[25] Burchard no less in the thirteenth than Mukaddasi in the tenth. There was a bishop there who might even take a journey into Spain, like that other Syrian bishop whom S. Isidore confuted and convinced; as doubtless Benjamin of Tudela was not the only traveller to talk with men who had looked on idols. Eusebius writing on the Theophany records that

the ancient worship was not yet abated. In the time of Valens the orgies[26] still went on. Now Theodosius followed Valens, and may well have had the same impulse as his contemporary Ambrose at Milan, to consecrate what he could not extirpate.

Along the Eastern Road.

Nimrod is lost in Orion, and Osiris in the Dog-Star.
— Sir Thomas Browne.

Objects at Sion and Byzance

I have shown in earlier chapters how in certain aspects the sanctuary of Santiago resembles Jerusalem, as in the sepulchre and the chain, or Constantinople, as in the crown and the notion of three churches one over the other. These likenesses are deliberate. Other things included in Thurkill's description have not been explained, as we can explain the weighing of the souls, and the devil on a great black horse. Chief of these are the stepped pool and the stairway through which you look up to the altar. That stairway was described

Scales and White Horse

The Great Stair and Pool

by Lucian as he saw it at Hierapolis, and the great steps with the vista through the propylaeum and hexagonal court even into the Basilica of Theodosius, were there at Heliopolis likewise, and they were figured on the coins,[1] and they impressed Puchstein when he was digging for the German emperor.[2] The coin of Philip and the drawing of Mr. Pennell, which both adorn this book, express identical architectural inventions, and Aymery's description of the western staircase at Santiago supplies a third instance. The steps and the vista are not in the least Greek. There is nothing like them in any account of Jerusalem, they are found nowhere in Rome. At one shrine in France they may be seen, where the doors that close them at the foot were made by Syrian workmen, and that is the sanctuary of the Mountain Mother, Notre Dame du Puy. There were Syrian architects in Spain as well, along the *Camino francés*, and Sr. Lampérez postulated their share, although reserving his evidence, in the building of the cathedral at Compostella.[3]

(Pages 205 355)

Our Lady of the Peak

Let us not have over this, if any one is ever well-disposed toward the notion, such unseemly wrangling for precedency as in the case of Toulouse: let us say that in both cases the architectural impetus was Syrian, and the Storm God and the Mountain Mother alike were domiciled in the west. The consistent syncretism of the early centuries of our era was capable of this and more.

. . . Y aquel monte es la Iglesia

The high god of Compostella had taken up into himself all the worships, all the devotions that reached his shrine, and they were many. They were borne in the dust of marching legions, of wandering peddlars, of returning pilgrims and crusaders. His sanctuary was like the Syrian goddess's, "with something of the traits of all others,"[4] Jerusalem, Byzance, and Baalbek.

donde os ha de velar

There is no other account that explains all the facts. There is no improbability *à priori*. The objection that in a Christian country S. James could not have come so near to being God, will hardly stand. His would not be the first devotion that thought it not robbery to be equal with God. The

early church when it was struggling for existence with all the other Syrian cults, and Egyptian, and Anatolian, and Asiatic from further east, was willing to identify Christ with the sun,[5] and on a glass the head of Christ is the rayed bust of Sol Sanctissimus.[6] The Manichaeans identified Him with the sun: the Armenians then and still, it is credibly asserted, as Christians have always worshipped the sun. S. Bridget in Celtic Ireland was identified with the Blessed Virgin Mary,[7] the local divinity with the exotic, she was called *Mary of the Gaels*, "the mother of my celestial king," and one verse of a hymn prays "that she will root out from us the vices of the flesh, she the budded rod, she the mother of Jesus." Réville and Cumont are authorities respectable even to the orthodox, and the facts about S. Bridget are given by Don Louis Gougaud in the *Bibliothèque de l'enseignement de l'histoire ecclésiastique*. These parallels have sufficient weight, it is hoped. As late as the twelfth century the most astonishing implications were used for their emotional

value at Santiago in Fulbert's Mass, and still more amazing phrases in Queen Elvira's donation fifty years earlier. S. James was still the high god, his was the worship and the kingdom, his the power and the glory.

The ultimate fact is the worship:[8] religions come and pass again; that changes not:

The state of the case, page 488

As the soul whence each was born makes room for each,
God by God goes out, discrowned and disanointed
But the soul stands fast that gave them shape and speech.

BOOK FOUR
HOMEWARD

Now I face home again, very pleased and joyous,
But where is what I started for so long ago,
And why is it yet unfound?
— Leaves of Grass.

I

SUMMING UP

I love and understand
One thing: with staff and scrip
To walk a wild west land,
The winds my fellowship.
— Lionel Johnson.

WHO goes in pilgrimage to a god must await his word: or soon or long, he cannot leave till he has his answer. It is well to abide in expectation, and make not haste in time of trouble. I have waited, sometimes, on the great S. James, but I never went away without the word. And however much a man had longed to set out upon the journey when spring came and he smelt the fresh clods in his own land, and with whatever delight he had packed a bag and taken passage in a ship, yet it was

"Constantly abide"

En Castilla, como antes

never without content, when the time came, that he turned his face toward home, "as one that travels toward the darkening east," this being helped, perhaps, by a growing bodily weariness. Antonio had said, once, in our hearing, that you can't go through life as you go through a fair: *Andar por el mundo como una romería.* I was going home, now, coming "back to do my day's work in my day." Like the pilgrims, who were wont to set out upon the return journey in the early morning,[1] I was ready betimes.

regocijo de estudiantes

Before leaving Galicia there were accounts to settle. Some Spaniards still assert, Sr. Casanova, for instance, that Santiago came down ready made like the New Jerusalem out of heaven. After reading all that could be secured of what he wrote and some others, and composing an exact and careful refutation of it, I have put that in the fire. The truth about Santiago, Street declared, and Lampérez, and I have shown up perhaps a point or two, and Santiago can take care of himself. So I am not careful to denounce the ac-

complished lady who has written of Santiago in the series of the *Mediaeval Towns*. She gives herself away on every page, as one blind-folded whom the blind have led. As for the symbolism of the sculptures about the western door, they must be read in the light of the twelfth century: not what one thinks of one's self, but what the Middle Age thought, and read and recited must explain them.

deleite de romeros y alivio de caminantes

The Portico of Visions.

Of stones full precious are thy walls,
thy gates of pearles are tolde,
There is that Alleluia sung in streetes of beaten gold.
— W. Prid.

The theme of Master Matthew's porch is Apocalyptic, but the sources of the imagery are to be found less precisely in the twenty-first chapter of the Revelation of S. John the Divine than in the mediaeval literature of Visions, the *Apocalypse of Paul*, the *Vision of Tundall* and Thurkill's

The *Gloria*

Vision in especial. To Paul's Vision may be attributed three elements, of which the first is the company of the caressing angels who receive and defend the soul of the just man newly dead, and present it before God. Another passage explains the odd little figures set high on the door-jambs at the transept portals, by explaining their prototypes at Cremona. These are Enoch and Elijah, who receive the soul at the gates of the Heavenly City. Finally, in the midst of the city is an altar and there "David stands with harp in hands as master of the Quire" precisely as he sits on the outer wall at Orense, and sat once at Santiago before the façade was rebuilt.[1]

Heaven-farers from of old

The *Apocalypse of Paul* is as old as the fourth century in Greek and was known to the whole western church. The two passing quotations from a rendering of S. Peter Damian of which I have made much use, one about the angels and the trees and the other about David as choirmaster, may serve to illustrate its currency in the eleventh century.

Apocalypse

Tundall's Vision was seen in 1149 and

written before 1153: the striking parallel it offers to the north aisle door has been already noted. The punishment of carnal sinners,[2] is equally close to the imagery of the south aisle door. Other passages fall pat to the pilgrims' story:

> They passed from that pain
> And comen to a great mountain,
> That was both great and high
> There on he heard a doleful cry:[3]

. . . Quia incolatus meus prolongatus est

and the *Pont qui tremble* is described:

> All quaking that bridge ever was.[4]

Lastly the insistence not only on the number but on the variety of musical instruments in Paradise, explains the variety here in the archivolt, where at Moissac, for instance, you have simply two dozen fiddles.

Thurkill's *Vision*,[5] determined as it was by the accounts of returning travellers, supplies the fresh cool green stuff underfoot, beneath the sitting Christ and S. James, which, also, I think, is unique at Santiago.

He made the world

to be a grassy road

Thurkill had greatly desired to make the pilgrimage to Compostella, as appears where S. Julian speaks of "Thy Lord S. James to whom thou hast already put it up in prayer": he must have talked with returning pilgrims, and got together uncommonly detailed information about the place, which serves at times to complete our knowledge. In the account of the vision quoted with but little condensation from Ward's translation, in *Appendix* VII, I have indicated in brackets the bearing of the several details:—beginning with the Causeway, which is the *camino de Santiago*, and green grass unwithering, which is the path of redemption of sins, and corresponds to the scorched track that marked the way from Eden of Adam and Eve.[6] The church of Mountjoy is confused, as hearsay knowledge is usually, with the church of the Apostle, and the vista up the long steps and through the open door, even to the altar, confirms the theory that the first portal, at the west, was like that of Le Puy.

If, as there seems a possibility, the idea

of that stairway and portal was carried to Santiago from Hierapolis, then Le Puy will have borrowed it. Indeed, Sr. Lampérez has already pointed out that the doorway of S. Michel de l'Aiguille, in the same town, so much resembles the cusping about the tribunes, outside the apse of Santiago, and so closely corresponds to that of what was once the *Mihrab* at Cordova, that we are justified in the hypothesis of an influence flowing northward into France, Hispano-Mahomedan in its nature.[7]

before thy wandering feet

The Chantier.

Por Dios, señores, quitemos el velo
que turba y ciega así nuestra vista.
Ferrant Sánchez Talavera.

Again, there is the question of the *chantier*. The cathedral works were a permanent corporation, or very nearly. Before or about the year 1000, the Spanish historians say, Spain was not so preoccu-

A white robe of churches

pied with terror of the end of the world, as were the northern peoples. Spain was occupied with Almanzor. But about the same time as the rest of Europe put on its white robe of churches, the Bishop and the King undertook to restore to S. James his sanctuary in better form. This was certainly not finished until the middle of the century, and by the end of the third quarter all was in train for the great rebuilding. The builders of Alfonso III were probably all Spanish or Oriental; the builders of the eleventh century knew Burgundy, for they planned for towers, and reared them. The absence of towers, reasoned Sr. Soler about Sahagún, is an argument that the builder was not French. The argument may count for what it is worth: S. Isidore has not twin western towers (possibly for special reasons) but the building is admitted as French, and the elder part accepted for work of Ferdinand's dedication, 1063. That would make the elder Santiago and the elder S. Isidore quite contemporary. The point is, here, that though the great Santiago was not commenced before 1078,

the *chantier* had already those characteristics which we have loosely called Benedictine and Burgundian Romanesque, and workmen were passing along the Way. Thus whatever is taken away with one hand, is restored with the other. The master-workmen of the twelfth century were trained in the great French monastic style that is often called Auvergnat, that produced S. Faith of Conques, S. Martial of Limoges, S. Sernin of Toulouse; and such smaller churches as those of S. Gaudens, Burlatz, Alet, Marcillac and Figeac;[1] they directed men who understood the style, for these had received from the same sources a little further up-stream. Whatever may be the case with the sculptures at Leon, there is no particular reason to suppose that the architect Petrus de Deo, who was buried at Leon in his church (consecrated 1149) was trained at Compostella. Workmen must have passed along the roads and the better ones being fetched to Compostella would stay there, and not go home, so that S. Isidore, for instance, would get the first chance as

Burgundian

Auvergnat

Petrus de Deo

they went by. But S. Isidore could import architects for himself, as we know that Avila did.

Structure and decoration not always alike

As the workers in stone constituted a single craft, it is difficult to discuss the sources of architecture apart from sculpture. We have to remember, however, that, at any rate in lesser places, which depended on the Road for their supply, the structure and the decoration may be quite unlike. For instance, the decorative style of Santiago, in capitals, mouldings, flowers, cornices, and even figures, was used very widely: in parish churches that stay, structurally, as completely within their proper style as the English, like Noya; in straight Burgundian monastic, like Carboeiro; in pure cathedral-building, like Orense. The most surprising instance of this law occurred at Santiago, where on Auvergnat structure was imposed a Poitevin scheme, and workmanship of Toulouse; the most absurd at Sangüesa, where on one portal the jambs go back to Chartres, the tympanum to Moissac, and the upper part to Poitou.

It has been proposed, unnecessarily as I think, to consider the portal sculpture at S. Isidore a back-wash from Santiago. The capitals go with the building, they are not Toulousan, but the tympana and figures about the doors belong, directly or indirectly, to the school of Toulouse. In discussing them I accounted for their appearance in Leon, by a synthesis of what ivories, the antique, and the style of Toulouse could give. All over northern Spain, in the twelfth century, the style of Toulouse appears, from Soria to Oviedo, and in every halting-place along the pilgrim's road. Not all the workmen had seen Toulouse: the situation may be understood by considering the practice and the appearance in about 1895, of Impressionist painters in America who had never seen France, or in this year of grace, 1917, of Futurists who know not Milan. In the twelfth century the wealth, as in the thirteenth century the wretchedness, of Languedoc, scattered its sons abroad. In the eleventh and the twelfth century the courts of the south were sought by everyone who

The School of Toulouse

Trobadors

lived by the arts; and all the courts in turn. There was a current of trobadors circling in the great stream of pilgrims like a dance of motes in a ray of sunlight. Juan Rodríguez of Padrón, *Macías o Namorado*, and that Peter of Palencia who died of love for a grand-niece of Diego Gelmírez, will serve for one instance, the complete understanding of many and various instruments of music by quite provincial carvers, for another, of this free circulation of artists. In the end, the designation *school of Toulouse*, ceases to stand for locality and names a style: consider, for instance, the Christ, published by Señor Moreno, from *S. María de Tera*,[2] or the pair of apostles from *S. Juan de Rabaneyra*, in Soria; the former is low provincial work, the latter very noble, both are entirely Spanish, but the style is Toulousan in the same sense in which Venetian marbles and Sicilian mosaics are Byzantine. The style is positive; easy to distinguish from that of Arles; not so easy, from that of Vézelay. At present it cannot be dated properly.

Of the sculpture at Santiago we know nothing certainly earlier than the *chantier* of the present church. Of the carved columns and lintel that Alfonso III imported, not a fragment has been found. They would have had elements perhaps immediately oriental, that are absent here.

But the carving at the south door is not by Toulousan workmen. Some of it is provincial — the shafts, lovely though they be, conceived as decoration. A great deal of that which stretches across the face of the wall above, is affected by the school of Chartres. Between some of the figures high in the west corner, and the so-called King David of the *Porte Royale*, the likeness is strong, and when you have once caught it, then you see it also in the strange central figures of Christ and S. James. The placing of these great statues above the door and not about it, the absurd little saints fastened up on the jamb face as Brunehault hung her intending spouses on the wall, the plastic irrelevancy and incoherency of the tympana, are all marks

The School of Chartres

of provincialism: the *chantier* had more dexterity than imagination. The Cathedral, lying off there at the edge of the world, was rich as in a fairy tale: it could buy genius, but it could not buy centrality.

Excursus on Some Twelfth Century Sculpture.

Felix per omnes Dei plebs ecclesias
Devotae laudis Christo reddat hostias . . .
— William, Patriarch of Jerusalem.

Italian current

We have seen, from time to time, another current than that of French architecture manifest itself, which is Italian, at S. Juan de la Peña and S. Cruz, Estella and Torres, Carrion and Moarbes, Leon, Tuy, possibly Armentía. At S. Sepulcro of Torres and S. Sepulcro of Estella there is positive borrowing, in the former case from Master Benedetto's tympanum of the Deposition, in the latter, of the Modena-Pistoja Last Supper. At S. Cruz and at Torres, as at Vera Cruz of Segovia, occurs the same odd device of piercing a window through two walls, one curved, at the

tangential point, and the only other cases of this I know, lie in Bari and the region round about or in Asia Minor. At S. Miguel of Estella the portal sculptures are carved on two wide steles that flank the jambs, as at S. Zeno of Verona and S. Biagio of Orvieto.

The latter may be ignored, for it has a different life-history, the former deserves consideration. Work was begun in 1139, upon the church at Verona, and Master William and Master Nicholas are both named in inscriptions, the former as author, the latter as sculptor. They, or another pair of the same name, had worked at Lanfranc's Modena, begun 1099, consecrated 1106; and at Ferrara, 1135. The little figures set in the mouldings of door-jambs at Ferrara[1] have a strong positive likeness to the school of S. Juan de la Peña. Though M. Emile Mâle has proved the debt of these to France, yet no other work there has such a likeness that I know excepting that at Cremona, placed in 1114, from which the Apostles of S. Miguel de Estella are copied, and also those of Verona. Elsewhere,

Verona

A Spaniard in Ferrara *chantier*

neither the figure sculptures nor the capitals resemble work in Spain. That looks as though a Spaniard had possibly worked in the *chantier* at Ferrara.

Wayfaring themes

Northern motives came with French knights and pilgrims into Italy. The battle of Roncevaux was figured upon the pavement at Brindisi; northern knights like those of Modena on a side-door at Bari, where also are found two labours of the months. The labours and the knights are in conjunction at Modena in the *Porta de la Peschiera*, and here the knights are named: Arthur of Britain, Gawain, Kay, amongst others. Roland and Oliver stand on the outer door-jambs of Verona cathedral and at S. Zeno another cycle appears, where Theodoric as the Wild Huntsman rides to Hell. Borjo S. Donnino is carved with pilgrimage themes: above the two prophets, angels lead journeying families, one rich, one poor, and on the tower is figured a long progress of kings. What happened in Spain was happening in Italy as well. Those grand prophets of S. Donnino, with their high cheekbones,

their curled and waving beards, their melon cap, who belong at earliest to the last quarter of the twelfth century, have nothing to do with the strange figures of Cremona, one with an Assyrian cap and beard, all without necks, who are not yet entirely disengaged from the rectangular slab. But they have much to do with the art of S. Denis that culminates at Chartres; compare them with the elders of the Apocalypse, the so-called King David.[2] At Parma, close by, Master Benedetto worked long like a good Gothic artist. The tympanum and lintel of the Doom, the tympanum of the Epiphany, lead straight back into France. The Solomon and Sheba might be matched at Strassbourg and Pampeluna, but in the Solomon the features assume already the cast which is more marked by far in the seated prophets which make a pendant to the group, and which are grander if less lovely than the San Donnino figures. In the Deposition of the Parma cathedral, the Byzantine asserts itself, seizing the opportunity in the slender figures of the Holy Women, just as

Another good Gothic artist

at Armentía in Spain. All things considered, I should make a hypothesis that work went on at the same time, at Parma, and S. Donnino, that the prophets were the culmination of that at Parma, and that those of S. Donnino came afterwards.[3] By this time the thirteenth century is well begun.

Meanwhile in France

Meanwhile the west front of Chartres,[4] and the sculptures of Arles and S. Gilles, were long since finished. The artist who at S. Domingo de Silos, in the cloister, adapted the style of Toulouse to the rectangular panels of corners and buttresses must have known the cloister at Arles. There in Provence, in the north-west and the north-east angle, the space between the statues is filled by one or more scenes in relief. Lasteyrie cites an epitaph, in the north gallery, of 1165[5], that puts the work in the second third of the century. The reliefs at Armentía I believe were made with direct knowledge of those at Arles, for they have the same distribution into major and minor scenes, a larger and a lower relief, but there must have been

knowledge of the work at Silos also: a capital at S. María de Estibalez is identical with one at Silos. Lastly, it seems likely that men who had learned at Silos, worked in Estella, for the capitals of *S. Pedro la Rua* are copied after the abbey, and the portal of S. Miguel is decorated with reliefs disposed in large rectangles. But the workmen from Aragon who carved the figures at S. Miguel may well have known the arrangement at S. Zeno.

Master Raymond Lombard

There is, of course, documentary evidence that workmen from Lombardy passed into Spain. There is that Raymundo Lombardo whose contract Villanueva published,[6] who worked in Catalonia from 1175 with four other Lombardos, and as many masons. There are Lombard towers in the Valley of Andorra, in Catalonia, at Segovia, possibly at S. Isidore of Leon, certainly at Valladolid and Zamora. At Ripoll in Catalonia, as at S. Abbondio of Como, there are twin western towers. The builders seem to have gone where they were called, but they worked most in the wide domains of the kings of Aragon, who

had intercourse with Italy always. At Ripoll the architecture was as Lombard as at the Seo de Urgell, though double aisles and seven apses made something more magnificent, in its own way, than the Italian models. Ripoll, like Silos, was monastic and not cathedral, by the way. The source of the façade I believe must be sought not in the arcaded portals of France, but in Italian memories of the antique. The one thing that it really looks like, is a Roman triumphal arch. There are found the narrative and dramatic reliefs, the figures grouped in a continuous relation, the superb frieze across the top. Into this is set, indeed, a church door instead of the open archway of the monument: the style, so far as it can, changes to correspond. The lions in the lowest range are the lions of Lombard porches: on the north side, the little fabulous figures below are found on the Parma Baptistery and on the south flank at Verona; the theme of David and his musicians was used by Master Benedetto at Parma, later than this, and I dare say by mere coincidence. I see no reason

Roman art in triumphal arches

to suppose that he knew Spain—if there were any reason, then the hypothetical Spaniard who worked at Ferrara might have passed through Ripoll first and then Parma, and in talking things over, have mentioned this. The labours of the months at Ripoll belong with the Italian and not the French series.[7]

A hypothetical itinerary

In the past I have said that this great frontispiece was like a page of miniature, but I saw afterwards that it was not. It is like the Arch of Titus. To that Apocalyptic Christ, above whose head the everlasting doors are lifted up, and his *Apostolado*, we must refer the lost first relief of the style of Carrion. I am disposed to place it, by hypothesis, in the porch of S. Zoyl. At Estella, as noted, the roof is lifted above the figure of Christ, in a curious imitation. The reliefs at Carrion and Moarbes are made for some similar exaltation. The style of those strange dancing figures, with solemn curled beards and priestly tiaras, like Asian hierarchs, is different from the sculpture of the narrative reliefs of Moissac and

Apostolado at S. Zoyl

Adriatic to Atlantic

Toulouse on the one hand, and is related on the other to that at Ripoll.

Yet one more note is needed, that carries the student from Grecian waters to Atlantic: the arrangement of wall-arcading at S. Nicholas of Bari is repeated on the north transept face at Tuy. The same grouping of arches, though the result is rather different, appears on the western doorways at Olorón and Vauvant, and in the *Clottre S. Jean* at Angers, with two doors under one wider circular arch, that leaves for tympanum a flattened figure bounded by three curves, one high and two re-entrant. Here, however, the interest is fixed on the wall-space; there, on the arching: this is the converse of that.

Summing up it appears that:

1. A current flowed in from Italy, that passed by the crusaders' route, from Brindisi through the Emilia and probably around the Mediterranean shore: across the southern slope of the eastern Pyrenees.
2. There was intercourse with Pistoja

on account of S. James; with Parma and Ferrara because these lay on the Road; possibly with Verona and Modena, for the circulation was swift and strong in the north of Italy. Recapitulation

3. Ripoll, and S. Juan de la Peña, sent severally influences westward: that of S. Juan may be traced in the sculptures at Estella, the style in the north portal, and in parts of the western, at Leon, and is the source of the style of Soria and some of Carrion; the influence of Ripoll, and also of Toulouse *via* Ripoll, in S. Sepulcro of Estella and the Carrion group.

4. The figures above the portal, on the transept at Santiago, owe something to Chartres but something to Carrion, in cast of feature and hair and beard.

5. The figures of Master Benedetto at Parma and S. Donnino (if indeed the latter are his) and those of Master Matthew, are curiously alike in some ways, as is only natural since they both drew from the same sources.

6. In Santiago, while Toulouse and Vézelay are strong, Carrion and Chartres are also present.

Workmen of S. James.

Miña terra, miña terra,
miña terra y-en ciquí,
anxos do cey-o levaime
á terra oud' en nacín.
— Cantar Gallego.

1. Transept

2. Cloister

3. Porch

At the time of the first consecration of Santiago, 1102, the transept portals were probably in use, though they need not have been completely finished. In France, however, and I think in Spain, though not in Italy, the stone was usually carved before it was set. This may be observed at S. Pedro of Soria. In the time of Aymery Picaud, all three were completely finished, for he mentions no work going on. The carvers were probably, in the middle years of the century, engaged on the cloister: in 1168 Master Matthew began work on the *Gloria*. The date of 1102 is important as a *terminus ad quem* for Chartres and Toulouse: these distant French *chantiers* are responsible for work finished that year in Galicia. The style of Master Matthew is very different; racy, and in his pupils homely. He knew Vézelay as someone a century

before him had known Chartres: and Chartres perhaps he even knew, for the great art there has left its mark on his figures. His genius could bend stone, flush it, warm it, but time and space were stronger. His genius, like Dante's, sums up the Middle Age, but the *Gloria* of Santiago, like the *Divine Comedy*, has not in any real sense *fait école*.

He went there, says Bertaux

It was copied, of course, with exactitude at Orense, and once was deliberately imitated superbly at Avila. On the south porch of Avila the statues of a king and queen are copied from two at Autun that once adorned the shrine of S. Lazarus[1]: this I have already noted. But while the narthex (I think S. Lampérez has said it somewhere) is pure Burgundian, and the tympanum sculptures there are copied, like the scroll on the archivolt, from Avallon, and the draperies show a first-hand knowledge of work at Vézelay, the statues themselves turn and stand and hold converse together after the same wise as the Compostellan, and the Saviour on the central post (I have said this myself

all the road and back again

in an article elsewhere) is fitter for a S. James. This last work at Avila, again, was copied for the central capital, above a plain post, at Leyre.

In the article[2] on S. Marta de Tera full of illumination and suggestion, already referred to, Sr. Gómez Moreno will have it that the early sculptures at Santiago were executed by a supreme master from Constantinople, whose style spread all over the kingdom and finally reached Toulouse! There seems no way to meet a statement of this sort, except by a shorter and a harsher word which is spelled Bosh. The work at Compostella presents a mixture, separable by analysis, of styles known in their purity; there appears a normal development, and imitation elsewhere later, but nothing antecedent; the dates alleged are untenable. French cathedrals were begun at the east end, and the Spanish that followed French models also, and an inscription confirms the fact here: now the ground on which the eastern chapel stands was not bought till 1077. Lastly, there is truth in the neglected scholastic aphorism that a cause must be

A mingled style

Pilgrims' Cross at Mellíd

adequate to its effect: the art of Toulouse in the rich plain is the flowering of an exquisite, an exotic, a premature Renaissance: not such the art of Santiago, in the granite hills.

In the *Gloria*, the motive of the tympanum is borrowed from southern France: from the *Gloria* the figures in the arch were in turn copied elsewhere. So little in Spain is dated with exactitude that I am unable to say whether this arrangement of the little figures on radii of a circle struck from the centre of the lintel, is Master Matthew's invention. If so, it passed into France up the road with the pilgrims almost as far as Anseis' messengers went.[3] It is found at Olorón, on the pilgrims' road, at Soria, where a king repeopled, at Zamora and Toro which have an architecture of their own; at Corunna and Betanzos in northern Galicia, applied to parish churches; at Carboeiro, adorning an alien style; at Puerto Marín, whither the pilgrims carried it; at Moraime in a hideous, at Noya in a beautiful imitation of the portal. There must be other instances: in brief, it was copied every-

Et semitas tuas edoce me

where. Right in the square before the porch and the door, in the sixteenth century it was strangely imitated at S. Jerónimo. I have said already how the whole *Gloria* was reproduced for the Paradise of Orense, and the nortn and south doors of that cathedral show later adaptations of the motives of the northern door, the Paradise of Santiago, fresh and fragrant and charming.

Orense passed on to Zamora

The porch at Tuy is not influenced in the least by Santiago; it does not belong in that class. It is a Gothic portal, and was designed like Burgos, Leon, Osma and Toledo; itself it probably determined the rich and beautiful side-portal built in the thirteenth century for S. Seurin of Bordeaux.

The capitals of Santiago, like the Ancients, were copied, and with more success. Sr. Gómez Moreno thinks he recognizes the school at Corullón, in the Vierzo, which was consecrated in 1186. There were ways and time enough for the style to get there, for a parish church, I suppose, may also enjoy consecration before the last stone is

Corullón

polished, and doors may even be built after a fabric is completed. This of S. Esteban opens under a western tower, quite in the manner of the region round about, and the capitals are, as we say, not so bad: I had thought them simply Romanesque.

The other cathedrals of Galicia, Mondoñedo and Lugo, Tuy and Orense, have also seemed to me, in their most important aspect, simply Romanesque, with a greater debt, or a less, to France, determined in each case by the history of the see. They are reserved for another book. But Señor Lampérez has analyzed so admirably, in a periodical so nearly inaccessible, the gradual absorption of the French elements and the production, by a change comparable to the chemical, of a true style, that it seems not irrelevant to summarize briefly his work:

A chymical marriage

In studying the five Gallegan cathedrals, Santiago, Lugo, Tuy, Orense, and Mondoñedo, the distinguished architect begins by recalling the surprising instances of archaism in Galicia, cloisters like that of S. Francisco, in Lugo, built in the fifteenth

So D. Vicente Lampérez

century with marked analogies to such very ancient ones as those of S. Juan de la Peña and Gerona. At S. María del Azogue, of the fourteenth century, in Betanzos, is a portal absolutely Romanesque; at S. Martin of Noya, of the fifteenth, the façade presents forms and lines proper to the *castillos-iglesias* of the twelfth, and the portal is inspired from Santiago directly; the pillars of S. María of Pontevedra are an exact translation into sixteenth century Plateresque of the bases, brackets and supports of the twelfth century Romanesque. Two currents co-exist in Gallegan architecture, the Santiagüese and the real French Gothic; hence certain anachronisms. Lugo shows the conflicting currents: pillars, vault and capitals in the radiating chapels, are full of reminiscences of the archaic Gallegan Gothic: the piers of the sanctuary, with a cylindrical core and *chapiteaux à crochets*, show the direct influence of a purer French style. Tuy was going to be completely Compostellan, in aisles, pillars, vaulting, tribunes, and system of ornament, and so it was up to

Two currents

the crossing, but when the builders came to the eastern and upper part, a current of exoticism passed over Tuy. The piers grew complicated, ribbed vaults were built, and the triforium gallery, which inside is like Santiago and Lugo, now opens upon the nave by a fine arcade of the purest French Gothic. The art of Tuy is transitional in two senses: as a mingling of elements, having begun Romanesque and then been prepared for Gothic, and as a mingling of schools, beginning Compostellan, and acquiring French traits. The cloister has Gothic lines and Romanesque details, that, like a cloister at Orense (now built into a vestiary), represent the Gothic cloister tradition over against the Romanesque of the Franciscan cloisters of the region. Orense was begun about 1132: the three apses were demolished in the sixteenth century to build the present ambulatory and chapels; *girola* is the pretty word, allied to Villars's *charolle*, for which we have no English. The form of the plan and the composition of the piers show that it should have been Romanesque

Tuy

Orense

with aisle vaults groined and the nave a pointed barrel-vault. It had a wooden roof at first; in the second third of the thirteenth century it was roofed with rib-vaulting, and the diagonal ribs descend on *culs-de-lampe*. Without triforium, the church gets direct light from the high nave, and by this belongs to the French transitional (*románico-ojival*) style, and is by so much the less Compostellan. The lantern of the crossing, begun in 1499 by Roderick of Badajoz, unites two systems, the Christian and the Mohammedan. It has a primary system of arches interlaced which leaves a space in the centre, covered in turn by a secondary system of arches which come to a keystone. This example of Mudéjar in Galicia is precious, for instances are rare; among them, the roofing of the transept of S. Francisco at Lugo, and the stairway of the college of S. Jerome in Santiago. At Mondoñedo the vaulting shows the two systems, Compostellan and French, combined and not mixed, marking the complete progression of the style. On the whole, except for the presence of a

—and Toledo

Mon-doñedo

triforium arcade, within which exist tribunes spanned by quadrant arches under cover, the style is very near to the Cistercian, pure and untroubled.[4]

A process of this kind, by which an early influence is received, reacted upon, and made a part of the living whole thereafter to appear in contrast with a later influence from the same source, is reasonable and common. History and literature are made out of it. There the case rests.

Sorting.

Santiago de Galicia
Espallo de Portugal
Axudadme á vencer
esta batalla real.

Looking back over the whole long journey, the churches are recalled in groups which correspond to their function rather than geography. Beginning with cathedrals, the list reads, Jaca, Pampeluna, Vitoria, Burgos, Leon, Astorga. Of these the first is the most isolated and also the eldest, it is contemporary with the great

Sorted by styles

abbeys: the last is not of the Middle Age. The others are French immediately, with all their rich local tone and difference in sculptural style.

Two monastic churches, of unparalleled power and great wealth, betray French builders, Las Huelgas, and Villa-Sirga. With these should be connected two city churches, S. Pedro in Vitoria, of which the portal is cathedral (though the interior approaches the typical Spanish lofty late Gothic), and S. María de Cambre, close to Corunna, as French as the east end of Lugo within, but quite strange and in some ways Gallegan in the façade.

So at Carboeiro

Eunate and Torres, built for knights of the Holy Sepulchre, are more like each other than anything else, though the former is Romanesque and regional, the latter ogival and exotic.

The roll of great abbeys is overpowering: S. Juan de la Peña, Leyre, Irache, Frómista, S. Zoyl of Carrion, Benevívere, Sahagún, S. Pedro de las Dueñas, S. Isidore, Samos, with these counting S. Lorenzo de Carboeiro because it copied Santiago. At

S. Juan the church was pre-Romanesque, the cloister of a Romanesque not perfectly explained but possibly Italian, another cloister Romanesque of the great French school that carved S. Eutropius at Saintes, Fontevrault, Aulnay, and a hundred other churches. Leyre is Poitevin, with a façade planned in the Poitevin style but Toulousan carving. Like S. Juan, it stands not on the road, but up among the hills, and Ujué, on its hilltop crown, visible from half over Navarre, it almost seems, has the same Poitevin east end. Irache is transitional building, with the oddest suggestions of Cistercian despite the dome and apses that recall on the one hand the Salamantine group, on the other the domed churches of Souillac and Solignac, and with a possible Syrian strain. Frómista is domed in another way, also oriental, but otherwise French, eleventh century, with a pair of little Poitevin bell-turrets at the west. S. Zoyl of Carrion keeps nothing but the base of the belfry from the pilgrims' time: that window belongs with Frómista: probably S. Zoyl, which was bigger, was more

Abbeys

The richer, the more French

nearly transitional; Benevívere also. They were near together and near to Sahagún; they were Benedictine, in close relation with Cluny; they were rich, and it would seem, though not a law, yet a rough rule, that the richer the church, the more French. From Burgos to Leon was the very middle of the Way, crowded as Charing Cross: grandly the abbeys builded in Romanesque fetched from France. Sahagún was Burgundian Romanesque, and so was S. Pedro de las Dueñas, which was to it as moonlight unto sunlight. Like the great mother church, these had a central tower. S. Isidore, narthex, apse and nave, is in the French style of the west, and as I write these lines the chisels are tinkling, the hammers are tapping, to free the imprisoned capitals of the original cloister from plaster and mortar that held them so long lost. Of Samos I know nothing but the present fabric: it was not directly on the Road, but I should like to be sure whether tramping figures like Peter of Corbie and William the Englishman, did not design and rear the earlier church of S. Julian. S. Lorenzo

de Carboeiro, is structurally, of the noblest Burgundian building that holds in its grand forms the seed of white Cistercian.

Conventual and Collegiate churches may be classed together by the conditions of their organization and their endowment. S. Cruz de la Serós, with much likeness to Jaca, and some noble Spanish traits, yet points to France by lantern and domical vaulting; Sangüesa is as curious within as outside, without counting the beautiful lantern, worthy to name with those of Orense and Tarazona; it has parallel apses and aisles almost as lofty as the nave, but no transept and no west end: the capitals at the east are archaic Spanish types, those in the nave, of a perfected kind that may be Spanish still. S. Domingo de la Calzada originally was in the same style as the minor cathedrals of Sigüenza, Osma, and Tarazona, with *girola* and without towers; the origin of that style, nearer or more remote, is the French of France. Notwithstanding the importance of the foundation and the splendours of the monastic building, perhaps the church of Irache

Conventual and Collegiate churches

should for architectural reasons have been considered here. Castrojeriz is, as I understand, of a stubborner fashion, liker to S. Quirce in the oakwoods south of Burgos, and S. Juan in the thickets north of Burgos: like in the quality of building and the cutting of stone, that is to say, for S. Quirce has a dome and S. Juan has no nave, though it was grandly planned; and S. María has flowered into a glorious rose. This style, derived originally from France, as appears the moment structural elements are examined, has become Castilian of the soil, just as the Compostellan has become Gallegan of the rock; it is Spanish by an adoption as fierce and indomitable as when warriors gashed their arms and mingled the blood in one cup to drink. S. María del Camino, of Carrion, represents an earlier stage in the development of this. Here also fall the two churches near Vitoria, S. Andrés de Armentía, with sculpture of Languedoc left from the old portal, beast-headed Evangelists in the pendentives, and capitals carved with the lusty beasts that flourished from

Right Spanish

Saintes to Soria. In S. María de Estibalez the single nave and the dome recur, but the capitals within, while some are oriental, are some of the archaic school of Clermont-Ferrand, and the transept-face must be compared with Aulnay. The little church of the Sar, in a marsh below Compostella, with three barrel vaults of equal height, and a rising lintel, like Conques, finds parallels and prototypes in the churches of the Charente. Though Armentía was once a cathedral, these three last named come very near to the grander sort of parish church: that of Barbadelo, for instance; and the pilgrims' church of S. María de Mellíd should be compared with these near Vitoria.

In the towns flourished and flowered every lovely sort of parish church, slender, lofty, and exquisite. The style is at last completely Spanish. The earliest examples of it, *e. g.*, S. Miguel and S. Pedro in Estella, have, the one, a pure and northern sort of apse under pointed arches, the other apsidioles that recall Aquitaine; the loveliest, the three Maries of Nájera,

Town styles

Logroño, and Vitoria, pass by sensible stages into something rare and royal. In Puente la Reyna, Burgos, Frómista, Carrion, Roncesvalles, these blossom like a hawthorn-bush, lift up their heads like palm trees by the waterside. Leon has its homely type of parish church, Galicia its granite chapels. Puerto Marín stands alone, French building of another sort.

The conclusion of the whole matter

In the twelfth century the great abbeys, in the thirteenth the cathedrals, imported their builders. The monastic and collegiate foundations imitated so far as they could afford, but the Spanish leaven works more here, and here a very noble Romanesque style, in a very real sense Spanish, is dominant. The burgher churches, mostly much later in date, are strictly Spanish and almost Renaissance: but they are made out of all that had gone before. The whole entrance of Cistercian, and the Friars' Gothic of Galicia, though they contributed to fifteenth-century art, are apart from the present question, as the monuments are apart from the *camino francés*.

The knot and the twist

One other question must be considered briefly: the appearance of certain decorative elements not Latin, nor Byzantine, nor French, nor Syrian: the braid, the plait, and the twisted cord or rope, and the twisted and plaited knot that appears as a separate or separable ornament like the rosette and the helix, and has the same standing as honeysuckle and lotus, guilloche and meander. Courajod had investigated some of these elements shortly before he died, and he called them Northern and Scandinavian: had he lived longer, he might have exchanged the last word for Siberian. The twist and the knot both, are claimed for Gallo-Roman and proved for Frankish, they figure in Merovingian remains and on fibulae and brooches.[1] They are found on pillars at Cravant. They are on the crowns of Guerrazar; they are also on the churches of Leyre and Sangüesa. One such knot is carved on a capital at Constantinople, as adorning an angel's breast.[2] The marshy head of the Adriatic, like the mountain shore of the Asturias, need only be named, Cividale with Oviedo.

From Colchis' Strand

If they are found in Gothland, and in the lands of Ostrogoths and Visigoths, where did they take their rise? I was at some pains to disengage the Scandinavian element in Gallegan lore, precisely, because, by whatever road that came, these too might travel. If we could know for sure that it came after a thousand years, as some will have it, whence came the Golden Fleece, what good would that do?[3] The art would still be one alien to all that we mean by Gothic, which is an art purged, refined like silver thrice; and to all that we mean by Romanesque, grand with antique strength, precious with strange gifts from the East. It has no part in the glory of religion and of Spain: — Burgos massy and mighty, Leon all on flame, high-lying Orense, Tuy that the brimming Miño bathes, broad-girted Lugo, Santiago *varonil*.

II

MA CALEBASSE, C'EST MA COMPAGNE

Prythee tell me, how does the good Man S. James do? and what was he doing?
— Why, truly, not so well by far as he used to be.
— What's the Matter, is he grown old?
—Erasmus' Familiar Colloquies.

WHEN Charlemagne came back from Spain, says Turpin's Chronicle, he distributed the treasures he had taken among certain churches. At S. Romain de Blaye there are masses that he founded (it was said) for all those who should receive martyrdom in Spain, and S. Denis promised eternal glory to those who had died or should die in the Saracen wars of Spain.[1] These masses and vigils, these solemn feasts

Ask Siegfried Sassoon

with long-drawn *neuvaine* and *triduum* leading up to them, were there the peculiar advantage of the good knights who crossed the mountains in the eleventh and the twelfth century. Knights of the Temple and the Hospital, Crusaders of Ferdinand the Great, and Alfonso VI, companions of My Cid Ruy Diaz, and of the Lord of Battles, Alfonso of Aragon, could count on them in some sort to neutralize things that happened at the taking of Toledo and Valencia, for instance, which they would not have liked to remember, which might not have let them sleep o' nights. In the heat of blood they did the best they could, and the outcome they could "throw on God, He loves the burthen." The Free Companions who took Peter's money to fight Henry, or Henry's pledges to fight Peter, were probably just as sure of drawing steadily from this same safe investment. The Black Prince, in Froissart, regularly opens battle with a prayer.

The very poor, who went on the pilgrimage to keep a vow made in mortal danger, or in youth because the fever of wandering

was in the blood, or in age because there was no place else to go, the house having been burnt or sold, the earning capacity dropped below zero, the friends or children's children tired of supporting a useless mouth, these probably expected little but what each day brought. But the *bourgeoisie* got infinite satisfaction out of the recollection, and a kind of social status, such as membership in the Stone Church, or the First Presbyterian or the Old Swedes, in a class of American towns, affords. France was full of confraternities of the returned, which may have been mutual benefit societies but certainly were occasions of pleasure, and celebrated, besides, the monthly Mass and the annual banquet, and in some cases an evening meeting once a month, like the Royal Arcanum, or the Scottish Rite.

. . . Mas es preciso tener buen tino

para andar estajornada

The *Confrèrie des Pèlerins de S. Jacques*,[2] in Paris, was founded some time before 1298, but up to July, 1313, it was a modest confraternity of returned travellers with one annual mass at S. Jacques-la-Boucherie: then the king gave them the

Confrèrie

right to assemble and deliberate their affairs. This was Louis *le Hutin*, short-lived, who left the throne to brothers deeply concerned with Spanish relations. Queen Jehane, the wife of Philip the Long, was much interested, but indeed king and princes and great lords together, found it expedient to enroll, for the confraternity grew to power and wealth. At the outset, however, royalty had a personal interest. Small wonder that Kings of Navarre promoted the travel; it meant more to the mountain kingdom than the Union Pacific to the States half a century ago. Under the date of 1324 exists a list of persons pledged to give in order to found, in the chapel, four places of chaplains; there were also bequests, and some odd gifts in kind, *e.g.*, thirty days of a mason and his assistant for building. The first large meeting was held on December 15, 1318, in the meeting place of the Butchers, the chapter-room of S. Jacques-la-Boucherie. Candles were provided, a good fire, and a *sentier* and a half of wine, the first items in accounts kept for four and a half centuries.

In that year they had acquired the land near the Porte S. Denis, and the first stone was laid February 18, 1319, by the Queen. Robert de Lannoy began at once on the twelve apostles, and painted and gilded a great S. James: as the work was finished it was brought on a boat to the Louvre, and thence carried through the streets, children singing before it. The church had three aisles, of five bays, a window above each pointed arch, chapels around the ambulatory, a timber roof, and statues everywhere. It was not demolished till 1808, and five of the statues are still at the Cluny. The foundation included a cloister, the lodging for the canons or chaplains, a hospital, and a cemetery. The great banquet fell on the first Sunday after S. James's Day: a shed was put up for the tables, but then awnings had to be stretched on every side beyond. In 1338, 900 sat down, in 1340, 1080, in 1341, 1273. The scraps went to the poor and, besides, a collection was taken up. Every beggar that day got something; in 1324 there were 300 beggars. The establishment, quite naturally, was down on

City banquets

the banquet, which fell into discredit and then disuse. In the year 1368 it had harboured 16,690 pilgrims. Finally, like other vested interests, the Revolution cleared it away. What became of the *trésor*, rich both in relics and jewels, I do not know. Probably the establishment knew something.

Compiègne

At Compiègne the confraternity acted a mystery play every year: it figures frequently in the town accounts from 1466 to 1539. The members acted "la vie et mistère Saint James en personnages selon la légende," and these *plusieurs jeunes compaignons de ceste ville* were not paid, but their expenses were reimbursed, for scaffoldings, costumes, clothes, which may mean stage hangings, wax, torches, light and minstrels. It was a good deed; "pour l'honneur de Dieu et de Monseigneur S. Jacques et pour la récréation du populaire de la ville et des villaiges à l'entrée d'icelle ville et ainsi qu'il est de coustume ancienne et par chascun an." This confraternity lapsed in the eighteenth century and was refounded in the church of S. James by one

Jean Raux, who possibly had made the journey in 1692.[3]

In 1615 certain citizens of Moissac, who had made this pilgrimage, established a confraternity in honour of Monseigneur S. Jacques. The members, who had to be townsfolk in good standing, had all made the journey: they were bound to assist (in the French sense) at offices and funerals in a broad-brimmed hat, *enfarolado*, turned up after the familiar fashion. Even as late as 1830 the figure of a pilgrim in cloak and hat, with staff and scrip, led the procession of the parish of S. James, on the day of Corpus Christi.[4] At Bordeaux the society existed before 1493, and at the beginning of the nineteenth century there were still more than eighty members. It met in a chapel of S. Michael's church, dedicated originally to S. Apollonia but long since abandoned to the Apostle, and altered and reconsecrated April 29, 1612. The society was dissolved at the Revolution of 1830: Bordeaux museum possesses several of the jet tokens more prized by collectors now than once by pilgrims,

Moissac

Helper and Wayfarer

and among them a lovely figure of the saint.[5]

Hunc ignem populus ...

But even in the sixteenth century the pilgrimage had fallen off. In 1557 a pamphleteer demands that the pilgrims' hospices in Paris shall be put to other use, "seeing that at the present time there be no more pilgrims going the said voyages and that the founders' intent was not that they should stand thus useless while the real poor are robbed of their revenues."[6] In 1671 and 1678 Louis XIV, as noted earlier, forbade any pilgrim to set out without a permit signed and countersigned, royal and episcopal sanction. In 1738, dating from August 1, pilgrims are forbidden, armed or otherwise, to go to S. James or elsewhere, or leave the kingdom, without express leave from king and bishop.

suetus sub dominis vivere barbaris

In 1777 five pilgrims of Monblanc (near Montpellier) were arrested, stripped, and sent to the workhouse at Pau. M. de Tray wrote, reporting the incident, on this occasion, "I make it a rule to take from these people everything I find, their goods, papers, gourds, leather capes, etc., and I

never give them back but tear them up and burn them, to make them understand they are getting off easily, since the king's orders about the pilgrimages, renewed by Mgr. d'Aine your predecessor, condemn pilgrims to the galleys for life. They get off cheap with the workhouse."[6] The Declaration of Independence had been signed already. The Revolution was only fifteen years off.

jam liber sequitur longa pervia

Sr. López Ferreiro has enumerated, unfortunately without dates, the numerous churches that in various countries were dedicated to S. James. In Italy he finds thirty-one, in France forty-two, in Belgium fifty-two, in Germany about fifty. The diocese of Liège alone had, counting chapels also, forty-five; the diocese of Breslau the surprising number of seventy-three; that of Prague forty. In England there are at present forty-four.[7] This sort of enumeration is unprofitable: it may end with a quaint bit of history: in the middle of the eleventh century the Consuls of Bremen offered to send every year a delegate to Santiago to represent them. The Pilgrimage was to the Middle Age, amongst

Wayfarers talk

other things, a perpetual Centennial and Columbian Exposition, with the same business opportunities. But the Spaniard cannot seize them, for he cannot get himself liked. The score of early travellers whom I have read, did all most wonderfully hate Spain.[8] The road, George of Einghen found in 1457 *sumamente penoso:* the Spaniards themselves have a proverb about the fare encountered along it, *Camino francés, venden gato por res.* English travellers are the loudest in their complaints, the most outrageous-mannered: Purchas's Pilgrim is chiefly concerned about getting the right change, and cannot call any of the foreign names right. Queen Mary Tudor's physician is as splenetic in the sixteenth century as Dr. Tobias Smollett in the eighteenth, though the last, unluckily for readers, escaped Spain. Notwithstanding, it was an Englishman, the delightful Howell, who wrote in a temper of praise and honest liking that we ourselves might well emulate:

> But let the French glory never so much of their country as being the

richest embroidery of Nature upon earth, yet the Spaniard drinks better wine, eats better fruits, wears finer cloth, hath a better sword by his side, goes better shod, and is better mounted than he.[9] So Howell

Par ende digamos en oraçion
pater noster et abe Maria et
Credo in Deum
amen.[10]

III

THE TWO ROADS

The green road and the grey road, they show no track.—Fiona Macleod.

A LEARNED German once thought that he saw the tombs, at Blaye, where Roland was buried alongside of Holyfernes; the occasion of the misunderstanding being Roland's horn *Olifaunt*. Jehane, knowing that it was formerly shown at S. Seurin of Bordeaux, would have the lad exhibit it who took us about, being called for the purpose from sweeping up the church. He was a very quiet and care-worn Ion, who knew his Gallo-Roman treasures in the crypt, and his Merovingian, and to her question replied with discretion that others had enquired, but he did not know where it

was, and indeed had never talked with any who remembered seeing it. That horn was sounding in our ears, day after day, among the steep defiles, the dark green cork trees, of Childe Harold's Spain, at Pancorbo and Villafranca, past Hernani where another French clarion caught up the falling echo, along the strands and shores, ringed in by blue and vaporous mountains, where the grey sea chafes on every headland, and sleeps in every bay, from Fuentarabia to Bayonne.

Hernani

I was not careful to follow the confused trails along this road: James Cayley is no company for me, and that man of parts and of humour, Charles Marriott, was bent for Bilbao and not for Santiago. But Vitoria I sought out because the cathedral was said to be copied after Leon, and I had my reward, though not at the cathedral, which is a poor thing.

Vitoria

The town itself is delightful, with that bright cool northern quality, so commonly and so pleasantly encountered in travelling about a country, which should teach us that such things as north and south, though one

may think them geography, are really only politics. The streets were so broad, the houses were so neat, the parks were so verdant, everything was so clean! A *mozo* in corduroy from the diligence began by carrying the little bag for me to a hotel large and fair and furnished, like a French provincial inn, and thereafter turned up on the sidewalk, in every nick of time, like the servant in classical comedy, till he had called for the same little bag on the third day and bestowed the owner thereof in safety on top of the yellow motor-omnibus again. He was conversational, he was well-informed, he desired to please: now those are not traits of the Castilian, nor the men of Aragon, nor the Gallegans. Certainly it seemed these first days Vitoria was not Spain but somewhere else, with a complete upper town, of trees that hung over high walls and grass-grown streets, Gothic oriels and Renaissance portals, safely set away, high up. The *mozo* could conduct, by divers ways, past every proud and precious remnant of an idolized past, for beside the pride of the three *Provincias vasconga-*

Servus, gracioso and *mozo*, all one

das, the very top and front of Castilian pride looks small and slight. On the broad steps which, dividing about the church of S. Miguel and enclosing it as a stream encloses the rock-grown birch and harebell, might have given a lesson to the architect of Lourdes—on these long stairs I met one day an Old Soldier, and ventured to put a question of ceremony. Remembering what excuse the rival servants in Verona made for quarrelling one night, I asked, not when it was fit to take or yield the wall, but simply if, when two people met, each turned to the right. "Surely," said he, as if he said "we are Christians here," and uncovered his white head, and was going on his way, when a sudden thought turned him up-hill again. "That rule is modified by courtesy," said he. "If I, coming up here, met you coming down, I should have to turn out to the left, to leave you the wall." So the lesson first learned from insolent old ladies who held the wall stubbornly and had to be walked around, like a post or a broken motor-car, had another ending. Old use dies hard, and women are

Yielding the wall

the last to quit it, and many a *bourgeoise* will take the wall of a strange woman, but old courtesy is yet living, and warm at heart to the stranger.

A chantier in operation

They are building in Vitoria a New Cathedral in the lower town, at the opposite end from the railway station, and a man at the *chantier* said that the Old Cathedral had nothing of value. He was nearly right. Built in the second half of the fourteenth century, too new by half for the sleepy air, the quiet square, the soundless houses, up there in the blue where the tower sails among white clouds, it replaces a *castillo-iglesia*, or perhaps two, but was not, however, cathedral, for Vitoria had no bishop. The Catholic Kings made it collegiate in 1496.

It is entirely possible that the building was begun by Bishop Juan del Piño of Calahorra, a great builder and a good one, who rebuilt the episcopal palaces in Vitoria and Calahorra, and the cloister in S. Domingo de la Calzada. He ruled only eleven years, but he enjoyed the reversion of three sees, apparently, for Armentía had been

the seat while Calahorra was lost, and S. Domingo when it was insecure. The date would suit. The church has suffered earthquakes, whereby low arches span all the aisles and spoil all the vistas; and restorations, whereby it is smug and clean as a maid-servant going to church. At any time the leafage of the capitals can hardly have been fresh or picturesque, for that mid-fourteenth century work suggests mid-June, the heavy scent of cabbage roses and the thick and breathless trees. The plan is curious, not quite successful, but beautiful in the perspective of arches that open and vaults that withdraw. It is like a fresh effort to solve the problem that Soissons and S. Yved posed: how to combine the transeptal apses, square-ended, here, and two on either side, with the three apsidal chapels radiating from a polygonal apse. The nave, exceeding lofty, and its aisles, are all too narrow for the crossing and what lies beyond thus broadened to the eye by illusive devices, and actually on a rather larger scale; and the sixteenth century porch again is too

Carving and plan

Porch

broad, too like a plump beauty. The statues that stand about the northern hemicycle therein, have a Renaissance look, like the SS. Peter and Paul of Pampeluna cloister. The style here in Vitoria is the same as that at Pampeluna, derived partly from south-western, partly from north-eastern France. Though the portal proper with its three doorways, its jamb statues, its careful legendary exposition, looks to Leon for suggestion, certain details recall work at Pampeluna, and a good many heads transport the imagination to that eastern border of a pure Frankish art, where the Church of Brou, and Rheims, S. Mihiel, and Troyes, are only outcrops of a continuous line. The sensitive little S. Catharine explains herself: her kindred are in Champagne.

The frothing style of Eastern France

Vitoria in some ways recalls such cities as Dijon and Rouen, especially in her possession of smaller churches quite in her own style, good enough and grand enough to make the name of minor invidious. S. Michael is of that wide serene late Gothic that is really Renaissance, with round

columns and broad arches, about contemporary with S. Michael's at Dijon and S. Peter's at Caen. Even the absurd pale blue and gilding of the interior cannot trouble its fairness, and under the vast portico the Virgin of Victories is enthroned. The tympanum of the door tells the whole of S. Michael's fairy *épopée* in the same expressive and deliberate art that Pampeluna had already employed, and that serves again, at the door of S. Peter's, this time a little under pressure, to tell the whole story of the Apostle and his Lord. S. Michael

The Spanish insistence on just orientation has set the east end, side by side with the main entrance to S. Pedro, on an important street, so that the traveller descends the steep hill upon four apses and a porch, all in a row. Within, a very high nave of three bays and noble transept of two open, loftily together and intricately upon, chapels. The retables are full of interest, the tombs that lie between and within the apses, beautiful in their changing forms, from the thirteenth-century knight in the dress of peace, and the old

king who wears steel under his robes, to a glorious Renaissance warrior of black stone, another, recumbent, in armour of Charles V's time, and a kneeling courtier contemporary to Raleigh and Essex. The history of a free people who never unlearned their own peculiar pride, is laid up in these tombs, uncorrupt, unmouldered yet. Outside, the porch is arranged under a tower: the Madonna occupies the central post and a complete *Apostolado* the sides, where holds S. James a place of eminence; on the buttresses of the apse were statues once, canopies and brackets yet remaining. Within and without, S. Pedro could set up for a cathedral.

Apostolado

S. Andrés de Armentía was a cathedral once: the see of Calahorra for four centuries. The last bishop of Armentía, D. Fortunio, at the end of the eleventh century, brought about a fine action recorded in the *Codex Emilianensis*. The bishops of Spain being resentful and indignant to see how stubbornly the papal legates strove to abolish the ecclesiastical order, the Office or Use which had been employed since the

foundation of the monarchy, which was called commonly the Gothic Use, or the Isidorian, and later the Mozarabic, sent to Rome three bishops of whom Fortunio of Alava was one, who carried with them the codices of the ecclesiastical Use, to show them to Alexander II: he and the abbot of S. Benedict of Rome (which is to say Monte-Cassino) and other learned men, after maturely considering and carefully examining these books, declared them pure and Catholic in all they contained, and bade under penalties that none should dare to trouble, condemn, or alter the divine office, according to the most ancient use of Spain. It did no good, the Mozarabic Use had to go, but Fortunio had fought a good fight. He died in 1088. Not for another while did the bishops seek confirmation from the See of Peter: the constant practice of the kings of Castile being to establish cathedral churches, nominate bishops, fix their jurisdiction, settle their grievances, and ask no other sanction than kingship with the counsel of the grandees and prelates about the throne.[1] Fortunio,

Bishop Fortunio

Bishop Rodrigo

it may be judged, preferred that way. After him bishops still used the title, though Calahorra was the see: Bishop Rodrigo de Cascante witnesses the *Fuero* of Vitoria, as bishop of Armentía, and to him may be assigned the building of the church. His time lasted from 1146 to 1181, and a stone recovered at the ruinous alteration in 1776 reads: "*Huius operis autores Rodericus Eps.* . . ." There it breaks off.

The church has a single nave, possibly still, under the plaster, barrel-vaulted like the transepts and apse. The ribs of the grand crossing come down on four winged figures with the heads of the Apocalyptic beasts: at Leon in the vault they were painted thus. Two coupled capitals from the devastated nave, that sustain the western gallery, are carved with the fauna of S. Pedro de Soria, Romanesque beasts orientalized, with long necks, carrying their heads down among their feet. The capitals of the crossing are of the same sort excepting at the apse, where they are transitional. This is noble and native building, and the western door was once a glory, but the

Finisterre in the Mist

eighteenth century pulled the sculptures down and a few poor remnants in the south porch and a somewhat rhetorical description, are all we have to recall it.

Said the Licentiate Bernard Ibáñez, in 1752:

S. Andrés de Armentía

The façade is peculiarly fine in this particular; it is divided into two parts and in the upper stands Christ with his Apostles full length. In the second is the Lamb of God, in an oval, waving the standard of the Cross, and around it this motto: *Mors ego sum mortis vocor Agnus sum leo fortis.* On the right stands S. John with this: *Ecce Agnus Dei.* On the left Isaiah, saying: *Sicut ocis.* Below is the Labarum of Christ and at the sides of it Alpha and Omega, that all deciphered together, means, *Christus principium etc. finis.* In the middle [between upper and lower parts of the façade] runs a ribbon, with this inscription: *Porta per hanc celi fit per via unucuique fideli,* and another, in a semicircle, goes around the whole, and says: *Rex Sabaoth Magnus Deus etc. dicitur Agnus Dei Nuntius. . .*[2]

Vexilla regis

The scheme almost certainly goes back to the church-front of Angoulême, where the Apocalypse is manifested, high up in a mandorla in an arched recess, and below, under arches, the Witnesses are grouped. Here, however, the Christ and Apostles fill a gigantic tympanum. The plan was modified, apparently, by whatsoever tradition determined S. Miguel of Estella, for the two reliefs that have survived, of the Entombment and the Harrowing of Hell, though built in under arches are manifestly flat-topped sculpture, like the cloister reliefs at Arles and S. Domingo de Silos. Finally, two jamb-statues survive, and a third, shorter, figure of Abraham sacrificing Isaac with a swooping angel in the capital, is lifted to the right height on a broken, wonderful acanthus capital, turned upside down. Under the principal reliefs are others, that we may judge from the analogy of Parma, Borgo San Donnino, and Moissac, were once above the rest, and in an angle is built up such a bit of chamfered wall that monsters crawl on, as flanks the portal at Moissac and at Ripoll, but here the

reliefs are partly human and may just possibly be meant for Dives and Lazarus. Into the cloister wall close by this last, above a tomb recess, is set a tympanum where two apostles kneeling, adore the Agnus Dei in a roundel, and below, in another roundel, the labarum is sustained by two flying figures, one certainly bearded.

Pilgrims' argument

The elements here are very various, and the style is not one. The figures in the large tympanum are of the school of Toulouse, a later growth from those of the transept of S. Sernin; one in particular repeats the gesture and the forms, but the flying angels sprawl and swim as only in fourteenth-century Florence and on the churches of the south-west of France. That Toulousean transept portal was consecrated 1096: these are not early, not archaic, simply not good: the thirteenth century is a safe guess. There is a sort of freedom, looseness, lightness, about drapery of the thirteenth century. On the other hand, the little tympanum, though the technique is the same, belongs by its motives to Aragon, where a parallel is found at S. Pedro in

Many sources

Huesca: the chrism occurs at Jaca and S. Cruz de la Serós. The figures now at the end of the porch are really incorporate with the shafts, as at S. Bertrand de Comminges, which lay directly on the Way; and it is quite possible that the Abraham always ranged with them, since the disparate size is no more marked than where at Arles the Martyrdom of S. Stephen replaces a statue. On the *trumeau*, the group would go well, with the two figures in the jambs. The great reliefs have much in common with those of Silos, but in the sudden gesture of Christ in Limbo, with which should be compared the mosaic at Torcello, and in the long veiled figures of the Maries, hieratic, immaculate, and the seated angel with strong unfolded wings, appears a first-hand acquaintance with the Byzantine. Where Arles drew from Rome, this draws from Byzantium. At this point the Byzantine tetramorph, there inside, should be recalled. The mixture is just what we should expect of an old place, once important, seated on a Roman and a pilgrim road: traditions of Aragon, of Con-

Byzantine

stantinople, are grafted on that of Languedoc, in the iconography and the *facture;* and the scheme of the whole, while in the main determined by that of Angoûmois, was altered by the current we have encountered at Estella and at Carrion. Though the little tympanum in the eighteenth century was over the door, probably that, in the beginning, had none, like Saintes and Bordeaux and Aulnay and the original Civray. The tympanum should belong to a side door, as at Leyre and Huesca. The great tympanum occupied the upper part of the façade, and an awkward concession to the artist's recollection of how they did the thing in France, is found in the immense size of the Christ, and the presence of absurd arches and tabernacles over the Apostles wherever there was room, though there was never room for columns. Below, flanking the door jambs wherein statues stood, stretched a pair of great slabs, as at Estella, carved with the eternal Hope, "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell." The Apocalyptic Lord, who Himself rose out of the empty tomb, took with him our

first parents. These slabs, falling exactly halfway between the cloister sculptures at Silos and the portal sculptures at Estella, explain the last. Two other reliefs are built into this porch wall, that may have occupied the spandrels about the door: the Annunciation, and S. Martin, a pilgrim theme. In spite of their injured state, especially the weatherworn *Apostolado*, there is no reason to suppose any other considerable portions lost, that once existed.

Wayfaring themes

The white sanctuary of S. María of Estibaliz, visible from very far on a high green hill, has always been a place of pilgrimage: it was a monastery in 1074 when Alvaro González made a present to the abbey of S. Millán of various properties and the altar at the right in the monastery of S. María de Estibaliz. The poor pretty church has been "the stars' tennis ball, struck and bandied." Doña María López gave it to Nájera in 1138, and when Nájera wanted to build the new church, it was sold to Fernán Pérez de Ayala, for a good price in gold and an annuity in perpetuity.[3] Though

S. María de Estibaliz

the contract was ratified by John II in Valladolid, March 15, 1432, there was some sharp practice, for shortly the annuity stopped, and the *Adelantado mayor* of Guipuzcoa, D. Pedro Fernández de Ayala, or his heir, was discovered to have sold the property, at a profit, to the city of Vitoria.[4] The city still keeps up the establishment, which is—"Item, one priest to say Mass, item, one old man to sweep."

John Mass-priest, Jack sweeper

They both were charming to the visitor. The church has three parallel apses on the brow of the cliff, an early Gothic door that opens on sweet turf, and a grand south-transept façade that looks abroad, and is copied in a general way after Aulnay. The detail, however, is quite different, being diaper on the columns: on the jambs such a scroll-work as wreathes about the east window of Aulnay; and in the archivolts, leaf and guilloche. A little Annunciation is built in by the door: on one capital the demon or savage like a red Indian, who is familiar at Vézelay, Conques and Clermont. Inside, some of the capitals have oriental traits, some the Romanesque that reaches

Para andar conmigo

from S. Benoît-sur-Loire to Frómista, but these about the apse are of the school of Clermont-Ferrand. Another one is identical with a cloister-capital at Silos. The sanctuary has a round barrel-vault in advance of the apse, the nave has two bays of pointed barrel-vault, the south transept one, the north transept, a cross-vault with wall-ribs; the crossing, strong ribs and windows in the four bays, a wider space of wall than usual being interspersed between the apses. This pilgrimage church owes its being to pilgrims and its form and charm. The carving everywhere is very precious.

me bastan mis pensamientos

Beyond the wide meadow land that laps Vitoria the road turns and doubles among huge mountains, that earlier ages found depressing to the spirits, and comes at last to the easy way by sands and shores and desert wildernesses.

Roncevaux.

"Still alive and still bold," shouted Earth.
"The dead fill me ten thousandfold
Fuller of speed and splendour and mirth.
I was cloudy and sullen and cold,
Like a frozen chaos uprolled,
Till by the spirit of the mighty dead
My heart grew warm: I feed on whom I fed."

The whole region of Roncevaux is Pyrenean and neither Spanish nor French. The mass of conventual buildings at the village with slate roofs hipped and pyramidal, ought to be in the Engadine or the Tyrol. The church was rebuilt in the fourteenth century, not ignobly: the well-ribbed apse and chevet, the piers, probably circular always, the multiplied mouldings of the portal, are all Navarrese, ripe, strong, and sound. On the Spanish soil, one cannot ask more. Hereabouts Brunetto Latini, coming back from a political mission, heard bad news.[1] The Ossuary has a corrugated tin roof; the keys of S. James's chapel are not to be procured; the pilgrims' cross is lichened out of recognition; but still high are the mountains and dark are the rocks.

Domus venerabilis, domus glorioso

Pireneis montibus floret sicut rosa

The precise place of the battle, the prob-

In a mist

able path of the main army and the rear-guard, have all been discussed so learnedly, and with such knowledge of the ground, that they need not here be touched.[2] The grass is very green in the wide field, and in the narrow defile the rocks stand up dark in the drifting mist, and the trees drip, softly shrouded in the pale vapour, and the brooks roar down invisible or, when the cloud lifts, hang like a white skein against the opposite green. As at Finisterre, so here the souls of the dead were all about us, pressing close, calling, in the murmur of the living forest, in the hush of the rocky spur, calling so desperately it seemed they must make a sound. The white mist closed round on us, wrapped us about, came in between each and other. The echo of Roland's horn is in our ears: high are the mountains and dark are the rocks: and there follows a mist and a weeping rain. The souls of that bitter defeat are there yet.

Roland, when all was lost, had turned and crossed the field alone; he had searched the valleys, and he searched the mountains and found his comrades one by one, and the

Chanson names them; and he brought them, dead, for Turpin's benediction; "God the glorious have your souls," says Turpin, "and put them in a fair paradise of flowers." His own death hurt him sore, that he should not ever again see the Emperor. Roland turned and crossed the field, he searched and found his comrade Oliver under a pine, beside an eglantine; he held him fast embraced. Turpin absolved him and blessed him—and the *dule*, the pity of it! Then Roland, seeing his peers dead, all the fair company of the knights of Christ, and Oliver whom he loved so well, wept and his face was changed, and will he or no, he was senseless. Said the Archbishop, "O Baron, the pity of it!" Then Turpin held up his fair hands to God and prayed for Paradise to be granted, and he died all alone: he had been a good knight, by deed and by speech: God give him benediction! So Roland knew that death was very near: the mountains were high, the trees were very high, he could not see well, but four steps of marble shone in the grass and he got to them. There against a cross,

After the battle

The death of Roland

under a pine, lay the Count Roland, he turned his face to Spain, he began to remember many things. He thought of all the lands the barons had conquered, of sweet France, of the men of his own line, his father and *his* father, of Charlemagne, his lord, who had bred him up; and he could not stir but the tears came and the sighs. And he would not forget. He made his penitence, he prayed God's mercy: "God of truth, and not a liar, who brought back Lazarus from the dead, and saved Daniel from the lions, guard my soul from what lies in wait for the sins I did in my life." He proffered to God his right-hand glove, S. Gabriel took it from his hand. Then he bowed his head on his arm, folded his hands and met his end. God sent his angel Cherubin, and S. Michael of the Peril, and with them both came S. Gabriel. The Count's soul they carried to Paradise.

So Roland is dead—God keep his soul in Heaven — and Charlemagne is come to Roncevaux. But the good knights are all dead, the fair company of the White Horse-

men, knights of Christ, and the old man cried and plucked at his fair white beard.

The splendour of Roncevaux is the splendour of a losing fight, the glory that shines on that field is the glory of martyrdom. Not today can we bear to speak of France, and of loss together. Charlemagne, like Frederick II and like Santiago, still sits in his tomb, crowned, armed, robed, and sword-girt, ready to come forth in the hour of France's need.

Candor est lucis aeternae

All Souls' Day, 1917.

Envoy.

Anda el tiempo y anda y todo se acaba.

If it is murk, murk night, if the Way is all dark, there are lights that show which way to go. There are innumerable lights. The multitudinous stars in the great heaven, the countless little flickering lights of the *sepultados*, the thousand candles that burn stilly above the altar, all are the souls of the dead. The French knights of the

twelfth century thought the stars were their own knightly guidance, the host whose shout was: "*¡Santiago y Cierra España!*" but they were all the time souls that had gone that way long and long before; before Altamira was painted or Cerro de los Santos carven.

Laus mortis

It was a favourite choice of the Middle Age to paint on churchyard wall and charnel-house how we all follow after death. A man will travel across half the broad earth to visit an empty tomb or a handful of mouldering bones. Death is the one sure guardian; all good things are safe there, immortally fair. Fair things mortal pass, and the things of art, and the dreams of a common brotherhood and of "a heart even as mine behind this vain show of things"; Death lays them away like the kings of Egypt in pyramids.

Across the sky the souls are passing on the starry track, and in them the soul discerns its brethren and its destiny. Looking up from the rimy, silvered earth, hour after hour, plunged in their ineffaceable multitude, one remembers a song that

youth once made of the wandering souls along the unending track:

The wind blows out of the door of day,
The pine trees toss along the way,
And the open road runs over and on
Whither the souls of the dead have gone.
Dead feet patter, dead voices say
Over the hills and far away!

NOTES: BOOK THREE

CHAPTER II

España sagrada, XIX, XX, XXX—Fita y Guerra, *Recuerdos de un viaje*—López Ferreiro, *Historia de la S. A. M. Iglesia*—Lampérez, *Historia de la arquitectura*—Fernández Casanova, *Monografía de la catedral de Santiago*—Villa-amil, *La catedral de Santiago*, and *Descripción histórica-artística arqueológica*—Llaguno, *Noticias de los arquitectos y la arquitectura*, I—Fita et Vinson, *Le codex de S. Jacques de Compostelle*—R. de Lasteyrie, *L'Architecture Religieuse en France*—Ch. de Lasteyrie, *L'Abbaye de S. Martial de Limoges*—C. Enlart in Michel, *Histoire de l'Art*, I, ii and *Opusculi*—E. Bertaux in Michel, *Histoire de l'Art*, II, i and II, ii—Abbé Bouillet, *S. Foy de Conques, S. Sernin de Toulouse et S. Jacques de Compostelle*—Street, *Gothic Architecture in Spain*,—C. Gasquoine Hartley, *Santiago de Compostella*.

[1] Fita y Guerra, *Recuerdos de un viaje*, p. 69.

[2] *Id. ibid.*, p. 74.

[3] *Id. ibid.*, p. 70; from Zepedano.

[4] Chronicle of Sampiro, *España sagrada*, XIV, 439; *Chronicon Irense* in *España sagrada*, XX, 601.

[5] *España sagrada*, XIX, 329.

[6] *Id. ibid.*, 331–3.

[7] *Id. ibid.*, 335. These *Scripturae majori ex parte ineditae* that Flórez published, leading up to the *Historia Compostellana* in Vol. XX, are invaluable for study of the twelfth century devotion, and their evidence is not involved with their authenticity.

[8] *España sagrada*, XIX, 340.

[9] Fita, who knows more than most Spanish scholars and immeasurably more than any others about the Spain of antiquity, identifies "Eabeca" with Bética, the See that succeeded Aquae Flaviae, where now is Boticas, west of Cháves; *Recuerdos de un viaje*, p. 61. On pp. 60–61 he publishes five of the inscriptions at Santiago; others are in Hübner. Inscriptions have been found at Aquae Flaviae, including one to the nymphs (*Corpus Inscrip. Lat.* II, 2474). The description is quoted by Street, *Some Account of Gothic Architecture*, I, 190 note; and printed by Flórez, *España sagrada*, XIX, 344.

[10] The original of the document does not exist; a copy, "in Gothic script," was preserved at Oviedo which Castella printed in the seventeenth century. It can hardly be an authentic composition of the ninth century, —and indeed it pretends to neither title nor signature—because the emphasis laid on the church doors in the description belongs to Romanesque building with its jamb-shafts.

But it embodies a constant tradition, and in certain details, like the inventory of relics in the altars, it may be trustworthy.

[11] Dreves, *Analecta Hymnica*, xvii, 201.

[12] Villa-amil y Castro, *La catedral de Santiago* (1909), p. 9.

[13] *Historia de la S. A. M. Iglesia*, II, 184.

[14] *España sagrada*, XIX, 86 sqq.

[15] *Lovium*, as the *Compostellana* calls it, suggests a wolf's den. *España sagrada*, XX, 10.

[16] Lampérez, *Historia de la arquitectura*, I, 236.

[17] *España sagrada*, XVIII, 80.

[18] *España sagrada*, XIX, 177–178; Dozy, *Recherches*, I, 199–202. *V.* note p. 43: "E pensava é dezia outro non avia eun o mundo senon o bon varon Santiago que era Deus dos cristianos." Fita, *Escrit. Hist.*, III, 75 (1835).

[19] *España sagrada*, XIX, 174–178.

[20] *España sagrada*, XVII, 301.

[21] *España sagrada*, XIX, 195.

[22] *España sagrada*, XIX, 177.

[23] Baum, *Romanesque Architecture in France*, p. viii.

[24] Fita et Vinson, *Le codex de S. Jacques*, p. 59.

[25] *Note Archéologique sur S. Sernin*, in *Bulletin du Comité de Travaux Historiques*.

[26] R. de Lasteyrie, *L'Architecture Réligieuse*, pp. 251, 282, 448; Ch. de Lasteyrie, *L'Abbaye de S. Martial de Limoges*, p. 315; Bouillet, *S. Foy de Conques, S. Sernin de Toulouse, S. Jacques de Compostelle*, in *Mémoires de la Société des Antiquaires de France*, 1892, pp.

117–128; Street, *Gothic Architecture in Spain*, I, 197.

[27] *España sagrada*, XX, 52. The date, by the way, is given wrongly there, as appears by the context.

[28] Lampérez, *op. cit.*, I, 149–158, especially, 158.

[29] Fita et Vinson, *op. cit.*, 59.

[30] *España sagrada*, XIX, 199–201.

[31] *España sagrada*, XX, 473. Flórez, by the way, accepts this date without question, *España sagrada*, XIX, 204; and I think the first occasion of dispute was the French claim to complete possession. I believe, myself, that the right date is 1078.

[32] López Ferreiro, *op. cit.*, III, Appendix i, p. 3; *España sagrada*, XIX, 203.

[33] Chronicles of Burgos, *España sagrada*, XXIII, 310.

[34] Llaguno, *Noticias de los arquitectos y Arquitectura*, I, 41–42; Quadrado, *Asturias y León*, 280.

[35] Fita et Vinson, *op. et loc. cit.*

[36] *España sagrada*, XX, 137, 308.

[37] *La catedral de Santiago*, p. 54.

[38] *Manuel d'Archéologie Française*, p. 244.

[39] *España sagrada*, XX, 473.

[40] *Id. ibid.*, p. 401.

[41] *Id. ibid.*, p. 545.

[42] *Id. ibid.*, p. 594.

[43] Fita y Vinson, *Le Codex de S. Jacques*, p. 48.

[44] López Ferreiro, *op. cit.*, IV, Appendix vi, Appendix, xxxvii.

[45] López Ferreiro, *op. cit.*, V, 73.

[46] *España sagrada*, XXIII, 324; López Ferreiro, *op. cit.*, v, 57.

[47] A painting of S. Ferdinand, in a MS. of Compostella, shows three towers that look to be at the springing of the apse, and over the crossing. These miniatures, however, are sadly conventional and untrustworthy: as in black letter books, a few figures do for all the kings and queens. The Knight of Rozmital saw six towers, four round and two square: one of these was in an angle near the porch.

[48] López Ferreiro, *op. cit.*, III, 229.

[49] I am not sure that travellers have noted the likeness to the one surviving, in pictures of that of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. From the fifteenth century there are plenty: yet I never look at a picture of the *Puerta de las Platerías* that this does not rise up. *Cf.* PP. Vincent et Abel, *Jerusalem.* The influence may have been partly French at first-hand, but there were Spanish crusaders too, and pilgrims and sumptuous Spanish gifts that are still preserved in Jerusalem. *V.* Gómez Carrillo, *Jerusalem y la tierra santa*, p. 218–224, *Los tesoros de Santiago.*

[50] Dante, *Purgatorio*, x, 39–40.

[51] Michel, *Histoire de l'Art*, II, i, 253.

[52] The description of Aymery, which constitutes in the *Guide*, Chapter ix, §§ 3–15, is reprinted by López Ferreiro, *op. cit.*, III, Appendix ii.

[53] López Ferreiro, *El pórtico de la gloria*, Santiago, 1893.

[54] The importance given to this motive is

to be explained from the *Apocalypse of Paul*. *V.* extract in Appendix VIII.

[55] *Cf.* the figure of Christ cradled in the Tree of Life, in the legend of the Cross: *e. g.*, *Cursor Mundi*, l. 1343.

[56] *Cf.* also Thurkill's *Vision*, Appendix VII: the fresh turf of the Vision is very English, but it is Atlantic as well and not unknown to Galicia.

[57] Dreves, *Analecta Hymnica Medii Aevi*, XVII, 151.

[58] *Revue de l'Art Chrétien*, March, 1895.

[59] For a discussion of Tundall's *Vision* and this door, *v.* p. 253.

[60] R. de Lasteyrie in *Monuments Piot*, VIII.

CHAPTER III

Flórez, *España sagrada*, XIX, XX—La Fuente, *Historia eclesiástica de España*—López Ferreiro, *Historia de la S. A. M. Iglesia*, III, IV, V. The substance of this chapter is nearly all in the *Historia Compostellana*, which Flórez printed, but I have used in part besides La Fuente, the Spanish *History of the Holy Apostolical Metropolitan Church of Santiago*, by the late D. Antonio López Ferreiro, who in his biography of the great Archbishop embedded therein, understood, and rendered, the epical character.

[1] La Fuente, *Historia eclesiástica de España*, III, 305, IV, 147 sqq.

[2] Riaño, *Viajes de extranjeros*, p. 247.

[3] La Fuente, *op. cit.*, IV.
[4] La Fuente, *op. cit.*, III, 305.
[5] La Fuente, *op. cit.*, IV, 149.
[6] Dozy, *Recherches*, II, 315–332.
[7] *España sagrada*, XXI, pp. 359–360.
[8] Fita et Vinson, *Le Codex de S. Jacques*, pp. 48–49.
[9] *Historia Compostellana*, II, xxviii; see López Ferreiro, *Historia de la S. A. M. Iglesia*, IV, 21. *Cf.* also López Ferreiro, *op. cit.*, IV, 181; "When (about the year 1135) there came to Santiago a Canon of Jerusalem called Aymery, with letters from the Patriarch Stephen." Is this the one in the *Book of S. James*? The Canon gives no references.

CHAPTER IV

España sagrada—López Ferreiro, *Historia de la S. A. M. Iglesia*—Fita y Guerra, *Recuerdos de un viaje*—Villa-amil, *Mobiliario litúrgico*—Fita et Vinson, *Le Livre de S. Jacques de Compostelle*—Bonnault d'Houët, *Le Pèlerinage d'un Paysan Picard*—Fabié, *Viajes por España*—Riaño, *Viajes de extranjeros*—Dreves, *Analecta Hymnica*.

[1] López Ferreiro, *Historia de la S. A. M. Iglesia*, IV, 71; *Historia Compostellana*, II, xxvii, *España sagrada*, XX, 427.
[2] Murguía, *Galicia*, p. 426.
[3] *Pèlerinage d'un Paysan Picard*, p. 87.
[4] *España sagrada*, XX, 379–380.

[5] *Cítara* is the name of a vestment cited in three documents of the twelfth century, though in an account of the fourth marriage of Doña Urraca in Leon, 1144, the word certainly means a musical instrument. *Cf.* Villa-amil, *Mobiliario Litúrgico*, p. 349, pp. 290, 291.

[6] *Historia Compostellana*, III, xv; *España sagrada*, XX, 499.

[7] Alexandre de Laborde, *Itinéraire descriptif de l'Espagne*, II, 194.

[8] Saavedra's translation in *Boletín de la Sociedad Geográfica de Madrid*, XXIV, 166.

[9] *Historia de la S. A. M. Iglesia*, III, p. 566, App. ii.

[10] Morales, *Viaje santo*, p. 153.

[11] López Ferreiro has reprinted from the *Book of S. James* the whole of Chapter ix in the *Guide*, the description of the church, and therefore I have not. *Historia de la S. A. M. Iglesia*, III, App. ii, pp. 8–24.

[12] *Cf.* Porreño, *Nobiliario del Reyno de Galicia*, in Murguía, *Galicia*, p. 505; also Villa-amil, *Mobiliario Litúrgico*, p. 347–8.

[13] Fita et Vinson, *Le Codex de S. Jasques*, p. 57.

[14] *Historia Compostellana*, I, xviii; *España sagrada*, XX, p. 52.

[15] Fita et Vinson, *op. cit.*, p. 58; López Ferreiro, *op. cit.*, III, App. p. 20.

[16] On December 30, the feast of the Translation, to be exact. López Ferreiro publishes this as from the *Codex* (*Historia de la S. A. M. Iglesia*, III, pp. 301–303), but I have not been able to verify the reference. By *Codex* he

means sometimes the *Book of S. James* and sometimes the *Historia Compostellana*.

[17] Dreves, *Analecta Hymnica*, XVII, 201.

[18] López Ferreiro, *op. cit.*, III, App. iii, pp. 25–27. From *Tumbo A*, fol. 34, verso.

The Church of a Dream:

[1] *España sagrada*, xx, 52.

[2] Quoted in Wright, *Early Travels in Palestine*, p. 337. The Lord of Vieuxchâteau made his journey in 1432–3.

[3] For Assisi, *v.* Lina Duff Gordon, *The Story of Assisi*, pp. 106, 136, and Vasari, *Vite*, I, pp. 280, 281. For Compostella, *v.* Rev. F. Fita, *Recuerdos de un viaje*, pp. 79, 80, 81.

Vasari's words are these:

"Un maestro Jacopo Tedesco . . . designo un corpo de chiesa e convento bellissimo, facendo del modello tre ordini, uno da farse sorro terra e gli altre per due chiese; . . . e perche la propria sepoltura che serba il corpo del glorioso Santo é nella prima, cióe nella piú bassa chiesa, dove non va mai nessuno e che ha le forte murale; intorno al detto altare sono grate de ferro grandissime con ricchi ornamenti di marmo e di musaico, del laggiù riguardano." Ed. Milanesi, Florence, 1878.

[4] *Cf.* Miracle xviii, in Appendix II.

[5] F. Riaño, *Viajes de extranjeros por España*, p. 136.

[6] Quoted in S. Baring-Gould, *Lives of the Saints* (1898), December, p. 131.

[7] Pierre Loti, *Jerusalem*, pp. 69–72.

[8] Murguía, *Galicia*, p. 505.

[9] Riaño, *op. cit.*, 135, 136.
[10] Wright, *Early Travels in Palestine*, p. 75.
[11] Boswell, *An Irish Precursor of Dante*, p. 32.
[12] Guillaume de Deguilleville, *Pèlerinage de l'Âme*, l. 9601 sqq.

"La dessous celle couronne
Ou le roys ses graces donne
Entre quand veut la royne,
Et voit le roys sans courtine,
Et se siet asses pres de li."

[13] There were three thrones: "On the middle one sat young persons wearing crowns of laurel. Over the throne hung a large and costly crown" (p. 148). "All the Royal Persons before meat attired themselves in snow-white glittering garments. Over the table hung the great golden crown, the precious stones whereof without other light would have sufficiently illuminated the hall" (p. 158). By the way, a little earlier in the narrative occurs the weighing of the candidates, in as full detail as that in Thurkill's *Vision*, on the third day (after one night, that is, in the strange castle). "Meanwhile the scales, which were entirely of gold, are hung in the midst of the hall. There was also a little table covered with red velvet and seven weights thereon: first of all stood a pretty great one . . . " etc. (p. 122). *The Chymical Marriage of Christian Rosencreutz*, c. 1616, translated 1690: reprinted by A. E. Waite in *The Real History of the Rosicrucians*.
[14] *Pèlerinage d'un Paysan Picard*, p. 79.

As Pilgrims Pass:

[1] Fabié, *Viajes por España*, p. 173.
[2] Riaño, *Viajes de extranjeros*, p. 338–9.
[3] *Pèlerinage d'un Payson Picard*, pp. 74–76.
[4] *Historia de la S. A. M. Iglesia*, III, 146.
[5] Riaño, *op. cit.*, p. 137.
[6] *Id. ibid.*, p. 16.
[7] Fabié, *op. cit.*, p. 173.
[8] Hartley, *Santiago de Compostella*, p. 170.
[9] *Cf.* Mélida, *El jinete ibérico* in *Boletín de la Sociedad Española*, 1900, VIII, 178–180.
[10] *España sagrada*, XIX, 64; XX, 6, 7, 8.
[11] P. Meyer, *La Vie et la Translation de S. Jacques le Majeur* in *Romania*, XXXI, 253, sqq.
[12] López Ferreiro, *Galicia en el último tercio del siglo XV*, I, 275.
[13] López Ferreiro, *Historia de la S. A. M. Iglesia*, V, Appendices, 64–67.
[14] *Viaje de España por un anónimo*, Madrid, 1883.
[15] Riaño, *op. cit.*, p. 25.

Castle and Church:

[1] Fabié, *Viajes por España*, p. 98.
[2] *Id. ibid.*, p. 173.
[3] Riaño, *Viajes de extranjeros*, p. 99.
[4] Murguía, *Galicia*, p. 484.
[5] Fabié, *op. cit.*, p. 99.
[6] López Ferreiro, *Galicia en el último tercio del siglo XV*, I, 45, 46, quoting *Recuento de las casas antiguas del reyno de Galicia.*
[7] Froissart, *Chronicles of France, England and Spain*, II, xxxiv.
[8] Murguía, *op. cit.*, p. 407.

[9] *Premier Voyage de Philippe le Beau.* I take the phrase from Bonnaffé, *Voyages et Voyageurs de la Renaissance*, p. 47.

[10] Froissart, *op. cit.*, III, xlviii.

[11] *Cancionero popular gallego*, in *Biblioteca de tradiciones populares*, XI, 137.

[12] *Hispaniae Illustratae*, Vol. IV, 93.

CHAPTER V

Viaje de España por un anónimo—Fabié, *Viajes por España*—Riaño, *Viajes de extranjeros*—*El pelegrino curioso*—Bonafede, *Viaggio Occidentale à S. Giacomo*—Ballesteros, *Cancionero popular gallego.*

[1] This is taken from Mrs. Gallichan's *Santiago de Compostella*, p. 44, where it is quoted without source or author. I fancy I have met it elsewhere, and not quite believed in it: "*Esa tiene algo de rancio*," as Antonio said one day, but it is picturesque. The following two passages are taken from an article on the *Crónica de los Francos* in the *Boletín de la Real Academia de Historia* (I, 461, note), written by the translator of the Bayen, D. Francisco Fernández y González.

[2] Fabié, *Viajes por España*, p. 95.

[3] Riaño, *Viajes de extranjeros*, p. 135.

[4] Fabié, *op. cit.*, p. 104; Riaño, *op. cit.*, p. 15.

[5] D. José Pérez Ballesteros, *Biblioteca de tradiciones populares*, VII, IX, and XI; these *canciones* are all found, VII, 196.

[6] Riaño, *op. cit.*, p. 16.

[7] Cumont, *Textes et Monuments Figurés*, II, 166. He is mistaken, however, in supposing Iria Flavia to be Caldas de Reyes: it is Padrón.

[8] E. G. R., *Viaje de España por un anónimo:* this has no pagination being copied from the black-letter.

[9] *Cf.* Macrobius, *Sat.* I, xxii, § 13.

[10] *Biblioteca de tradiciones populares*, IX, 228.

[11] *Id. ibid.*, 132.

[12] The church was published by Sr. García de Pruneda in the *Boletín de la Sociedad Española*, 1907, p. 156.

[13] Fabié, *op. cit.*, p. 104.

CHAPTER VI

Murguía, *Galicia*—Emilia Pardo Bazán, *De mi tierra*—*Biblioteca de tradiciones populares*—Kelly, *Curiosities of Indo-European Tradition and Folk-Lore*—Milá y Fontanals, *La poesía popular gallega*—Dante, *Divina Commedia*—Boswell, *An Irish Precursor of Dante*—Meyer and Nutt, *The Voyage of Bran*—Turnbull, *The Visions of Tundall*—Ward, *Catalogue of Romances*—Ward, *The Vision of Thurkill*—Perkins, *The Revelation of the Blessed Apostle Paul*—Walker, *Apocryphal Gospels, Acts and Revelations*—Kolbing, *Owen Miles*—Brown, *Iwain.*

[1] The testimony of the two secretaries agrees: "A Divo Jacobo ad Stellam obscuram

quatuordecem milliarium via est . . . sub eo templo est pagus amplus, que vocatur finis terrae, nam ultra eum nihil aliud est quam agae et pelagus, eijus terminos nemo novit, praeter ipsum Deum." *Des Böhmischen Herrn Leo von Rozmital Ritter- Hof- und Pilger-Reise*, Stuttgart, p. 88.

"Von Sant Jacob ritt wir an den Finstern Stern, als es dann die bauren nennen, es heisst aber Finis terrae. Do sieht man nichts anders essethinuber dann himmel und wasser, und sagen mer do so ungestüm sey, das niemand mug hinüber faren, man wiss auch nit, wass do gesset sey." *Id. ibid.*, 177.

[2] Riaño, *Viajes de extranjeros*, p. 16.

[3] Murguía, *Galicia*, p. 182.

[4] *Id. ib.*, 183.

[5] *Biblioteca de tradiciones populares*, IV, 129.

[6] *Biblioteca de tradiciones populares*, IX, 194, 195.

[7] Kelly, *Curiosities of Indo-European Tradition and Folk-Lore*, pp. 130, 132.

[8] Milá y Fontanals, *La poesía popular gallega*, Romania, VI, 67.

[9] Malory, *Morte d'Arthur*, XIX, ii.

[10] Meyer, *La vie et la Translation de S. Jacques le Majeur, mis en prose d'un poème perdu.* Romania, XXXI, pp. 252 sqq.

[11] *Id. ibid.*, 265.

[12] *Id. ibid.*, 273.

[13] *España sagrada*, XIX, 333.

[14] Murguía, *Galicia*, p. 206.

[15] *Cf.* in especial Jane Harrison, *Prolegomena to the Study of Greek Religion*, passim.

[16] Murguía, *op. cit.*, p. 425.

[17] Baranda, *Clave de la España sagrada*, p. 331.
[18] *Id. ibid.*, 257.
[19] The prose version of a lost poem, existent only in a single MS. and published for strictly conventional and erudite ends.
[20] Murguía, *op. cit.*, 230.
[21] *Id. ibid.*, p. 235.
[22] *Id. ibid.*, p. 234.
[23] *Galicia en el último tercio del siglo*, XV, I, 309.
[24] Murguía, *Galicia*, 234.
[25] *Biblioteca de tradiciones populares*, IV, 103.
[26] Murguía, *op. cit.*, 229.
[27] *Biblioteca de tradiciones populares*, IV, 90.
[28] Murguía, *op. cit.*, pp. 188, 224.
[29] Giner Aribau, *Folk-Lore de Proaza*, *Biblioteca de tradiciones populares*, VIII, 119, 120.
[30] Dante, *Inferno*, iii, 37.
[31] Murguía, *op. cit.*, p. 233.
[32] *Biblioteca de tradiciones populares*, IV, 118.
[33] Dante, *Paradiso*, xxxi, 1, 4, 7, 13–15.
[34] *Historia eclesiástica*, iii, 229.
[35] It figures also in the Visions of S. Perpetua, *AA. SS.* March, 1, 633.
[36] *Cancionero popular gallego*, *Biblioteca de tradiciones populares*, VII, 195.
[37] Giner Aribau, in *Biblioteca de tradiciones populares*, VIII, 140, 267 and 268.
[38] Murguía, *op. cit.*, 236.
[39] Fiona Macleod, *Where the Forest Murmurs*, p. 81.
[40] Kelly, *op. cit.*, 124. The reader will not

forget that in the spring, *Frau Holde kam auf dem Berg empor!* *Cf.* also Boswell, *An Irish Precursor of Dante*, p. 174.

[41] Murguía, *op. cit.*, 237; again this recalls Origen.

[42] Lionel Johnson, *Poems*, pp. 112–113.

The Long Way:

[1] Giner Aribau, *op. cit.*, VIII, 228.

[2] Murguía, *op. cit.*, p. 231.

[3] Gilbert Murray, in the Appendix to Jane Harrison, *Prolegomena to the Study of Greek Religion*, 599, 664.

[4] Walker, *Apocryphal Gospels, Acts and Revelations*, p. 376.

[5] Quoted by Gubernatis, *Mythologie des Plantes*, II, 115–121.

[6] I owe this to a communication of my friend D. Ángel del Castillo, who has doubtless by now published the church in the *Boletín de la Real Academia Gallega.*

[7] Iturralde y Suit, *Las grandes ruinas monásticas*, pp. 380–381.

[8] Rene Basset, *Extrait de la Description d'Espagñe tiré de l'Ouvrage du Geographe Anonyme d'Almeria: en Homenaje D. Francisco Cardera*, pp. 642, 645.

The Singing Souls:

[1] Turnbull, *The Visions of Tundall.*

[2] Brooke, *Christ's Victory and Triumph*, p. 150.

[3] Boswell, *An Irish Precursor of Dante*, p. 76; Ward, *Catalogue of Romances*, II, 521.

[4] Ward, *op. cit.*, II, 520–27.

[5] Kuno Meyer and Alfred Nutt, *The Voyage of Bran*, p. 6.
[6] A. C. L. Brown, *Iwain*, in Harvard *Studies*, VIII, 63.
[7] Summary in Ward, *op. cit.*, II, 527.
[8] *Op. cit.*, I, xvi.

The Bridge of Dread:

[1] *Vision of Laisren*, assigned by Dr. Kuno Meyer to the ninth or tenth century, and published by him among *Stories and Songs from Irish MSS.* in Otia Merseiana, I, pp. 117–118.
[2] *Purchas his Pilgrims*, reprint of 1905, VII, 530.
[3] *La Grande Chanson des Pèlerins de S. Jacques*, *v.* Appendix V.
[4] Kölbing, *Englische Studien*, I, 75. *Cf.* also pp. 74, 76. It should be stated that in dealing with poetry in French and English so old as to be perhaps unintelligible to the reader, the writer has taken the same liberty as our betters a hundred years ago, and modernized a bit, while supplying the exact reference for those who can deal with it.
[5] *El Purgatorio de S. Patricio*, p. 165.
[6] From Soccard's *Noëls et Cantiques*.
[7] Kolbing, *op. cit.*, p. 119.
[8] Ward, *op. cit.*, II, 441.
[9] From Summary in Ward, *Catalogue*, ii, 398.
[10] *Id. ibid.*, 399. From a translation of the *Coptic Version* a short passage is extracted in Appendix VIII.
[11] Turnbull, *The Visions of Tundall*, p. 14; the second bridge, p. 19.

[12] Scott, *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, II, 365.

[13] See Appendix X.

[14] *Remains of Gentilism and Judaism*, p. 31 and pp. 220–22.

[15] *Op. cit.*, II, 361.

[16] For this unfortunately he gives no precise reference; it was reprinted in *Ballads and Lyrics of Old France*, T. Mosher, pp. 42–3.

[17] This is said not unaware of the sword-play theory.

[18] Gaston Paris, *Le Conte de la Charette*, in Romania, XII, p. 510. Gaston Paris, *op. et loc. cit.*, XII, pp. 473–4, 530–31.

[19] Wright, *Catalogue of Romances*, II, 441.

[20] Scott, *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, III, 50.

[21] *Cf.* however Reinach, *Cultes, Mythes et Religions*, II, 60, 61, and I, 276.

[22] Vigfusson and Powell, *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*, I, 142.

[23] *Cf.* also Morris, in *The Blue Closet:*

O Love Louise, is this the key
Of the happy golden land?
O Sisters, cross the bridge with me,
My eyes are full of sand.
What matter if I cannot see,
If ye take me by the hand?

Also in this connexion may be cited Mr. Yeats, in such passages as:

He made the world to be *a grassy road*
Before her wandering feet.

[24] Between the *Lyke-Wake Dirge* and the *Alma en pena*, the contrast, in the matter of what works shall avail, is quite typical: the southern, the Catholic ballad, lays the stress on acts of religion, the Spiritual Works, fasting, watching, prayer: the northern and Protestant, on the Corporal Works of Mercy, on feeding the hungry and clothing the naked.

[25] *Cf.* Kelly, *op. cit.*, 117, 123.

[26] *Pèlerinage d'un Paysan Picard a S. Jacques de Compostelle*, pp. 99, 100. I have translated literally the stumbling phraseology that accords with the muddled thought.

[27] Scott, *Count Robert of Paris*, pp. 120–121.

[28] Murguía, *Galicia*, p. 153.

[29] *Cantigas*, civ.

[30] In brief, the whole story of the pilgrimage, the whole tale of the writer, may be resolved into as neat and destructive an analysis of legendary themes, only in part Celtic, as ever furnish title to a Doctor's silken gown.

CHAPTER VII

España sagrada—Murguía, *Galicia*—Menéndez y Pelayo, *Historia de los heterodoxos españoles*—Osma, *Catálogo de azabaches compostelanos*—Fita y Guerra, *Recuerdos de un viaje*—Fita, *Opuscula*—Mélida, *Opuscula*—Luke of Tuy—Heiss, *Monnaies antiques de l'Espagne*—Cumont, *Oriental Religions in Roman Paganism*, and *Monuments Relatifs au Culte de Mithra*—Toutain, *Les Cultes Païens*

dans l'empire Romain—Réville, *La Religion à Rome sous les Sévères*—Reinach, *Cultes, Mythes et Religions*—Dussaud, *Notes sur la Mythologie Syrienne*—Bréhier, *L'Eglise et l'Orient au Moyen-Age*—Maury, *Croyances et Légendes du Moyen-Age*—Saintyves, *Les Saints Successeurs des Dieux* — Delehaye, *Les Légendes Hagiographiques*—Babut, *Priscillien et le Priscillianisme*—Goblet d'Alviella, *La Migration des Symboles*—Dreves, *Analecta Hymnica Medii Aevi*—Diederich, *Eine Mithras Liturgie* and *Der Untergang der Antiken Religion*—Wroth, *Catalogue of Greek Coins*—Walker, *Apocryphal Gospels, Acts, and Revelations*—Evans, *Mycenaean Tree and Pillar Cults*—Lawson, *Modern Greek Folk-lore and Ancient Greek Religion*—Jane Harrison, *Prolegomena to the Study of Ancient Greek Religion*—A. B. Cook, *Zeus*—Garstang, *The Syrian Goddess*—Mrs. Arthur Strong, *Apotheosis and After-Life*—Rendel Harris, *The Dioscuri in the Christian Legends, The Cult of the Heavenly Twins, Boanerges*—Frothingham, *Hermes the Snake-God and the Caduceus*—Publications of the Palestine Pilgrims' Text Society.

[1] F. Fita, in *Boletín de la Real Academia de la Historia* (1891), XIX, 528.
[2] *Corpus Inscrip. Lat.*, II, 140.
[3] F. Fita, in *Boletín de la Real Academia de la Historia*, LII, 455.
[4] F. Fita, in *Boletín de la Real Academia de la Historia*, XLII, 393.
[5] J. de Dios de la Rada y Delgada, in *Boletín*

de la Real Academia de la Historia, XXXVI, 423.

[6] Warde Fowler, *The Roman Ideas of Deity*, p. 12.

[7] In the *Lay of Helgi*, that is precisely not done.

[8] They all occur in the Mazdean religion, and were taken over into the Mithraic. *Cf.* Cumont, *Textes et Monuments Figurés*, I, 37.

[9] Warde Fowler, *op. cit.*, p. 12.

[10] López Ferreiro, *Historia de la S. A. M. Iglesia*, III, App., p. 25.

[11] *Cf.* Reinach, *Cultes, Mythes et Religions*, I, 59.

[12] Murguía, *Galicia*, p. 18; *cf.* also p. 133.

[13] Paul the Deacon, *History of the Lombards*, IV, xvi, pp. 160, 162.

[14] Mrs. Arthur Strong, *Apotheosis and Afterlife*, Lecture I.

The Constant Worship:

[1] Murguía sustains me in this: *cf. Galicia*, pp. 134–135, 145.

[2] J. Leite de Vasconcellos, *Religiões da Lusitania*.

[3] *Op. cit.*, p. 122.

[4] Heiss, *Les Monnaies Antiques de l'Espagne*, pp. 251–254.

[5] *Id. ibid.*, Pl. ix.

[6] *Id. ibid.*, Pl. xi–xii.

[7] *Id. ibid.*, Pl. xiii-xiv.

[8] *Id. ibid.*, Pl. xiv–xvi.

[9] *Id. ibid.*, Pl. xvi.

[10] *Id. ibid.*, Pl. xix–xx.

[11] *Id. ibid.*, Pl. xx–xxi.

[12] *Id. ibid.*, Pl. xxiii–xxvi: figured p. 354.
[13] *Id. ibid.*, Pl. xxx.
[14] Mélida, *El jinete ibérico*, in Boletín de la Sociedad Española, 1900, VIII, 3, p. 175.
[15] Heiss, *op. cit.*, Pl. xxxi.
[16] *Id. ibid.*, Pl. xxxii.
[17] *Id. ibid.*, Pl. xlvi, lii–liii.
[18] *Id. ibid.*, Pl. lxiii, lxiv.
[19] *Id. ibid.*, Pl. xxxvii, xlii.
[20] *Id. ibid.*, Pl. xxxix, xl, xlvii.
[21] *Id. ibid.*, Pl. lxv.
[22] *Id. ibid.*, Pl. xl.
[23] *Id. ibid.*, Pl. xxxii.
[24] *Id. ibid.*, Pl. xxxiii.
[25] *Id. ibid.*, Pl. xxxvi.
[26] *Id. ibid.*, Pl. xlviii.
[27] *Id. ibid.*, Pl. lx–lxii.
[28] *Id. ibid.*, Pl. lix: figured p. 354.
[29] *Id. ibid.*, Pl. xxxii.
[30] Macrobius, *Saturnalia*, I, xix, 15.
[31] *Corpus Inscrip. Lat.*, II, 5, 6, 12. The reference as thus given by Menéndez Pelayo I cannot verify, but the same inscription, as I think, is published by Fita y Guerra, *Recuerdos de un viaje*, pp. 15, 19, 28.
[32] Menéndez y Pelayo, *Historia de los heterodoxos españoles*, I, 348.
[33] *España sagrada*, XIV, 108.
[34] *Corpus Inscrip. Lat.*, II, 676, 677: Menéndez y Pelayo, *op. cit.*, 343. Ponz, VII, 80, and Hubner, who takes them from him, read *Divina*, but I assume that the latest writer has grounds for the altered reading of 1911. The whole region of Trujillo is full of moon-masked stones (*cf.* C. I. L. II, 673, 679, 681,

684), but crescents and orbs, conjoined here as in Syria, as well as stars, may refer to the planet. The other allusion is in Strabo, iii.

[35] Reinach, *Traité d'Epigraphie Grecque*, p. 151.

[36] The worship of S. Eulalia was taken from Mérida to Barcelona by S. Quiricus, a Gallegan and Bishop of Barcelona (656–669): Gándara, *Cisne Occidental*, II, 302. S. Columba, another aspect of Her of the Doves, appears in Juan Tamayo de Salazar as saints, mostly Gallegan or Portuguese. *Martyrologium Hispanium*, III, 369.

[37] Cook, *Zeus*, pp. 96–99; Figs. 72, 73.

[38] Heiss, *op. cit.*, Pl. xxxii.

[39] Osma, *Catálogo de azabaches compostelanos*, p. 50.

[40] *España sagrada*, IX, 84.

[41] *Corpus Inscrip. Lat.*, II, 2100, 2122, 2407; Toutain, *Les Cultes Païens*, I, i, 411.

[42] Murguía, *op. cit.*, p. 153.

[43] *La Migration des Symboles*, p. 330.

[44] Reinach, *Cultes, Mythes et Religions*, II, pp. 50, 51, 53.

[45] Livy, *Epitome*, lv; Strabo, *Geographia*, III, iii, 5.

[46] R. Menéndez Pidal, *La leyenda de los infantes de Lara*, pp. 182–191.

[47] *España sagrada*, XIV, 134.

[48] Reinach, in Daremberg et Saglio, *Dictionnaire*, II, 331, note 107, s. v. Dolichenus.

[49] Dreves, *Analecta Hymnica*, XVI, 219–222.

[50] *Oriental Religions*, pp. 249, 134.

[51] *España sagrada*, XX; López Ferreiro, *Historia de la S. A. M. Iglesia*, III, App. 64.

[52] *Catholic Encyclopedia*, *s. v.* Susanna: *AA. SS.* II February; II April.
[53] Cumont, *Textes et Monuments*, I, 68.
[54] *Id. ibid.*, II, 362.
[55] Cook, *Zeus*, p. 134, Fig. 100.
[56] Walker, *Apocryphal Gospels, Acts, and Revelations*, p. 376.
[57] Otto, *Augustus Soter*, in *Hermes*, XLV, 454.
[58] Cumont, *Oriental Religions*, p. 96. The inventory is given in Menéndez y Pelayo, *op. cit.* pp. 497–498.
[59] *Corpus Inscrip. Lat.*, II, 3, 386.
[60] Heiss, *op. cit.*, Pl. lix, 2 and 4 and pp. 389–390.
[61] *Corpus Inscrip. Lat.*, II, 3730, 1611.
[62] Wright, I, 369; Julian I, Discourse iv; *Hymn to King Sun*, in Macrobius, *Saturnalia*, I, xx, 13.
[63] Eusebius, *Life of Constantine*, iv, 19–20.
[64] *Corpus Inscrip. Lat.*, II, 46.
[65] Menéndez y Pelayo, *Historia de los heterodoxos*, I, 500; Fita, *Boletín de la Academia de Historia*, X, 242.
[66] *Boletín de la Real Academia de la Historia*, 1917, April: *Cultos emeritenses de Serapis y de Mithras*.
[67] *Op. cit.*, p. 60.
[68] Réville, *op. cit.*, p. 61.
[69] *Id. ibid.*, 105, 106.
[70] *Id. ibid.*, p. 70.
[71] Dr. Rendel Harris is authority for this, in *The Cult of the Heavenly Twins.*

The Star-Led Wizards:

[1] *Corpus Inscrip. Lat.*, II, 178, 179, 606, 805, 5260, 5521, 3706.

[2] *Id. ibid.*, 2764, 5413; 2776—Toutain characteristically considers these mothers Gallican and not Galician—2848; *cf. Boletín de la Real Academia de la Historia* (1910), LVI, 349; 2818; *cf. Boletín de la Real Academia de la Historia* (1900), XXXVI, 507.

[3] *S. Jacques en Galice*, in *Annales du Midi*, 1900; p. 161.

[4] Babut, *Priscillien et le Priscillianisme*, p. 192.

[5] *España sagrada*, XX, 9–10.

[6] Murguía, *Galicia*, published this.

[7] *Compostellana*, in *España sagrada*, XX, 10. This can only be interpreted to mean that the pine tree stood before the shrine, or else that the shrine stood in a grove of pines, but both were there before S. Martin. It is still called *S. Martín Pinario*.

[8] Cumont, *Textes et Monuments Figurés*, II, 166–167. By error he calls Iria Flavia Caldas de Reyes: that was Aquae Celenias.

[9] Toutain, *Les Cultes Païens*, I, ii, 145, to these must be added eleven more in the Narbonnais. Cf. *Corpus Inscrip. Lat.*, II, 464, 807, 2634, 2705, 5635, 1025, 1966, 5366, 4086. To the solar gods, 258, 259, 2407, 5319, 6308, 4604, add to these: *Bulletin Hispanique*, 1904, p. 347; *Année Épigraphique*, 1905, nos. 24, 25, 26; *Comptes-rendus de l'Académie des Inscriptions*, 1905, pp. 148–151.

[10] Pierre Paris, *Restes du culte de Mithra en*

Espagne in Revue Archéologique, July-December, 1914.

[11] *Notes de Mythologie Syrienne* (1903), pp. 23 sqq. 52 sqq.

[12] *Historia de los heterodoxos*, I, 469; *Corpus Inscrip. Lat.*, II, 5929; Heiss, *Monnaies Antiques de l'Espagne*, Pl. lv. To this must be added, as I believe, a Celtiberian type of Sagunto (Heiss, xxvii, 1 and 2, and also 11; xxviii, 13, 15, 17, 18;), Valencia, xxviii, has the same winged helmet which at Sagunto was associated with the caduceus; Iliberi, xlviii, 6.

[13] Reinach, *Cultes, Mythes et Religions*, III, pp. 170–177 and indeed the whole essay on *Mercure Tricéphale*, pp. 160 sqq.

[14] Dussaud, *op. cit.*, p. 24.

[15] *España sagrada*, IX, 108 sqq., 310.

[16] Macrobius, *Saturnalia*, I, xxi, 5.

[17] Reinach, *s. v.* Dolichenus, in Daremberg et Saglio, *Dictionnaire*. S. Marinus figures in various parts of the North-west and North-east: SS. Marinus and Patronus at Gerona. Tamayo de Salazar. *Martyr. Hisp.*

[18] Fita y Guerra, *Recuerdos de un viaje*, pp. 28–29. There is something about this church in the singular letter which Alfonso the Chaste is supposed to have written to the clergy and people of Tours in the year 906, and which came from the Archives of Cluny: *España sagrada*, XIX, 348, 349.

[19] *España sagrada*, XX, 59. This is not the same as the original See of Iria, dedicated to S. Eulalia, for the *Compostellana* continues, "et sicut altare S. Eulaliae in Iria." The state-

ment about the priest Pelayo, is repeated later (II, lv), pp. 373–374.

[20] This curious statement which, though it has suffered literary contamination undoubtedly, yet seems a real piece of folk tradition, I owe to the kindness of a correspondent at the Hispanic Society of America, New York, who reports it as picked up in South America from an old chaplain.

[21] P. Paris, *Les Bronzes de Costig*, in Revue Archéologique, 1897, I, 138; *Essai sur l'Art et l'Industrie de l'Espagne primitif*, I, 140–162.

[22] Mélida, *La Colección Vives*, in *Revista de Archivos, Bibliotecas y Museos*, 1900, p. 156.

[23] *Peristephanon, Hymn X. Passio S. Romani Martyris*, ll. 1010–1050.

[24] *Op. cit.*, p. 398.

[25] Cumont, *Oriental Religions*, p. 23.

[26] *L'Eglise et l'Orient au Moyen Age*, pp. 7–8.

[27] Murguía, *Galicia*, pp. 183, 201–206.

[28] *Extirpación de la idolatría del Perú*, p. 33.

[29] Rendel Harris, *Boanerges*, 20, note; quoted from Pettitot, *Traditions Indiennes du Canada Nord-Ouest*, p. 283.

[30] Arriaga, *op. cit.*, p. 32; Acosta, *Natural and Moral History of the Indies*, Hakluyt Society, p. 304.

[31] Dussaud, *Notes de Mythologie Syrienne*, passim.

[32] Wroth, *Catalogue of the Greek Coins of Galatia, Cappadocia and Syria*, pp. 292, 294, 295, Pl. xxxvi; Cook, *Zeus*, p. 558, Figs. 421, 422.

[33] Farnell, *Greece and Babylon*, p. 288;

Zimmern, *Beiträge*, p. 123. I am indebted for this reference to my colleague Dr. W. C. Wright, and for a fresh translation of the Babylonian formulae to Dr. Morris Jastrow of the University of Pennsylvania.

[34] Dussaud, *op. cit.*, pp. 29–51.

[35] Dussaud, *op. cit.*, pp. 85–86; G. F. Hill, *Journal of Hellenic Studies* (1911), XXXI, 59.

[36] Leary, *Syria the Land of Lebanon*, p. 190; Charton, *Voyageurs anciens et modernes*, II, 185.

[37] Best figured in Cook, *Zeus*, p. 569 and Pl. xxxiii.

[38] De Ridder, *Catalogue des Bronzes de la Collection de Clercq*, pp. 143 sqq.

[39] Published by Palestine Pilgrims' Text Society, for Acre, 18–29. *Cf. Citez de Jherusalem*, for Tortosa, p. 43, p. 48: in Palestine Pilgrims' Text Society.

[40] Charton, *op. cit.*, p. 175.

[41] Phené Spires, *Jerusalem Churches*, in *Architecture East and West*, pp. 203, 206, 207. A fragment of the cult-statue has been found at Beyrout: Dussaud, *op. cit.*, p. 129.

[42] *Op. cit.*, p. 94.

[43] *Citez de Jherusalem*, p. 32: Palestine Pilgrims' Text Society.

[44] *Hispaniae Illustratae*, IV, 34.

[45] *S. Jacques en Galice*, p. 159.

The Mortal Twin:

[1] Babut, *Priscillien et la Priscillianisme*, p. 130.

[2] *España sagrada*, XVI, 39; Babut, *op. cit.*, p. 238.

[3] *S. Silva of Aquitaine*, pp. 35, 43: Palestine Pilgrims' Text Society.
[4] Chabot, *Chronique de Michel le Syrien*, I, 149.
[5] Caxton's *Golden Legend*, V, 97, Nativity of our Lady.
[6] Chabot, *op. cit.*, I, 148–149.
[7] Palestine Pilgrims' Text Society, p. 19, §86.
[8] Chabot, *op. cit.*, p. 183.
[9] Palestine Pilgrims' Text Society, p. 11.
[10] Palestine Pilgrims' Text Society, pp. 2, 14.
[11] Palestine Pilgrims' Text Society, p. 45.
[12] Palestine Pilgrims' Text Society, p. 33.
[13] Palestine Pilgrims' Text Society, pp. 5, 33, 43.
[14] Palestine Pilgrims' Text Society, p. 78.
[15] Palestine Pilgrims' Text Society, p. 42, 46.
[16] Palestine Pilgrims' Text Society, p. 100.
[17] *Hispaniae Illustratae*, IV, 34.
[18] *S. Jacques en Galice*, pp. 151, 152.
[19] *Id. ibid.*, p. 166.
[20] *Id. ibid.*, p. 153; Dreves, *Analecta Hymnica*, XXVII, 187.
[21] Walker, *Apocryphal Gospels, Acts, and Revelations*, p. 354.
[22] *Id. ibid.*, pp. 440–443.
[23] *Id. ibid.*, pp. 308, 320, 323.
[24] *Id. ibid.*, pp. 309, 323.
[25] *Id. ibid.*, p. 314.
[26] *Id. ibid.*, pp. 314, 328, 329.
[27] *Id. ibid.*, p. 305.
[28] *Id. ibid.*, p. 315.
[29] *Id. ibid.*, pp. 301, 303.

[20] *Id. ibid.*, p. 394.
[21] *Id. ibid.*, p. 316.
[22] Schepss, *Corpus Scrip. Eccles. Lat.*, XVIII, 44.
[23] *Boanerges*, passim.

The High God:

[1] Cook, *Zeus*, pp. 549, 551.
[2] Macrobius, *Saturnalia*, xxiii, 23, 10 sqq. I quote from Mr. Cook's version pp. 552–553.
[3] *Catholic Encyclopedia*, s. v. Genesius. Tamayo y Salazar, *Martyr. Hisp.*, I, 38.
[4] Robinson, *Later Biblical Researches in Palestine*, III, 522.
[5] *Life of Constantine*, iii, 58.
[6] Theodoret, *Eccles. History*, iii, 7.
[7] Chabot, *Chronique de Michel le Syrien*, II, 262.
[8] Niebuhr, in *Corpus Scriptorum Historiae Byzantinae*, p. 344.
[9] Fita y Guerra, *Recuerdos de un viaje*, p. 30. Gándara, *Armas y triunfos*, pp. 31, 108.
[10] Eusebius, *op. cit.*, iii, 58; Robinson, *op. cit.*, p. 522.
[11] O. Puchstein, in *Jahrbuch des Kaiserl. Deutsch. Archaelog. Institut.*, 1901, XVI, pp. 131 sqq., XVII, 87 sqq.
[12] Overbeck, *Exploits of Mar Rabbûla*.
[13] In 1852 Robinson saw there "two rows of pedestals as if for statues or sphinxes" (*op. cit.*, 511). These sphinxes were found by Garstang elsewhere in the lands of the Hittite, and the Sphinx which stepped down from its pedestal and testified, in the city of the Man-Eaters, was most likely Hittite.

Garstang, *Land of the Hittite;* Walker, *Apocryphal Gospels, Acts, and Revelations*, p. 357; Reinach, *Cultes, Mythes and Religions*, I, 406.

[14] Dussaud, *Notes de Mythologie Syrienne*, pp. 49–51.

[15] *Id. ibid.*, pp. 81–115.

[16] British Museum, *Catalogue of Coins*, Phoenicia, Pl. xi, 6.

[17] *Babylonian Origin of Hermes the Snake God*, in *American Journal of Archaeology*, 1916, XX, ii, 175 sqq.

[18] Garstang, *The Syrian Goddess*, pp. 49 sqq., 57 sqq., 69–77, 79.

[19] *Id. ibid*, pp. 22–24.

[20] The Minoan and other parallels, both prehistoric and contemporary, in Evans, *Mycenaean Tree and Pillar Cult*, passim. The *Cruz de los Harapos* is here explained by observations in modern Greece.

[21] López Ferreiro, *op. cit.*, I, 309; II, 194.

[22] Garstang, *op. cit.*, pp. 91–92.

[23] *España sagrada*, IX, 410.

[24] Garstang, *op. cit.*, pp. 69–70.

[25] Palestine Pilgrims' Text Society, *The Pilgrimage of the Holy Paula*, i, p. 4; *S. Silva of Aquitaine*, p. 34.

[26] S. Lee, *Eusebius Bishop of Caesarea on the Theophania*, quoted in Cook, *Zeus*, p. 550, note 8.

Along the Eastern Road:

[1] Wroth, *British Museum Catalogue of Greek Coins*, Galatia, Cappadocia and Syria, pp. 290, 291, 293, Pl. xxxvi, 7; Cook, *Zeus*, pp. 566–567, figs. 433, 434.

[2] O. Puchstein, *Jahrbuch des Kaiserl. Deutsch. Archaeolog. Institut*, 1902, XVII, 87, 97.
[3] *Historia de la arquitectura*, I, 149–158.
[4] So Lucian, Garstang, *The Syrian Goddess*, p. 71.
[5] Réville, *La Religion à Rome*, pp. 286, 290.
[6] Cumont, *Textes et Monuments Figurés*, I, 355–356.
[7] Gongaud, *Les Chrétientés Celtiques*, p. 261.
[8] The case is this:

(1) Stones were worshipped in proto-historic Spain, and the drawing of Santiago's pillar is identically like those on Minoan gems. A Pillar was associated with S. James, and worshipped at Saragossa, and at Compostella.
(2) The *Jinete* is to be identified with Castor, and S. James involved, as warrior and as twin, wherever he was worshipped.
(3) The High God of Compostella: he is a storm god, a sky god, and a sun god. His Mate is the Lady of the Doves, Dea Ataecina.
(4) S. James is psychopompos and patron of wayfarers, succeeding the Celtic Esus-Mercury, and Mithras. He is a chthonian power.
(5) The type of Serapis and the epithet *Soter* were given to him.
(6) The relation of Mother and Son at Compostella must be connected with the Lusitanian inscriptions to the Mother of the gods.
(7) He is a vegetation-god, and rain-maker: a bull-god.
(8) He is the twin of Christ.

(9) This combination, in the High God of Compostella, of sun god, fertility god, and war god, made easy this identification with the greatest of the Syrian Baals, the Zeus of Heliopolis.

(10) The later empire and Middle Age knew all about Heliopolis from Lucian and Macrobius and also from travellers, John of Antioch, Michael the Syrian and Benjamin of Tudela, all writing in the twelfth century, and all describing what was there.

(11) Syrian architects left their mark in Europe.

(12) It is most probable that the stair at the west end of Santiago and Notre Dame du Puy, is fetched from Syria.

NOTES: BOOK FOUR

CHAPTER I

Compare for the matter of this chapter, the following authorities already so often cited: Lampérez—M. Gómez Moreno—Murguía—E. Mâle—E. Bertaux—R. de Lasteyrie—C. Enlart—A. Venturi—A. Kingsley Porter.

[1] Murguía, *Galicia*, p. 428.

The Portico of Visions:

[1] V. Appendix, VIII.
[2] Turnbull, *The Visions of Tundall*, p. 30.
[3] Turnbull, *op. cit.*, lines 358–61, p. 12.
[4] *Id. ibid.*, line 412, p. 14.

[5] Ward, *Journal of the Archaeological Association*, 1875, XXXI, p. 420 sqq.

[6] Adam says:

Toward the east end of yonder vale
A green way find thou shall.
In that way shall thou find and see
The steps of thy mother and me
Following in the grass green
That ever sithence hath been seen
Where we came, going as unwise
When we were put from Paradise
Into this world's wretched slade [dale]
Where I first myself was made,
For the greatness of our sin;
Since, might no grass grow therein.
That same will thee lead thy gate
From hence to Paradise's gate.

Cursor Mundi, ll. 1251 sqq. In Early English Text Society, Original Series, lvii.

[7] Lampérez, *Historia de la arquitectura*, I, 365.

The Chantier:

[1] *V.* Lasteyrie, *L'Architecture Religieuse en France*, p. 448.

[2] *Boletín de la Sociedad Española de Excursiones*, XVI (1908), p. 86.

Excursus on some Twelfth Century Sculpture:

[1] Figured in Venturi, *Historia dell' Arte Italiana*, III, 191.

[2] *Cf.* Emile Mâle in *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, January, 1918.
[3] All figured in Venturi, *op. cit.*, III, pp. 287–336.
[4] Lasteyrie decides that these sculptures fall between 1145 and 1194, and probably within the first half of that time. *Monuments Piot*, VIII, 28.
[5] *Op. cit.*, p. 50.
[6] Villanueva y Geltru, *Viaje literario a las iglesias de España*, IX, 298–300.
[7] These include Lucca, porch; Pisa, baptistery; Arezzo, pieve; Perugia, fountain; Ferrara, cathedral.

Workmen of S. James:

[1] Published by Lasteyrie, *Monuments Piot*, VIII, Plate x.
[2] In *Boletín de la Sociedad Española*, 1908, p. 86.
[3] *Cf.* Baum, *Romanesque Architecture in France:* at Bordeaux, Saintes, Aulnay, and Angers are personages thus arranged; at S. Maurice, Vauvant, Maillezais, are fabulous beasts.
[4] Lampérez, *Las catedrales gallegas*, in *Ilustración Española y Americana*, 1903.

Sorting:

[1] V. *Congrès, Archéologique de France*, 1894. M. Anatole de Roumejoux, *L'Ornementation aux époques Mérovingiens et Carolingiens*, with plates.
[2] Photograph, Sebah et Joaillier, No. 54, Mosque of Kahrie.

[3] "This much seems clear: that the Siberian art as exemplified in the Nonocherkarek treasure would naturally lead on to the 'Gothic' style, the ornamental style of the barbarians that overran the Roman Empire. Specimens of this work are distributed from Stockholm to Spain and from Ireland to the Caucasus, but there seems good reason to suppose that it arises in southern Russia. . . . The beast style seems to derive from the Scytho-Siberian. . . . [The patterns] held their own, longest as Island varieties in Ireland and Scandinavia, where they came to be thought autochthonous and characteristically Keltic or Northern." Minns, *Scythians and Greeks*, p. 282. *Cf.* also, p. 266, "Scythic beast style," and xxxix, *Addenda and Corrigenda.*

CHAPTER II

[1] L. Gautier, *Les Chansons de Geste*, note on verse 892.

[2] Henri Bordier, *La Confrérie des Pèlerins de S. Jacques. Mémoires de la Société de l'Histoire de Paris et de l'Isle de France*, vols. I and II.

[3] Bonnault d'Houët, *Pèlerinage d'un Paysan Picard*, 1890, p. xix.

[4] M. l'Abbé Camille Daux, *Le Pèlerinage de Compostelle.*

[5] M. Camille de Mensignac, *La Confrérie Bordelaise de Mgr. S. Jacques de Compostelle à l'Eglise S. Michel de Bordeaux.*

[6] Adrien Lavergne, *Les Chemins de S.*

Jacques en Gascoigne, in *Revue de Gascoinge*, XX, XXI, XXVII, XXVIII.

[7] López Ferreiro, *Historia de la S. A. M. Iglesia*, V, pp. 77–89.

[8] Fabié, *Viajes por España*, p. 29.

[9] James Howell, *Instructions for Forraine Travel;* Arber's *English Reprints*, XVI, p. 38.

[10] Colophon to a set of Miracles published from a MS. of the fifteenth century by Fita, *Estudios Históricos*, III (1885).

CHAPTER III

España sagrada — Diccionario Geográfico-histórico, Sección 1—Lampérez, *Historia de la arquitectura*—Pirilla, *Provincias vascongadas*—Madrazo, *Navarra y Logroño* 1—Becerro de Bengoa, *El libro de Alava*—Iturralde y Suit, *La cruz de Roncesvalle*—Bédier, *Les Légendes Epiques.*

[1] Marina, *Diccionario geográfico-histórico, Sección* 1, I, 107.

[2] Lampérez, *Historia de la arquitectura*, I, 610, n. 3.

[3] Marina, *Diccionario geográfico-histórico, Sección* 1, I, 272.

[4] Garrán, *S. María la real*, pp. 35, 36.

Roncevaux:

[1] *Tesoretto*, cap. ii, ll. 27–40.

[2] Bédier, *Les Chansons Epiques*, IV; Pío Rajna, *Homenáje a Menéndez Pelayo*, II, 387.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

I. Notes on S. James Major, S. Mary Virgin, and the Pillar, at Saragossa.
II. Miracles of S. James.
III. Miracles of Our Lady of Villa-Sirga.
IV. The Great Hymn of S. James.
V. The Little Hymn of S. James.
VI. *La Grande Chanson des Pèlerins de S. Jacques.*
VII. Thurkill's Vision.
VIII. Apocalypse of S. Paul.
IX. Frau Holde.
X. A Lyke-Wake Dirge.
XI. *El Alma en Pena.*
XII. Gallegan Romance.
XIII. Purchas his Pilgrim.
XIV. Itineraries.
1. Aymery Picaud's, 1120–40.
2. De Caumont's, 1417: 3.
3. Bought in Leon, 1525.
4. Villuga's *Reportorio*, 1546.
5. Nicholas Bonfons', 1583.
6. Pilgrim's Guide, 1718.
7. *Itinerario Español*, 1798.

I

NOTES ON S. JAMES MAJOR, S. MARY VIRGIN, AND THE PILLAR, AT SARAGOSSA

Anónimo de Almería

I. From the Description of Spain by the anonymous Geographer of Almería, twelfth century. Composed before the Christians under *Alfonso el Batallador* retook Saragossa in 1118:

Saragossa

Among the cities of Spain Saragossa is great, and built long since. They say it was built by Constantine in the time of Our Lord Mohammed, whom may God bless and save. One of the curious things is that it is entirely enclosed. Its wall is built of cut stones fitted one into the other. Without the city the wall is forty cubits high, more or less; within, it is level with the streets and lanes: the greatest difference of level is not more than five cubits. The houses project upon the ramparts. It is called the white city, because

it is whitewashed. Above it is a white light that everyone can see, day and night, in fair weather and foul. The Christians say the light has been there since the foundation. The Musulmans say that it happened since two virtuous men were buried there, Hanech es Sana'ani and Faeqad edi Chanadji. There are doubts about one of them but certainly the former was one of the Companions of the Prophet (whom may God bless and preserve); he went into Spain the year of the Conquest, that is to say the year 91, with Tarik. The second came with Musa ben Nesair in 92, as Ibn-el-Djezzâr says in *The Book of the Marvels of the Country*. These two men are buried at the south-east, outside the mosque opposite the *mihrâb*. That is made of a single block of marble carved with a marvellous and extraordinary labour: there is no like *mihrâb* in all the inhabited earth.

Another marvel of this city is that any reptile or any serpent that enters therein, dies instantly. Among other extraordinary things, nothing spoils, neither fruits nor corn. I have seen wheat more than a hundred years old, grapes that have hung for six years more or less, dry figs, prunes (or apricots that are dried) plums, cherries, pears, dried peaches

four years old and more. You may see the beans and chick-pease of twenty years old and more. There are so many cereals, wines and fruits that in all the inhabited earth there is no land more fertile in fruits, and the inhabitants mostly eat them dried, there are so many. It abounds in gardens, flowers, and goodly buildings. The city is situate on the great river Ebro. . . . From René Basset, *Extrait de la Description de l'Espagne, é tiro de l'ouvrage du Geographe anonyme d'Almeria*, in *Homenaje a D. Francisco Cardera*, pp. 619–647.

II. From Edrisi's *Description of Africa and Spain:*

Edrisi on Saragossa

Saragossa is one of the capital cities of Spain, great and populous. The streets are wide, the houses very goodly, the city is surrounded by vine-garths and gardens. The walls are of stone, very strong; the city is built on the edge of the great river called the Ebro, which comes in part from the land of the Christians, in part from the mountains of Calatayud, and in part from about Calahorra, and the branches unite above Tudela. Then the river flows toward Saragossa, then to the fortress of Djibra (Chiprana), then it receives the waters of the Olive river (the Cinca), then

it flows toward Tortosa and at the east thereof falls into the sea. Saragossa is called also *al-medina al-braidhâ* (the white city) because most of the houses are covered with plaster or whitewash. One remarkable peculiarity is that there are no snakes there; if you bring in any, they die at once. At Saragossa there is a huge bridge, which you pass to enter the city, which has strong. walls and superb buildings.

So Ireland and Iceland

Tortosa is a city built at the foot of a mountain and girded by strong walls. There are bazaars, fine buildings, artisans and workmen. They build great ships with the timber from the mountains round about, which are covered with pines uncommonly large and tall; they use it for masts and yards of ships. It is reddish, with shiny bark, resinous and durable, and insects will not touch it. It is far-renowned.—From *Edrisi, Description de l'Afrique et l'Espagne*, by R. Dozy, and M. J. de Goeje, pp. 230–231.

Tortosa

III. From the *Teatro Histórico* of Fray Lamberto de Zaragoza condensed:

Fray Lambert de Zaragoza

S. James left Jerusalem in 36, and having preached the Gospel in Judaea and Samaria he took ship for Spain; some would have it that

he disembarked at Carthagena but it is more likely that the place was somewhere about Tortosa. He came up the banks of the Ebro; when he reached Saragossa he spent his days in expounding and his nights chiefly in prayer. Being with some disciples just outside the walls he saw a light and heard singing and perceived a multitude of angels bringing S. Mary on a throne from Jerusalem in a great glory, and by her a wooden image of her, and a column of jasper: she bade him build her a temple there where with her name his should be adored: "for this place is to be my House, my right inheritance and possession. This image and column of mine shall be the Title and Altar of the temple that you shall build." (pp. 41–44). When the Apostle had built the church, he gave it the title of S. Mary of the Pillar. He gave to the congregation of the faithful there an organized church and see, and seeing in Athanasius a disciple eminent in the faith, in wisdom and zeal, named him bishop and consecrated with the laying on of his hands; and in Theodore another disciple not inferior in the same tokens, ordained him priest, designating the former to the office of pastor of the Caesar-Augustan flock, and the other to the charge of

—for Guadix
Tortosa
Saragossa
The Pillar

the cult of the sacred image and other exercises that lead to ecclesiastical discipline (p. 46). S. Athanasius was the first Bishop of Saragossa; some think he was of Greek extraction and was born in Toledo, and had been in Jerusalem and there been converted, returning to Spain with S. James (p. 49). S. Theodore the disciple of S. James was the successor of S. Athanasius in the see (p. 59).

Companions of S. James

All the intent of the R. P. Risco . . . [says Fray Lamberto] is to deny that SS. Athanasius and Theodore were bishops of Saragossa, as where he says in *España Sagrada*, vol. XXX, p. 39, § 8, "as it is known by ancient monuments, the Epistle of Leo III, and the Instrument of Calixtus II, all we know of them is that they were in Galicia and always stayed there, guarding the Sepulchre of their holy Master, till they both died and were buried one on the left and one on the right hand of the Apostle's body," but in truth the Epistle says not one word about their bishoprics, neither affirming nor denying. . . . (pp. 273–275). *Et cetera, et cetera.*

From *Teatro Histórico de las Iglesias del Reyno de Aragón*, tome II. By the R. P. Fray Lamberto de Zaragoza, of the Order of the Capuchines, 1782.

IV. From Risco, *España Sagrada*, XXX, 1775. Condensed. Fr. Risco

The piety and religious devotion with which all the faithful venerate the holy image of the Column, and the respect with which they regard the temple of it, is a solid document for proof of the antiquity, the continuity, and the certainty of our tradition, for there is not known any other commencement of a cult so devout and so widespread throughout the world. . . . S. Braul, who flourished in the seventh century, had a very especial devotion to this sanctuary. The ancient Breviary of Monte Aragon, and a volume that served for the Order of Jeronymites, refer to the holy bishop's living for a while in the house of the Pillar. It is certain that notwithstanding the great excellence of the temple of the Saviour, and the appreciation in which he held the church of the Innumerable Martyrs, as will be said in the proper place, his holy body was buried in this sanctuary, as his *Life* also will prove. Aymon, a writer of the ninth century, in the midst of celebrating the two churches, called that of the Pillar the mother of all the churches in the city. . . . The most authentic testimony which can be brought to confirm the fame and dignity of The Pillar at Saragossa

this holy image throughout the Christian world, and the esteem in which it was held, is the bull of Pope Gelasius II, issued in 1118 and the encyclical of D. Pedro Librana, first bishop after the reconquest. This rejoices in the deliverance of the church of the Blessed and Glorious Virgin Mary [but names no Pillar which is only as might be expected]. Doctor Ferreras pretends that the image of the Pillar is as modern as certain very learned Aragonese aver, who say it was brought by some Gascon monks at the time of the Conquest of Saragossa (pp. 75–79).

Cistercians of S. Bernard, our Lady's great lover

The oppression that the *Mozárabes* of Saragossa suffered during the dominion of the Moors was not always the same, but severer or lighter according to the temper of the prefects or kings. What I have been able to collect [says Risco] from the monuments that I have read concerned with this time, is that the servitude of the Christians in this city was not so harsh and calamitous as what they suffered at Cordova and in other towns near that court. . . . In 848 this church enjoyed such peace, that not only the bishop Senior but also the prefect of the Arabs received benignly the Christians who passed through Saragossa, as S. Eulogius and Aymon testify.

. . . From these notices it may be inferred that the *Mozárabes* of this church enjoyed for long stretches of time such peaceable and happy existence as could hardly have been expected of the barbarity of the Saracens . . . they were however poor, what with the covetousness of the Mohammedans and the continuance of wars . . . so that Pope Gelasius allowed indulgences to those that gave any alms for the decoration of the walls of the Pillar, the provision of ornaments and sacred vessels, and the sustenance of the clergy there. There seems to have been no lack of instruction in the city during the time called of her captivity, nor is it likely that the Christians fell into any error from living with such barbarous folk. . . (pp. 208–210). The church of the Pillar was in this time the place of religion and sanctity . . . as Zurita says (p. 207). The churches which the Arabs allowed to the faithful were that of the *Santas Masas*, now S. Engracia, and that of the Pillar, and they turned into a mosque that of the Saviour (p. 206). *Mozárabes*

The tradition of the antiquity of the cult of the Pillar is proved by the Mass which of old time was sung in the holy chapel of the Pillar, with the codex which exists in the

Mozarabic Mass

archives of that church, and with other testimonies. The Mass was given up in the time of Pius V, to bring the chapter into conformity with the Roman missal, but the chapter still sang the collect in the daily procession to the chapel of Our Lady, and the whole substance of the apparition is in the collect. In a copy of the *Morals of S. Gregory*, belonging to the church of the Pillar which

Later than the twelfth century

was shown at Rome in evidence as five hundred years old, the story of the apparition of the Virgin to S. James is written at the end with all the traditional circumstances . . . nevertheless, the codex is not so old as some think, but it embodied an ancient tradition. . . . The writing is that used in Spain much later than the time of Tajón, and even later than the twelfth century. . . .

In 1459 John II of Aragon conceding singular graces and prerogatives to this church mentioned the admirable apparition of the Virgin to S. James upon the marble Pillar. On May 9, 1471, the Chapter of the Pillar ordered that on the octave of S. James, though it was a double first, the little office of the Virgin should not be omitted as on other octaves, because it was meet and right in the whole festival to keep a memorial of

the prodigious apparition that the sovereign Queen vouchsafed to the holy Apostle in that city. In 1504 Ferdinand the Catholic in another diploma affirmed that the said tradition was so celebrated and famous that none of the Catholics of the west were ignorant thereof (pp. 79–83).

Encouraged in the early Renaissance

The bull of Calixt III, given in 1456, may be found in *España Sagrada* III, Appendix 11. It declares that the church of the Pillar is the first that was consecrated and dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary, that before her Assumption she appeared to the Apostle S. James in Saragossa on a column of marble, whence the church took its name of the Pillar, that S. James by her orders built her a chapel, that the faithful came thither with great devotion, and that God in his mercy worked an infinity of miracles there. . . . (p. 85).

Borja of Valencia

The whole has been accepted by the Roman curia, Benedict XIV, and the Bollandists (p. 95).

V. From Flórez, *España Sagrada*, III, 1754.

The Arragonese at the conquest of Seville founded there a confraternity under the advocation of *Nuestra Señora del Pilar*, I, 253 (p. 115).

Perhaps they found there a Pillar and a Lady

II

THE MIRACLES OF S. JAMES

Miracles

PRINTED, from *The Book of S. James*, in *Acta Sanctorum*, July, vol. VI, pp. 47 sqq.: from which they are here summarized in the original order, omitting the division into chapters.

I

I. In the time of King Alfonso when the Saracen raged, a count named Ermengotus, taken as a prisoner into Saragossa and calling on S. James, saw him appear. The Apostle comforted him, took him out to the city gates which opened at the sign of the Cross, and carried him back to a Christian castle.

II

II. In the time of Bishop Theodomir a certain Italian had sinned so greatly that he hardly dared confess and his priest dared not absolve. He wrote out his confession and going to Santiago laid it on the altar. On S. James's Day, when the Bishop went to sing Mass, the scroll was blank. [This miracle is told of Charlemagne and S. Giles, which is, after all, within the same cycle or current of

legends. Where Charlemagne must figure as founder and saint, it is wisely transferred to an anonymous Italian.] Miracles

III. In the year 1108 a French couple had no children: they went upon the pilgrimage and afterwards the wife was pregnant. [This is the opening of a Romance.] When the son thus given was fifteen years old they took him on the same pilgrimage and in the mountains of Oca the boy died. Then the mother called upon S. James: "You gave him once: restore him now!" S. James did. III

IV. In 1080 thirty soldiers of Lorraine set out, and all swore to stand by each other except one, who made no promises. When they reached Gascony and the *Portam Clausam* (Port de Cize) one fell very sick and for two weeks lay sick there. Twenty-eight men went on, only the one who had made no pledge, stayed by him: the two kept vigil a night at the village of S. Michael [S. Miguel in Excelsis] and started again on foot, but the mountain was too rough and the sick man died. The survivor in solitude and night, amid mountains and Basques, called for help on S. James. The Apostle appearing on horseback, took the dead in his arms, and the living behind him, and before sunrise the IV

Miracles

twelve days' journey was made and the pair set down on the hill of Mountjoy, with a promise that the dead man should be buried by the Canons of Santiago. [The mingling here of folk-lore and actuality is the quaintest, the sweetest, ever savoured.]

v

V. In 1090 some German pilgrims [Vincent of Beauvais says French] going to S. James, came to Toulouse, and lodged with a rich man who coveted their goods. He made them drunk, and while they slept heavily hid a silver cup among their goods: then came with the guard at cock crow to arouse and search. He dragged two of them, father and son, before a judge, the son was hanged, the father continued the pilgrimage. Coming back thirty-six days later he found the son still alive, for S. James had held him up and fed him. The wicked host was hanged.

Our Lady of Villa-Sirga. Volume II, page 167.

vi

VI. In 1100 when Louis was King of France [he was not king until 1108] the land was invaded with a pestilence, and Count William of Poitiers went with his wife and two little children on the pilgrimage. In Pampeluna the countess died and the host robbed them even of the horse that carried the children. They met a good old man with an excellent donkey and finished the journey

with these. Returning to Pampeluna, they found that the host was hanged, the old man was the Apostle, and the ass was an angel. [Jacob Sobieski had an adventure in Pampeluna that begins with his being robbed, but ends with the Bishop's repaying the lost money to save the innkeeper's daughter from hanging.] Miracles

VII. In 1100 when a Frisian ship of Jerusalem pilgrims was attacked by a Saracen named Avitus [here is the opening of a Romance] a sailor in full armour fell overboard. S. James pulled him out and put him back on board. VII × Sea-faring

VIII. In 1102 a pilgrim returning by sea from Jerusalem was sitting on the bulwarks singing to a psaltery, and was washed overboard. S. James saved him, and brought him safely to the haven where he would be. [In all these sea-faring miracles the rescued vows and accomplishes the pilgrimage to Compostella.] VIII × Dionysus type

IX. In 1103 a French knight stationed at Tiberias and in the country near Jerusalem, being in danger of the Turks, vowed the pilgrimage and escaped. He forgot the vow, fell sick unto death, and was visited and reminded by the Apostle. He set out. The ship was endangered in a storm and all on board IX Palestine

The Dioscuri protected sea-farers

vowed the pilgrimage. S. James appeared among them in human form, they anchored safe and came to the haven where they would be, in Apulia.

X

X. In 1104 a pilgrim returning from Jerusalem fell overboard, called on S. James, and swam after the ship three days and nights till he was heard and taken on board.

XI Modena

XI. In 1105 one Bernard of Castelcorgano in the diocese of Modena was a prisoner in a deep dungeon, loaded with chains. To him calling on S. James, the Apostle appeared and said: "Come, follow me into Galicia," then struck off his chains, and took him up to the top of the tower whence he jumped down without the least harm.

XII Compostellan

XII. In 1106 a soldier sick in Apulia of an affection of the throat, earnestly desiring to be touched with a *crusella* fetched back from Compostella, was cured thereby and went on the pilgrimage. [The Bollandists opine that the dog-Latin here, *crusillam*, means a little cross and betrays the Spanish word *crucecilla*, and the Spanish provenance of the miracle, but Osma points out that it is the *concha Venera*, and in the Gallegan version is rendered *cuncha*.*

Catálogo, p. 36

XIII. In 1135 a soldier named Dalmatius

was badly beaten by a peasant: he appealed to S. James and the man's arm was broken, but on penitence and intercession was healed. XIII Indeterminate

XIV. In 1107, to a merchant unjustly imprisoned S. James appeared and led him to the top of the tower whence he jumped down safe, and carried his chains to the church of Compostella. XIV Chains

XV. In 1110 when two Italian cities were at war, a soldier in danger escaped on horseback. Fulfilling his vow he came with the horse to Santiago and the guard would not let him bring the latter to the altar. But the gates opened of themselves. XV Horsemen

XVI. Three soldiers of the diocese of Lyons, going on pilgrimage, met a little old woman who begged them to carry her bundle. One of them did, and when they met a poor man who begged a lift, he gave up his horse, and so went afoot, carrying the old woman's bundle and the beggar's staff. Then he fell sick, and was assaulted by devils, and kept them off with bundle for shield and staff for spear, and died in piety. [Vincent of Beauvais tells this; notwithstanding, it is pure folk-lore up almost to the close.] XVI Folk-tale

XVII. [Paraphrased in parts.] One Ger-

XVII Atys type

ald, a furrier, of a village in the diocese of Laon, supported his widowed mother and could not afford the journey to Compostella. Apparently he could not afford to marry, but he loved a girl. At last he was able to go on the pilgrimage with some neighbours, and the devil appeared in S. James's likeness and persuaded him to despair for his sin against chastity. He drew his knife and punished himself like Atys and then committed hari-kari: but before the funeral was over he came back to life with a long relation. It seems, the devils carried off his soul toward Rome and he heard the howling of the wretched [the distance is short from Rome to Hell]. When they came to the wood between the city and the village of Labica, S. James came up behind and questioned the devils, who said the soul was none of his. S. James was ruddy and brown and comely and young. So they all turned aside to S. Peter's where was a Council of Saints, the Blessed Virgin presiding (she was of middle height and very fair to see and exceedingly sweet-looking) and S. James argued his case before her, and fetched back the soul to the body, and the wounds healed but the scars remained. Hugh of Cluny, with many others saw and touched them.

A friend of Gelmírez

XVIII. A count of S. Gilles named Pons went to Compostella with his brother for a vow, and reached there after the doors were closed. The warder refused to open, and they opened of themselves. Again a party came with torches, and they opened, and all the church was ablaze with lights. [There lingers a trace here of that enchanted chamber, lighted and perfumed, that is also to be traced in Aymery's account of the crypt.]

XVIII
The great light

XIX. A Greek Bishop named Stephen left his office and honours and lived in the church in a vile habit in a straw hut ["intus in beati apostoli basilica "] where he could watch the altar over against him. When he saw the peasants invoking S. James as a good soldier he called them fools, for the Apostle was a fisherman. At night S. James appeared in shining armour and predicted the victory of Coimbra on the morrow at the third hour. [This miracle figures large in Luke of Tuy.]

XIX
Dioscuri type

XX. Many miracles were worked for soldiers: *e.g.* there was a great war between the Count of Fontis Calcariae and a knight called William: his soldiers ran away and he was taken and about to be beheaded when he called upon S. James and became impenetrable, neck and belly.

XX
Unparalleled except on page 518

XXI Burgundy between 1134 and 1140

XXI. In our time one Guilbert from Burgundy, paralysed for fourteen years, travelled to Compostella slung between two horses, his wife and servants accompanying him. Thirteen days in the church cured him. [Our Lady of Villa-Sirga was especially disposed to appropriate miracles of this type.]

XXII Chains

XXII. In 1100 a citizen of Barcelona came and prayed never to be a captive, because his business took him to Sicily and he feared the Saracens. He was taken and sold thirteen times, into Carociana, Jazaram of Slavonia, Blavia, Turcopolis, Persia, India, Ethiopia, Alexandria, Africa, Barbary, the Desert, Bugia, Almaria: then the saint appeared and said: "Because you asked in Santiago deliverance of body and not of soul, these dangers have befallen, but because God is sorry for you, He has sent me to take you from this prison." The merchant carried his chains and the wild beasts fled before them. Coming back to Santiago with them, barefoot, 1120 between Estella and Logroño I saw him and he told me this. [In their geography the Bollandists are all to seek, they conjecture that Estella and Logroño may be the names of two rivers in Italy.]

XXIII. In 1131 [Vincent of Beauvais says

in 1139] when Louis was King of France and Innocent, Pope, a man called Bruno, of S. Mary Magdalen of Vézélay, arriving back from S. James short of money, fell ill, and being ashamed to beg, when at three in the afternoon he had eaten nothing all day, he appealed to S. James where he lay alone under a tree. Then he fell alseep, and dreamed that the Apostle fed him. Waking, he found at his head a "loaf that he lived on for a fortnight." Another day he found bread in his wallet. [Another miracle, much like this, was worked for three returning pilgrims in 1917.] XXIII Vézelay 1139

XXIV. Follow some miracles that punished peoples in Spain who did not observe S. James's Day, at Tudela, at Albinetum in Vascongada, and that in the diocese of Bisontiensis befell one Bernard of Majorca. XXIV Spanish

These belong all to the pilgrimage propaganda, and they were preserved in the *Book of S. James*. Just what Bishop Berenguer would have added and omitted, we cannot, alas, guess! Caxton's *Golden Legend* rehearses ten of these again [so prettily that it is hard not to copy them out] dividing one of them into two, and adding a twelfth. They stand in this order,—IX, IV, V, XVII split into

The Golden Legend

two, and somewhat modified, so that the young man from Laon [Caxton says Lyons] for whom Hugh of Cluny vouches, was used to go on the pilgrimage every year, VI, XIV, XVI, XXIII, XXII. The last is this:

Pistoja 1238

It happened in the year 1238 in a castle named Prate, between Florence and Pistoja [Pistoia had relics of S. James and relations with Santiago] a young man deceived of simplesse by the counsel of an old man, set fire in the corn of his tutor, which had charge to keep him, because that he would usurp to himself his heritage. Then he was taken, and confessed his trespass, and was judged to be drawn and burnt. Then he confessed him, and avowed to S. James. And when he had been long drawn in his shirt upon a stony way, he was neither hurt in his body nor in his shirt. Then he was bound to a stake, and faggots and bushes were set about him, and fire put thereto, which fire burnt at his bonds, and he always called on S. James, and there was no hurt of burning found in his shirt nor in his body, and when they would have cast him again into the fire, he was taken away from them by S. James, the apostle of God, to whom be given laud and praising.

The Epistle of King Alfonso III to the clergy and people of Tours (*España Sagrada*, XIX, 346–349) was printed by Flórez from Andrea Quercetano in *Notis ad Bibliothecam Cluniacensam:* Cluny being indeed just where you would expect to find it. Towards the close the King states that the Apostle's tomb they inquire about "is certainly known to be that of James Zebedee the Apostle, Boanerges, who was beheaded by Herod . . . and many marvels are worked at the Sepulchre, demons are cast out, the blind receive light, the lame walk, the deaf hear, the dumb speak, and many other miracles are done, that we know and have seen and the pontiffs and clergy have told us."

S. James's Leap

Bibl. de Trad. Pop. Esp., VI, 281–284

There must be still, moreover, countless other miracles told in lonely spots, like that of S. James's Leap related in explanation of the name *Cave of Santiago* in the Sierra Morena, in Estremadura. This belongs to *Santiago Matamoros* and to the Iberian horseman. In Aragon, on the other hand, when at Huesca, 1095, the Twin Warriors fought, S. George replaced S. James on the white horse.

S. George in Aragon

Our Lady of Villa-Sirga

III

MIRACLES OF OUR LADY OF VILLA-SIRGA

1 I (xxxi). How S. Mary took the bull-calf of the Segovian peasant who had promised it and did not want to give it.

This is a miracle of her who is called the Virgin of Jesse, in her church which is at Villa-Sirga two leagues from Carrion. A peasant lived in a village, whose favourite cow died, and some other cattle were lost, or eaten or badly bitten by the wolves, so he vowed a bull-calf to S. Mary. And the bull-calf grew. One night he said to his wife that he was going to take it to market, he could not afford to give it. But when they set out for market the bull-calf galloped off, and was lost entirely and wandered about until at last it turned up at S. Mary's. And the moral of this, and the burthen of the song, is that some animals have more sense than some people.

II (ccxvii). How a count of France who

went to Villa-Sirga could not enter into the church until he had confessed himself.

II The burthen is that no man may enter into the Lord's church [which means Our Lady's] if his mortal sins have not been confessed before. This count came from France in *romería* [it is not stated that the pilgrimage was made to this church] and wanted to enter the church like the rest, but he could not get in. He had ten knights with him and they tried by main force to carry or push him in, striving so that blood gushed from the mouth and nose, and could not. So he bethought him, and said what he had omitted to say, with great repentance, and then a man might see him far up the church, singing and giving thanks.

III (ccxviii). How S. Mary cured in Villa-Sirga a good man of Germany who was paralytic.

III A good man of Germany was long sick and at the end paralysed and poor; he saw a great pilgrimage of folk in his country going to Santiago. He wanted to go; they hesitated because he was helpless and poor but at last for pity they took him. With great difficulty he made the journey, but for his sins God would not cure him. He became blind. On

Our Lady of Villa-Sirga

the way home when the party were in Carrion, they pushed on to Villa-Sirga, and left him there, knowing that there was a hospice, and went on home. In the church, abandoned, he called to the Mother and she heard his cries; he wept and called her *Gloriosa;* and within a few days he was able to go home. The moral is:

"We are of Jesus Christ
Whose are all pardons.
And He? What is to do? Praise
The very Good Lady."

IV

IV (ccxxvii). How S. Mary fetched a squire out of captivity in such guise that the guards saw him not.

It was a squire of Quintanilla de Osoña, who went every year to Villa-Sirga for the August feast, but being at Seville was taken prisoner by the Moors; and lying in very great misery, every night and every day with all his heart he prayed to the Virgin S. Mary of Villa-Sirga: and as August came on the Moors asked him why he wept so with bowed head and was so sad and sorry. But when he told them of the great feast in his land on that day, they were enraged and

threw him into a deep dark prison, and still he prayed the more. Then the Glorious appeared, lighting up the prison, lovely, and spoke to him. His fetters fell off and he went out into the midst of them that heard not, and passed before the Moors and saw them and was not seen; and carried to the Virgin S. Mary two fetters that were on his legs and offered them there. [This story, with its precision of name and place—for there was never a good lie without circumstance, and the names and addresses of witnesses are as easy to get in this century for hysterical rumour as in the thirteenth—this story, then, stands midway between the twenty-second Miracle of S. James, and the legend of *Nuestra Señora del Camino* which may be found in this book. That is so close in its likeness, except for the normal process of amplification in the centuries, that it can only be supposed that when S. Mary of Villa-Sirga went out of business the other Virgin, a little way up the Road, took it over.]

Page 516

Volume II, page 282

V (ccxxix). How S. Mary kept, at her church in Villa-Sirga, the Moors that wanted to wreck it, and made them blind and paralyzed.

v

Probably the slandered Alfonso IX, although date too early

When King Alfonso of Leon brought up Moors to invade Castile, at the church which was then building were many folk of the land to have God's pardon, and when they saw the hosts of Moors they fled to Carrion and left the church alone. Then the Moors went in and wanted to destroy and burn, but they could not loosen one single stone of all that were there, and could not use their members nor see out of their eyes.

VI

VI (ccxxii). How a knight that went hunting lost his hawk, and when he could not recover it took a waxen hawk to the Virgin S. Mary, and then he recovered it.

It was lost for four months but when he got home from Villa-Sirga it was sitting on the perch and let itself be caught.

VII

VII (ccxxxiv). How S. Mary of Villa-Sirga made a deaf-mute to hear and speak because he kept vigil before her altar one night.

The burthen is the same inverted moral as many of these songs have: "She who makes sinners repent of their sins can well make the mute and deaf to speak and hear."

"He came from Saldaña and D. Roderick brought him up, and once he wanted to go to

S. Mary, and slept a night before the altar, and commanded a mass next morning, and at the Consecration his tongue was loosed and his ears opened." [This reads like one of the recorded miracles at Lourdes.] Our Lady of Villa-Sirga

VIII (ccxliii). How some falconers who went hunting were in fear of death in a stream and called on S. Mary of Villa-Sirga and she by her mercy saved them. VIII

Two falconers were hunting with King Alfonso and wanted to hunt alone and solitary. The water-fowl got under the ice and it broke and let them in. They called on the Queen of Villa-Sirga and got out alive and went straight to Villa-Sirga and gave praise to S. Mary who is Lord of all Lords, and then they told the king. [This must have happened quite near.] Alfonso X

IX (ccliii). How a *romeu* of France who was boune to Santiago paused at Villa-Sirga, and could not take away thence an iron staff that he carried in penance. IX

He lived in Toulouse and loved the Glorious. He fell into sin and his confessor ordered him to go on pilgrimage to Santiago carrying a staff that weighed twenty-four pounds and leave it there before the altar of "San Jame." He came to Villa-Sirga and asked the folk what manner of place that was and they said

Our Lady of Villa-Sirga

a marvellous, in which the holy Virgin Mary worked many miracles. So as he loved her well he turned aside from the road and prayed to her in her church, asking pardon for his sins; and the staff oppressed him so that he laid it down before Her Majesty. Then it broke into two pieces and fell apart and nobody could lift the pieces, not even the *tyrou* of the church [is this quite literally the bouncer?] who was a good Christian in the matter of strength. So all sang *Salve Regina*. He did however continue his journey to Santiago in fulfilment of the vow, and then went home.

x

X (cclxviii). How S. Mary cured in Villa-Sirga a noble lady of France, who was entirely paralysed.

She was dragged around in a sort of little cart to pilgrimages, until pilgrims returned from Santiago told her of S. Mary of Villa-Sirga, so she wept and prayed and was drawn thither and placed close to the altar. So she was cured in all her members. [The parallel with Lourdes again obtrudes itself, especially for those who have lived through the long and terrible days of Zola's novel and remember that other Frenchwoman of rank and fashion who was carried thither in a sort of

basket, with her pitiful pale-coloured ribbons and laced pillows.[1] Here, it may be noted, for the first time S. Mary really cuts out S. James.]

XI (cclxxix). How a good lady of France who was blind came to Villa-Sirga and watched there and was cured and recovered light, and on her way home met a blind man boune to Santiago and advised him to go by Villa-Sirga. XI

She had been to Santiago herself, and on the way home as they stopped at Carrion she said to her daughter they should push on and lodge a bit further along the road. As they came to Villa-Sirga with great anxiety she entered the church and before the altar made her blind prayer blindly, and she was healed, and blessed the Virgin. And the next day she went along on her road, and so going met a blind man, boune to Santiago, and counselled him to go by Villa-Sirga if he wanted to get his sight again, and added her own history. The blind man believed her and hurried to Villa-Sirga and the Virgin did not wait long to heal him.

XII (ccci). How S. Mary of Villa-Sirga took a squire out of prison where he lay in Carrion for killing.

He lay in heavy irons and chains in Carrion yet never ceased praying to her: his sentence was just yet he prayed her mercy that he should be pardoned, and promised thereafter to keep from folly. When she heard him, the Queen of Heaven appeared with a great company of angels, and took him out of his fetters and bade him go out of the dark prison. He went straight to Villa-Sirga where many saw him in the church, carrying his fetters which he laid before the altar.

XII Compare S. James, Miracle xi, xiv, pp. 512, 513

XIII (cccxiii). How S. Mary of Villa-Sirga delivered a ship in peril of the sea.

XIII

A ship was in peril of the sea and those who were in it, after calling on the Lord God, on S. Peter, S. James, S. Nicholas, S. Matthew and many other saints who are male and female called on S. Mary of Villa-Sirga, and then the storm subsided. As a clerk sang *Salve Regina* a *poomba* [a ball or bubble of light?] came white into the ship as snow falls, and they all were filled with charity and the sea went down. So they came to a safe port. [This will be S. Elmo's fire, stolen from Santiago.] They gave her a chalice, which the clerk carried to Villa-Sirga.

S. Elmo's fire

XIV (ccclv). How S. Mary delivered a

man from the gibbet that he should not die, for he gave a stone to her church.

This was a young man of Mansilla de las Mulas, whose history may be read in full at that place. The story is the best of the set, racy and convincing, crammed with human nature.

XIV Compare S. James, Miracle V, page 510

These Miracles are written in the *Cantigas de S. María*, by Alfonso X *el Rey Sabio*, and the number of each Cantiga is prefixed here.

IV

THE GREAT HYMN OF S. JAMES

The Legend of S. James

Ad honorem Regis summi, qui condidit omnia,
Venerantes jubilemus Jacobi magnalia,
De quo gaudent celi cives in suprema curia
Cuius festa gloriosa meminit Ecclesia.

Scripture

Super mare Galilee omnia postposuit;
Viso rege, ad mundana redire non voluit:
Sed post illum se vocantem pergere disposuit
Et precepta eius sacra predicare studuit.
Hermogini et Phileto Christi fidem tribuit,
Et Josiam baptizavit, et vim egro praebuit.

General tradition

Olim Jhesum transformatum vidit patris numine,
Pro quo mortem ab Herode sumpsit fuso sanguine.
Cuius corpus sepelitur in terra Galecie
Et petentes illud digne sumunt vitam glorie.

Jam per totum fulget mundum divinis miraculis:
Qui viginti viros olim soluit ab ergastulis.
Scedulaque peccatoris deleta apparuit;
Matris natum jam defunctum ad vitam restituit.
Hic defunctum urbi sue a Cisera detulit,
Quem bis senas per dietas una nocte contulit.
Hic suspensum post triginta dies vite reddidit,
Et Frisonum ferro tectum de abysso eruit,
Presulemque mari mersum in navi instituit.
Vim vincendi Turcos viro apostolus tribuit.
Peregrinum mare mersum per verticem tenuit
De excelsa arce saltans vir sanus ereptus est;
Per crusille tactum miles saluti redditus est;
Sanitati post vindictam Dalmatius datus est;
A prostrata arce sane mercator egressus est.
Militemque custodivit a suis sequentibus;
Liberavit virum egrum pressum a demonibus;
Peregrino pictavensi asinumque tradidit,
Interfectum a se ipso ad vitam restituit,
Et altaras valvas clausas comiti aperuit
Stephanoque servo Dei ut miles apparuit
Virum captum comes spatha laedere non potuit,
Hic contractum membris raptum erexit humiliter;
Vinculatum solvit virum tredecies dulciter.

Miracles of the Compostellan collection

Cockle-shells

Hec sunt illa sacrosancta divina miracula,
Que ad decus Christi fecit Jacobus per saecula.
Unde laudes Regi regum solvamus alacriter,
Cum quo leti mereamur vivere perenniter.
Fiat, Amen, Alleluia, dicamus solemniter,
E ultreja e sus eja decantemus jugiter.

By Aymery Picaud. From *Histoire Littéraire de la France*, XXI, 276–7.

A marching song

V

THE LITTLE HYMN OF S. JAMES

Dum pater familias
Rex universorum,
Donaret provincias
Jus apostolorum;
Jácobus Hispanias,
Lux, illustrat, *morum*.
Primus ex apostolis
Martir Jerosolimis,
Jácobus egregio
Sacer est martirio.

Jácobi Gallecia
Opem rogat piam;
Glebe cujus gloria
Dat insignem viam,
Ut precum frequentia
Cantet melodíam.
Herru Sanctiagu!
Grot Sanctiagu!

E ultreja, e sus eja!
Deus, adjuva nos.

Jácobo dat parium
Omnis mundus gratis;
Ob cujus remedium
Miles pietatis
Cunctorum presidium
Est ad vota satis.
Primus ex apostolis . . .

Jácobum miraculis,
Que fiunt per illum,
Arctis in periculis
Acclamet ad illum
Quisquis solvi vinculis
Sperat propter illum.
Primus ex apostolis . . .

O beate Jácobe,
Virtus nostra vere,
Nobis hostes remove,
Tuos ac tuere,
Ac devotos adhibe
Nos tibi placere.
Primus ex apostolis . . .

Jácobo propicio,
Veniam speremus;
Et, quas ex obsequio
Merito debemus,
Patri tam eximio
Dignas laudes demus.

Primus ex apostolis
Martir Jerosolimis,
Jácobus egregio
Sacer est Martirio.
Herru Sanctiagu!
Grot Sanctiagu!
E ultreja, e sus eja!
Deus, adjuva nos.
Amen.

By Aymery Picaud. From Fita, *Recuerdos de un Viaje*, p. 45. Also in Dreves, *Analacta Hymnica*, xvii, 213–214, he reads *Got Sanctiagu*, and *Deus ai a Nos*.

VI

LA GRANDE CHANSON DES PÈLERINS DE S. JACQUES

I

Alivio de Caminantes

Quand nous partîmes de France
En grand désir,
Nous avons quitté père et mère
Trist' et maris:
Au cœur avions si grand désir
D'aller à Saint Jacques,
Avons quittés tous nos plaisirs
Pour faire ce voyage.

Refrain

Nous prions la Vierge Marie,
Son fils Jésus,
Qu'il plaise nous donner
Sa sainte grace,
Qu'en Paradis nous puissions voir
Dieu et Monsieur Saint-Jacques.

2

Quand nous fûmes en la Saintonge,
Hélas! mon Dieu;
Nous ne trouvâmes point d'églises,
Pour prier Dieu;
Les Huguenots les ont rompues
Par leur malice,
C'est en dépit de Jésus-Christ
Et la Vierge Marie.

3

Quand nous fûmes au port de Blaye,
Près de Bordeaux
Nous entrâmes dedans la barque
Pour passer l'eau.
Il y a bien sept lieues par cau,
Bonnes me semble,
Marinier passe promptement
De peur de la tourmente.

4

Quand nous fûmes dedans les Landes
Bien étonnés,
Avions de l'eau jusqu' à mi-jambes
De tous côtés;
Compagnons nous faut cheminer
En grandes journées

La Grande Chanson

Pour nous tirer de ce pays
De si grandes rosées.

5

Quand nous fûmes à Bayonne,
Loin du pays,
Changing money
Nous fallut changer nos couronnes
En fleurs de lys;
C'était pour passer le pays
De la Biscaye,
C'était un pays rude à passer
Qui n'entend le langage.

6

(Irun)
Quand nous fûmes à Sainte-Marie
Hélas! mon Dieu!
Je regrettois la noble France,
De tout mon cœur;
Et j'avais un si grand désir
D'être auprès,
Aussi de tous mes grands amis,
Dont j'en suis en malaise.

7

Quand nous fûmes à la montagne
Saint-Adrien,
Au cœur me vient une pensée
De mes parens;

Et quand ce vient au départir
De cette ville,
Sans dire adieu à nos amis,
Fîmes à notre guise;

8

Entre Peuple et Victoire
Fûmes joyeux
De voir sortir des montagnes
Si grande odeur,
De voir le romarin fleurir,
Thym et lavande,
Rendîmes graces à Jésus-Christ
Lui chantâmes louanges.

9

Quand nous fûmes à Saint-Dominique,
Hélas! mon Dieu,
Nous entrâmes dedans l'église
Pour prier Dieu;
Le miracle du pèlerin,
Par notre adresse;
Avons ouï le coq chanter,
Dont nous fûmes bien aise.

10

Quand nous fûmes à Burgue, en Espagne,
Hélas! mon Dieu,

La Grande Chanson

Nous entrâmes dedans l'église
Pour prier Dieu,
Les Augustins nous ont montré
Un grand miracle,
De voir le Crucifix suer,
Rien de plus véritable.

11

Quand nous fûmes dedans la ville
Nommée Léon,
Nous chantâmes tous ensemble
Cette chanson;
Les dames sortoient des maisons
En abondance,
Pour voir chanter les pèlerins,
Les enfants de la France.

12

Quand nous fûmes hors de la ville,
Près de Saint-Marc,
Nous nous assîmes tous ensemble
Près d'une Croix.
Il y a un chemin à droite
Et l'autre à gauche;
Oviedo
L'un mène à Saint-Salvateur
L'autre à Monsieur Saint-Jacques.

13

Quand nous fûmes au Mont-Etuves,
Avions grand froid,
Ressentîmes si grande froidure,
Que j'en tremblois.
A Saint-Salvateur sommes allés;
Par notre adresse,
Les reliques nous ont montré,
Dont nous portons la lettre.

14

Quand nous fûmes au Pont qui tremble,
Bien étonnés,
De nous voir entre deux montagnes
Si oppressés,
D'ouïr les ondes de la mer
En grande tourmente;
Compagnons nous faut cheminer
Sans faire demeurance.

15

Quand nous fûmes dans la Galice,
A Rivedieu,
On voulait nous mettre aux galères,
Jeunes et vieux;
Mais nous nous sommes défendus
De notre langue.

La Grande Chanson

Avons dit qu'étions Espagnols,
Et nous sommes de France.

16

Quand nous fûmes à Montjoie,
Fûmes joyeux,
De voir une si belle église
En ce saint lieu,
Du glorieux ami de Dieu,
Monsieur Saint-Jacques,
Qui nous a tous préservés
Durant ce saint voyage.

17

Quand nous fûmes à Saint-Jacques,
Grâce à Dieu,
Nous entrâmes dedans l'église
Pour prier Dieu,
Aussi ce glorieux martyr,
Monsieur Saint-Jacques,
Qu'au pays puissons retourner
Et faire bon voyage.

From Alexis Soccard, *Noëls et Cantiques Imprimés à Troyes depuis le XVIIme Siècle jusqu'a nos Jours*, pp. 22–24.

So a man dreams in the thirteenth century

VII

THURKILL'S VISION

(*Condensed*)

IN the Bishopric of London, in the village called Stidstede, there was a simple rustic named Thurkill, industrious at his work and given to hospitality so far as his means allowed him. It happened that after the hour of Vespers on the vigil of S. Simon and S. Jude, which was then a Friday, he was trenching his little field which he had sown on the same day, in order to drain off the waters of a flood of rain. Suddenly, raising his eyes, he sees a man a long way off coming up to him. And he had even then just begun to repeat the Lord's Prayer, and he wondered to see the man instantly stand before him and the stranger bade him finish his prayer: and then they began to talk together. The stranger asked where he could pass the night; and Thurkill began to name this or that neighbour, but ended by proffering his own

October 27

S. Julian

hospitality. Then the stranger answered, "Thy wife has already received two poor women: and I do not yet seek to be housed, for I am bound for the province of Danesei. And I shall return thence tonight:—and then will I visit thee and lead thee to thy Lord S. James, to whom thou hast already turned in prayer. I am Julian the Harbourer: and I am sent to fetch thee and to show thee secret mysteries. Hasten home, then, and make ready for thy journey." And with that he vanished. Thurkill went home at once: and he washed his head and his feet though against the will of his wife, the day being a Friday, and he found the two women lodged in his house. Then he lay down in a bed outside his bedroom, which he had already used for a month, and fell asleep. And when all were asleep in their beds, S. Julian stood by Thurkill, and awoke him, saying: "It is time to depart." And when Thurkill began to rise, the saint said, "Let thy body rest here awhile, only thy Soul will depart with me. But that thy friends may not think thee dead, I will send a breath of life into thee." And so saying he breathed into Thurkill's mouth: and then both, as it seemed to the man, left the house, and set forth straight

towards the east. And thus for two days and nights the body of the man lay senseless and motionless, as if it were sunken in a deep sleep. . . . Thurkill's Spirit, being now freed from the flesh, followed S. Julian in the likeness of his body, clad in its usual clothes. He only remarked one change in himself, that he breathed quicker than usual. They journeyed toward the east, as far as the middle of the world. Here they entered a Basilica, the pediment of which was supported by only three columns [*Cf.* Aymery Picaud's chapter on the three pillars of the world]. The Basilica was large and fine, but without any solid walls, the sides being arched like a monastic cloister. [*Cf.* the Basilica of Auriz which we call Eunate.] But against the northern side there stood an outer wall, though not more than six feet high. There was a fabric in the midst of the Basilica which looked like a vast fount: and out of it arose a great flame, not heating the place but lighting it up throughout with the splendour of noonday. This illumination proceeded from the tithings of the Just. [*Cf.* the Ark in the midst of Santiago.] Here S. James wearing a mitre [as Metropolitan and Primate] received Thurkill as his pilgrim,

Omphalos

S. James

S. Domingo de la Calzada

Like birds in autumn

and calling up S. Dominick, the warden of the Basilica [S. Domingo de la Calzada, as Ward points out] he bade him join S. Julian and show to this man his pilgrim, the habitations of the wicked and the good, and having said so, he vanished. "This Basilica," said S. Julian, "is the assembling place of all departed Spirits, founded at the intercession of The Virgin [the Good Lady] and dedicated to her, and it is called the Congregation of Souls [hence it is not far to the Paradise of Souls]. Within it the man saw many white Souls with youthful faces [*cf.* Gallegan lore of Murguía] and their feet never wore nor withered the green grass that formed its floor [*cf.* the feet of Christ in the tympanum and the souls in the green leafage, of the *Gloria*]. But outside, when he was afterwards led beyond the northern wall, he saw many spotted souls striving to reach the wall, and the whiter they were, the closer they would come to it: and in the distance he saw many souls that were black all over. Now there was a pit near this wall, and it vomited a stifling smoke, fed by tithings of the Unjust: and twice, as Thurkill passed the pit, he was stung by the smoke so that he coughed in great pain. And twice, at the same hour,

the body that he had left behind him coughed, as those who were watching around it testified. "Methinks," quoth S. Julian, "thy crops are not fully tithed." Thurkill pleaded his poverty, but the Saint replied that full tithings bring full harvests.

From the east end of the Basilica he saw two walls stretching, with fierce purgatorial flames between them. This fiery passage leads to an immense pool and here all the souls that have just emerged from fire are plunged into the coldest and saltest of all waters. Last comes a long bridge, bristling with stakes and nails, which every soul must cross before reaching the Mount of Joy. [*Cf.* S. Marcos, at Mountjoy, in view of Santiago.] And high aloft upon this Mount there stands a wonderful church that seems large enough to hold all the people in the world.

Like S. Ginés

But now let us return to the Basilica. So Dominick sprinkled the souls there with holy water and they were even whiter than before. And lo, almost the first hour of the dawning Saturday, Michael the archangel appeared together with S. Peter and S. Paul. And S. Michael led the white souls along a narrow grassy path [this is the Causeway,

la Calzada, the *Camino francés*] between the flames and across the pool, and over the bridge, and up to the Mount of Joy. . . .

Weighing souls

The "weighing of the Souls lasted from the first hour of the Saturday down to the ninth hour. And whilst it was still going on, S. Julian led Thurkill unhurt over the grassy path between the purgatorial flames. . . . The next episode is that a fiend came galloping a black horse over stock and stone amid shouts of triumph from a crowd of his brother fiends. [*Cf.* Santiago Matamoros on a great white horse at Clavijo and Simancas, near *la Calzada*.] This is the soul of one of the Barons of England who had died the night before without confession. Then S. Dominick takes him to see the games, in something quite too surprisingly like a bull-ring, being derived, presumably, like that, from the Roman Arena. There was one at Nîmes and one at Verona, that pilgrims might have known. That at Sagunto is set in the slope of a hill like this. The souls sitting round on seats in every yard, recall the old prints of Nîmes choked up with houses. And above them there were other seats, fixed into the walls, where the fiends sat grinning as if at some merry show. The wretched souls enact

a sort of Morality pageant: types are punished typically. And now when the Sunday was dawning upon earth, the saints brought Thurkill back to the Basilica. He took no count of time himself, but he learned the hour from the Saints. S. Dominick received his *aspersorium* again on entering, and sprinkled the new Congregation and the souls were whiter than before. Then Thurkill was led over the grassy path, past the fires and the pool, and over the bridge, and up the Mount of Joy, till he reached the forecourt of the Church upon its summit. The beautiful Gate of the West front stood always open [the *Gloria* had been in place nearly twenty years]: and through this Gate S. Michael led the pure white souls. But in the forecourt stood the Souls who had completed their purgatorial penances, each eagerly waiting for his own turn of admission. Going around the church, Thurkill found on the south side the wearied souls who waited upon the prayers of the throng; and on the north side they lay on their faces with their arms outstretched toward the Church grovelling upon sharp flint stones, swept by the blast of a dismal wind. And S. Michael allowed the man to visit the church and he

. . . as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week

Psychopompos

The Great Stair

saw throngs of pure white souls; and looking up the steps toward the East end [here lingers the memory of that earlier staircase, like that at Le Puy and that at Heliopolis] he saw them whiter and whiter still. And here the souls abide: and every day, at certain hours [the Canonical] they hear the music of heaven, and this music is their food. The saints gather their votaries, in order to present them *hereafter* before the throne of God. Then S. Michael brought Thurkill back once more to the purgatorial pool. And the whole place was drained: and the steps to the bed of the pool, that had made the water lie in different depths, were now dry and clean, and the Souls stood on their appointed steps as if they were at church, for the Angel S. Uriel, whose name means the Fire of God and who watches over all the souls in Purgatory lest evil spirits could increase their torments; this angel, I saw opening a certain sluice after the ninth hour of every Saturday, that the Souls may be left in peace throughout the Sunday. But when Monday dawns, he opens another sluice towards the north, and the pool is soon filled to the brim with the cold salt water. . . .

Compare page 204

And now the Saints and Thurkill left the pool again and passed the Church. And

proceeding eastwards [the symbolism here, which is that of Vincent of Beauvais, determines all the orientation: the south is merciful, the north bitter, *ex oriente lux*], they reached a pleasant dale, glowing with flowers and herbs, and watered by a bright fountain. And four springs, each of a different kind and colour, gushed out of the fountain and ran far away, until they joined again in one full stream. And above the fountain stretched a vast and vigorous tree, that bore every sort of flower and fruit, and beside the fountain reclined a man of gigantic form and noble aspect, decked in a many coloured garment from his feet up to his breast. And he seemed to laugh with one eye and to weep with the other. [*Cf.* Protevangel of James.] "This man," said S. Michael, "is the first parent of the human race, even Adam. . . ."

A sentence misconstrued gives birth to legend

And now going a little farther on, they came to a temple of gold having a gate set with precious stones. And this temple excelled all that they had seen in beauty and brilliance. And within it was a shrine where three virgin martyrs were enthroned, and their names were S. Catharine, S. Margaret, and S. Ositha. [*Cf.* altar to S. Zita at Cacabelos.] "But now, when Thurkill was most

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eagerly gazing at their beauty, suddenly S. Michael said to S. Julian, "Take this man back to his body; or the cold water which those around him are pouring into his mouth will choke him to death." And lo at once he was in the body again, he knew not how, and sitting up in bed he said, "Benedicite!"

The Vision of Thurkill written probably by Ralph of Coggeshall, printed from a MS. in the British Museum and edited by H. L. D. Ward. The translation is his—*Journal of the British Archaeological Association*, xxxi, pp. 420–459.

Syrian lore

VIII

FROM THE APOCALYPSE OF PAUL

AND I looked and saw and beheld one of the sons of men fallen nigh unto death; And the angel said unto me: This is a just one and righteous in all his works. And I saw everything which he did for God standing before him, in the hour of his departure from the world. Then I Paul perceived that he was righteous who was now dying: and he found for himself rest even before dying. And there approached him wicked angels (when a righteous one departs, they do not find a place by him) and these good angels ruled over that righteous one. And they drew out of him the soul, while alluring it with rest; and again they restored it to him, while inviting it and saying: "O soul, be assured as for this thy body, O holy one, thou wilt return into it in the resurrection; and thou wilt receive the promises of the living God with all the saints." Then was that soul carried from the body; and they enquired

As on Master Matthew's Porch

after its health, as though it had grown up with them; and they took delight with it in love; and they said unto it: "Blessed art thou, O happy soul, which every day, did perform the will of God, and now takes delight in pleasures." And there came to meet it he who was its guardian in life, and said to it: "O soul of mine, be of good courage, and be joyful, and I will rejoice over thee, that thou hast done the will of our Lord, all the days of thy life; and I carried thy good works, by day and by night, before God." And again I [it?] turned, and said to my soul: "Do not fear, in that behold thou seest a place thou hast never seen." And while I was beholding these things, that spirit was lifted up from the earth, that it might ascend to heaven. And there went out to meet it wicked powers, those that are under heaven. And there reached it the spirit of error, and said: "Whither dost thou presume, O soul? And art thou running that thou mayest enter heaven? Stop, that we may see; perhaps there is in thee something that belongs to us, that we may narrate a little." And that soul was bound there, and there was a fight between the good angels and the evil angels. And when that

spirit of deception saw, it bewailed with a loud voice, and said: "Woe unto thee, O soul, that we have found in thee nothing of ours! and lo, all the angels and the spirits are helping thee against us; and behold, all these are with thee; thou hast passed out from us." And there went forth another spirit, the spirit of the Tempter, and of fornication; and they came to meet it; and when they saw it they wept over it, and said: "How has this soul escaped from us? It did the will of God on earth, and behold, the angels help it and pass it along from us." And all the principalities and evil spirits came to meet it, even unto it; and they did not find in it anything that was from them; and they were not able to do anything to it; and they gnashed their teeth upon that soul, and said: "How hast thou escaped from us?" And the angel which conducted it in life answered and said unto them: "Return, O ye mortified ones; ye have no way of access to it; with many artifices ye enticed, when it was on earth, and it did not listen to you."

As at Pisa in the Triumph of Death

And after that I heard the voice of myriads of angels, praising God and saying: "Rejoice and be glad, O soul, be strengthened and do not fear." And they marvelled much at

the soul, when they saw it holding the seal of the living God in its hand. And thus they were giving it heart and saying: "We all rejoice over thee, that thou hast done the will of thy Lord." And they carried it and placed it before the throne of the living God, while they all rejoiced with it. And there was a great pause afterwards; silence reigned for a considerable time. And afterwards the angels ceased — to wit, those angels that worshipped before the footstool of God with that soul . . . (pp. 191–193).

So at Cremona

And I followed the angel and he took me and caused me to fly, and carried me up to the third heaven. Then he placed me at a door; and I looked upon the door, and saw the likeness of fine gold; and before it two posts, like adamant; and two tablets of gold above them; and they were full of writings. And the angel who was with me turned and said unto me: "Do not fear, Paul, to enter this door; for every man is not permitted — only those in whom there is great purity and in whom evil dwells not." And I inquired of the angel who was with me, and said unto him: "Whose are the names inscribed on these tablets?" . . . And when we entered within through the gate into the city, there came

forth an angel unto us, whose face was shining like the sun . . . this [was] Enoch, the scribe of righteousness. Then I entered within that place; and I beheld there great Elijah, coming toward us; and he drew near and gave me a salutation, rejoicing and delighted . . . (p. 197). Enoch and Elijah

And I saw in the centre of the city a great altar, which was very high; and I saw standing on the side of the altar an aged man, great and honoured; and his face shone as the sun in the firmament: and he held in his hand a harp and said "Hallelujah!" and the whole city was astonished at his voice; and together they shouted—those that were above the towers, and all said "Hallelujah!" . . . This [was] David, the king and prophet, who sings in the Jerusalem of Christ. As he sang on earth so sings here David in spirit, and all the saints are engaged with him with the voice of shouting; and David the prophet goes forth singing first, while all the saints after him respond "Hallelujah!" (p. 201). There stands David

From *The Revelation of the Blessed Apostle Paul* translated from an ancient Syriac manuscript by the Rev. Justin Perkins and published in the *Journal of the American Oriental Society*, 1866.

IX

FRAU HOLDA

The Good Lady

HOLDA and Bertha, or Perchta as she is called in Southern Germany, are identical with Freyja; and in Aargau another, but nameless, representative of the same supreme goddess is known as a kind and bounteous lady with golden hair, who has her dwelling in the interior of the Schlossberg. A vaulted passage, through whose roof the stars are seen leads into a hall of apparently boundless extent, glittering with thousands of lights where many old men sit fast asleep before an iron trough. Before an oaken trough, in another vault well lighted with candles, sit thousands of sleeping youths and maidens. And in a third hall, filled with a milky, palpable light, there is an oaken trough containing a countless multitude of sleeping children. These are the unborn. The white lady of the mansion feeds them with anemones and snowdrops, flowers of wondrous

virtue, the stalks of which placed in the mouth, supply for many a day the place of every other kind of food. If there are parents that want a child, the white lady opens the trough with a golden key, takes out a babe and gives it to the midwife. Should it die unbaptized, it comes back to the mountain and is replaced in the same trough. But if several weeks elapse before its death, or if the white lady takes it back because mankind have not been worthy of it, then it is placed in another trough nearer the heart of the mountain, and fed there with honey, which the bees of the village deposit every time they swarm in the oaks of the Schlossberg.

So. S. Juan de Ortega. Vol. I., page 408

Bees

From Walker K. Kelly, *Curiosities of Indo-European Tradition and Folk-Lore*, pp. 128–129.

X

A LYKE-WAKE DIRGE

In a MS. of the Cotton Library, containing an account of Cleveland in Yorkshire, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, there is a passage which illustrates this custom. It has been quoted by Sir Walter Scott in the notes to the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, and runs thus: "When any dieth, certaine women sing a song to the dead bodie, reciting the journey that the partye deceased must goe, and they are of beliefe (such is their fondnesse) that once in their lives it is good to give a pair of new shoes to a poor man, for as much as after this life they are to pass barefoote through a great launde, full of thorns and furzen, except by the meryte of the almes aforesaid they have redemed the forfeyte; for at the edge of the launde an oulde man shall meet them with the same shoes that were given by the partie when he was lyving, and after he hath shodde them,

The Pilgrimage of the soul

The end of the great S. James

dismisseth them to go through thick and thin without scratch or scalle." The dirge in question continued to be sung in Yorkshire until the year 1624, and is as follows:

The North of England

This ae night, this ae night,
Every night and alle,
Fire and fleet and candle light,
And Christ receive thy saule.

When thou from hence away dost pass,
Every night and alle,
To Whinny Moor thou comest at last,
And Christ receive thy saule.

If ever thou gave either hosen or shoon,
Every night and alle,
Sit thee down and put them on,
And Christ receive thy saule.

But if hosen or shoon thou never gave nane,
Every night and alle,
The whinnes shall prick thee to the bare bane,
And Christ receive thy saule.

Something here is lost

From Whinny Moor that thou mayst pass,
Every night and alle,
To Brig o' Dread thou comest at last,
And Christ receive thy saule.

From Brig o' Dread, na braider than a thread,
Every night and alle,
To Purgatory fire thou comest at last,
And Christ receive thy saule.

If ever thou gave either milke or drink,
Every night and alle,
The fire shall never make thee shrink,
And Christ receive thy saule.

But if milk nor drink thou never gave nane,
Every night and alle,
The fire shall burn thee to the bare bane,
And Christ receive thy saule.

From Kelly, *Curiosities*, pp. 115–117; also in Scott, *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, II, 361; and in Aubrey, *Remaines of Gentilisme and Judaisme*, pp. 30–31.

XI

EL ALMA EN PENA

One just born, being dead

En camino de Santiago
iba un alma peregrina,
una noche tan escura
que ni una estrella lucía:
por donde el alma pasaba,
la tierra se extremecía.
Arrimóse un caballero
á la ventana y decía:
— Si eres cosa del demorgo,
de aquí te esconxuraría;
si eres cosa deste mundo,
dirásme lo que querías.
— Non soy cosa del demorgo,
conxurarme non debías;
soy un alma pecadora
que para Santiago iba;
hallara un rio muy fondo
y pasarlo non podía.
— Arrímate á los rosarios
que rezaste en esta vida . . .

¡ Ay de mí, triste, cuitada
que ninguno non tenía!
— Arrímate á los ayunos
que ficiste en esta vida . .
¡ Ay de mí, triste, cuitada,
que nunca ayunado había!
— Arrímate á las limosnas
que ficiste en esta vida . . .
¡ Ay de mí, triste, cuitada,
que ninguna fecho había!
— Las velas de la Victoria
yo te las emprestaría;
las velas de la Victoria
que en mi casa las tenía.—
Pónsolas á la ventana,
tanto como el sol lucían;
pónsolas á la ventana
y el alma siguió su vía.
Volviendo la misma noche
de la Santa Romería,
venía el alma cantando,
desta manera decía:
"Oh, dichoso el caballero,
más dichoso non podía;
que por salvar á mi alma,
salvó la suya y la mía."
— Dirásme, alma pecadora,
lo que por Santiago había?

So, for an alms, priests pray, while the *kachera* is alight

— Perdóneme el caballero,
decírselo non podía;
que tengo el cuerpo en las andas,
voy á la misa del día.

From J. Menéndez Pidal, *Colección de los Viejos Romances que se Cantan por los Asturianos.*

The Lost Pilgrim

XII

GALLEGAN ROMANCE

A OND' irá aquel romeiro,
Meu romeiro a dond'irá?
Camiño de Compostela
Non sei s' ali chegará.
Os pés leva cheos de sangre
E non pode mais andar;
Mal pocado! probe vello!
Non sei s' ali chegará.
Ten longas e brancas barbas,
Ollos de doçe mirar,
Ollos gazos, leonados
Verdes com' augua d' o mar.
— A dond' ides meu romeiro,
A dond' ides meu velliño?
— Camiño de Compostela.
¿ A ond' ides vos soldadiño?
— Compostela miña terra
Sete anos fai que marchei,
Non coidei volver á ela.
Dígame, diga ó seu nome.
. . . . . .

Home say Alfonso *el Batallador* ended so

Collase á min meu velliño
Repare que non ten forzas
Para seguir ó camiño.
— Eu chámome D. Gaiferos,
Gaiferos de Mormaltan,
S' agora non teño forzas
Meu esprito mas dará.—
Chegaron á Compostela
E foron á Catedral,
Desta maneira falou
Gaiferos de Mormaltan:
— Gracias meu Señor Santiago
A vosos pés me tés xá,
Se queres tirarm' á vida
Pódesma Señor tirar,
Por que morrerey contento
Nesta Santa catedral.
Y ó vello d' as barbas longas
Caiu tendido no chan.
Cerrou os seus ollos verdes,
Verdes com' augua d' o mar.
O obispo qu' esto veu
Ali ó mandou enterrar.
Así morren meus señores
Gaiferos de Mormaltan
Est' é un d' os moitos milagros
Que Santiago Apostol fay.

The kind companion is S. James

—From Murguía, *Galicia*, p. 423.

XIII

PURCHAS HIS PILGRIM

1425 HERE beginneth the way that is marked, and made with Mount Joiez from the Lond of Engelond unto Sent Jamez in Galis, and from thennez to Rome, and from thennez to Jerusalem: and so againe into Engelond, and the namez of all the Citeez be their waie, and the manner of her governaunce, and namez of her silver that they use be alle these waies.

In the Name of the Fader that seteez in trone,
And of Jhu his oonly blesset Sone,
And of the Holy Gost, this blesset Trinete,
And also of our Ladie S. Marie:
And of all the Seintez of the Court of Heven.
I make this mynde wit milde Steven:
Wich waye I went I schall you telle,
And how be the waie I dide dwelle.
Ferst to Plummouth to see went I,
And landet in the Trade of Bretany,

There we rested daies too,
And thrugh the Race then did we go
To Burdewez, to that faire Citee:
And there was I daies thre.
And so from thennez to Bayon,
For so the that is a faire toune.
And from thennez to Petypont St. Jenouhe, S. Jean Pied de Port confused with S. Genou
The ferst toune of Naveron, sicurly:
Up in a hee hull hit is faire sette,
And ther men schall make her tribett,
For every pice of Gold trust me well,
Thou schalt swere upon the Evangele:
And there Jakkez ferst most thou have, Jaqueses
And thee lust thy Gold to save.
Wymmenz araie upon there heved,
Like to Myterez they ben wheed:
A raie Mantell they were upon
And foule wymmen mony oon.
Then to the Dale of Rouncevale hit is the waie,
A derk passage I der well saie:
Witelez there ben full necessary,
For in that passage my mouthe was dry.
Beyond the hull upon hee,
Is a Mynster of our Ladee:
Of Chanounez of the Order of St. Austyn,
And the well of Rouland, and Oliver therein.
From thennez even to Pampylyon,

The chef Citie of the Reme of Naveron:
Up the Ebro — A faire Cite and a large,
Thereto commeth bothe Bote and Barge.
And from thennez to the toune of Keer,
Is xxx. miles long, and hongery heer.
Logroño — Then to the Gruon in Spayne,
That is the last toune certaine,
Of the Realme of Naveron:
And then into Spayne feare ye schon,
Jakkez ben ther of little prise:
For there beginneth the Marvedisez.
Alle is brasse, silver is none In,
And the Grote of Spayne is silver fyn.
iiii. score for a Coron schal thou have,
Of the Marvedise of master and knave.
Then from the Grune to Sent Dominico
Manier names Gruñon — Thou hast tenn long miles for to go.
And from thennez to Grunneole,
Much pyn men ther thoole.
Hit ston upon a hull on hyy,
And Jewez ben Lordez of all that contray.
Ther most thou tribute make or thou passe,
For alle thi gud bothe mor and lasse:
Of that tribute they be full fayn;
Puente la Reyna — For thei hyeer hit of the King of Spayne.
From thennez thou most to Pount Roie,
That passage ther hit kepeth a boie:
A gud contraie, and evell wyn,

And witelez ther ben bothe gud, and fyn.
And so forthe to Pount Paradise. — Bridge of Nájera
At that passage thou most paie thriez.
And so forthe from thennez to Borkez that citee, — Burgos
A faire toune and a muche sicurly.
And from thennez to Hospitall de Reyne,
To passe that River thou schalt be fayne.
And so forthe to Sent Antony:
And ever ther gothe the Marvedy.
From thennez even to the citie of Lyones: — Leon
Betweene hem ben mony praty tounez.
In that cite ther schalt thou paie
Passage or thou goe awaie.
By younde the Brugge on thi right hand,
To Sent Salvator the waie is liggand, — Oviedo
Where ii. pottez may thou se,
In the wiche water turnet to vyn
. . . at Architriclyne. — Cana of The Marriage
And mony other reliquez ben there,
But the mountez ben wonder he, & fere.
Wymmen in that Land use no vullen,
But alle in lether be thei wounden:
And her hevedez wonderly ben trust,
Standing in her forhemed as a crest,
In rowld clouthez lappet alle be forn
Like to the prikke of a N'unicorn.
And men have doubelettez full schert,

Bare legget and light to stert.
A Knight, a boie wit out hose,
A sqwyer also thei schull not lose.
A Knave bere iii. dartez in his hand,
And so thei schull go walkand:
Compare Froissart, page 190 — Here wyn is thecke as any blode,
And that wull make men wode.
Bedding ther is nothing faire,
Mony pilgrimez hit doth apaire:
Tabelez use thei non of to ete,
But on the bare flore they make her sete:
And so they sitte alle infere,
As in Irlande the same manere.
León — Then from the citee of Lyonz so fre,
On thi lyft hand the waie schalt thou see,
At that Brugge that I of have saide,
Over an heethe to Astergo is layde.
That is a cite and faire is sette,
There the gret mountaines togeder be mette:
And so forthe to Villa Frank schalt thou go,
A faire countraye, and vinez also.
The Raspis groeth ther in the waie.
Yf thee lust thou maie asaie.
From thennez a deepe dale schalt thou have,
Up unto the Mount of Fave:
La Faba, or Febrero? — He hullez, and of the Spanyse see a cry:
That noyse is full grevose pardy.
And so forth even to Sent Jamez,

Alle waie Pylgrimez suche havez,
And then to Mount nostre Dame,
The Prior ther hath muche schame.
And then so forthe to Luaon, Lugo
Other Villages ther be mony oon.
And then to Sent Jamez that holy place;
There maie thou fynde full faire grace.
On this side the toune milez too,
By a Chappell schalt thou go: S. Cross
Upon a hull hit stondez on hee,
Wher Sent Jamez ferst schalt thou see,
A Mount Joie, mony stonez there ate,
And iiii. pilerez of ston of gret astate: cairnes?
A C. daiez of pardon there may thou have
At that Chappell, and thou hit crave.
Then at Sent Jamez wit in that place.
To telle the pardon hit askes space.
Hit is a gret Mynstor, large, and long,
Of the hold begging hit is strong:
Glason windowez there are but few,
Wit in the Mynstor in nowther rew:
Viii. Cardinalez chosen there be,
For Confessourez, that is verry,
And have plaine power fully to here,
And penaunce to yef in alle manere:
And to assoyle the of alle thing,
That is the Popys graunting.
Now of the pardon telle I shall

In what place thou maie it calle:
At the Northe side of that place,
There is pardon and muche faire grace.
In the Chappell on the rizt hand among the guest,
iii. C. daiez of pardon thou havest.
Forthermore at the hee autere
A iii. daiez alle time in the yere.
Under the hee autere lithe Sent Jame,
The table in the Quere telleth the name:
At alle the auterez so by and by,
xl. daiez to pardon is grantet to the.
At the iii. derrez benethe the Quere,
Is plenor remission onez in the yere:
And at alle tymes xl. daies,
The table written so hit saies.
On the South side behinde the Derre,
A grete of ston fyndest thou there:
At nine of the Bell the Derre up is sett,
And a Bell rongen a gret fet.
Ther men maie se of Sent Jamez the lesse,
His heed in Gold araied freche:
To the wiche Pilgrymez her offeryng make,
For the more Sent Jamez sake.
And there by a nauter there is,
Wher Sent Jame, dud Mase yuis,
A iii. daies ther maie thou have,
Of remission, and thou hit crave.

The original pillar and altar?

More pardon is nonzt in that place
That in that table mynde hase.
Then from thennez to Patrovum, Padrón
Wher the Sent londet the ferst toun
iiii. xx. myles longs from Sent Jamez,
Coron ne vin non men there havez.
And then to Pont Wederez went I, Puente
L. long miles; that waie is dry: Cesures
Jewes and Sarasynez ben there mony on,
A plentiful contraye as man maie gon.
From thennes a vale faire, and clere,
Where wynez groethe of all manere,
Unto the toun of Corpe Sante,
Alle manere fruyte at man maie haunt.
The See cometh thether at alle tide, Estuaries
And fisth, and coron on alle side.
Wymmen be araied like to men,
Men maie nouzt well nouther ken:
There thei life un gudely,
Namely men of holy Chirche pardy.
And Bugell flesch is there full rive,
In alle that contraie hit is ther lif:
And Corpe Sant is the last toun.
In Galise, and stondeth the See upon.

XIV

ITINERARIES

THE writer began by transcribing all the following seven Itineraries with Purchas's and then making out the modern names and the correct distances, except where earlier editors had already done this. It was a pleasant game, but left nothing for the reader. Therefore it has seemed best to print them as they were encountered, where in three instances the admirable labours of French editors will give him example and assistance, all that he needs of either, for the winter nights with books and maps.

I
1120

I. ITINERARY OF AYMERY PICAUD

I. FROM SOMPORT TO PUENTE LA REYNA

BORCIA	BORCE
Portus Asperi	Somport
Hospitale s. Christinae	S. Cristina
Canfrancus	Canfranc
JACCA	JACA

Aragonus, flumen	*Passage of the Aragon*
Osturiz	
Thermas	Tiermas
MONS REELLUS	MONREAL
PONS REGINAE	PUENTE LA REYNA

2. FROM PORT DE CIZE TO PUENTE LA REYNA

VILLA S. MICHAELIS	S. MICHEL
Portus Ciserei	Port de Cize
Hospitale Rotolandi	Ibañeta
Villa Runcievallis	Roncevaux
BISCARETUM (BISCARELLUS)	VISCARRET
Resogna	Larrasoaña
Arga et Runa, fl.	*Passage of the Arga*
PAMPILONIA	PAMPELUNA
PONS REGINAE	PUENTE LA REYNA

3. FROM PUENTE LA REYNA TO COMPOSTELLA

Rivus Salatus	*Passage of the Salado*
STELLA	ESTELLA
Aiega, fl.	*Passage of the Ega*
Arcus	Los Arcos
Grugnus	Logroño
Ebra, fl.	*Passage of the Ebro*
Villa Rubea	Villaroya
NAGERA	Nájera

Itineraries I		
	Sanctus Dominicus	S. Domingo de la Calzada
	Radicellas	Redecilla del Camino
	Belfuratus	Belorado
	Francavilla	Villafranca
	Nemus Oquae	Montes de Oca
	Altaporca	Atapuerca
	BURGAS	BURGOS
	Alterdalia	Tardajos
	Furnellos	Hornillos del Camino
	Castrasorecia	Castrogeriz
	Pons Fiteriae	Itera del Castillo
	Pisorga, fl.	*Passage of the Pisuerga*
	FRUMESTA	FRÓMISTA
	Carrionus	Carrión de los Condes
	SANCTUS FACUNDUS	SAHAGÚN
	Ceia, fl.	*Passage of the Cea*
	Manxilla	Mansilla de las Mulas
	Aisela, fl.	*Passage of the Esla*
	Porma, fl.	*Passage of the Porma*
	Torio, fl.	*Passage of the Torio*
	LEGIO	LEÓN
	Bernesgua, fl.	*Passage of the Bernesga*
	Orbega	Puente Orbigo
	Osturga	Astorga
	RAPHANELLUS	RABANAL DEL CAMINO
	Portus Montis Iraci	Puerto Irago
	Sicca Molina	Molina Seca

Ponsferratus	Ponferrada	
Sil, fl.	*Passage of the Sil*	
Carcavellus	Cacabelos	
Cua, fl.	*Passage of the Cua*	
VILLAFRANCA	VILLAFRANCA	
Burdua (*Burbia?*)	*Passage of the Burbia*	
Vallis Carceris	Valcarcel	
Castrum Sarracenicum		Villa Sarracín
Villa Us		Villa de Urz
Hospitale in cacumine montis Februarii	Hospital?	
Portus montis Februarii	Monte Cebrero	
Linar de Rege	Linares	
TRIACASTELLA	TRIACASTELA	
Villa S. Michaelis		Samos
Barbadellus	Barbadelo	
Pons Mineae		Puerto Marín
Sala Reginae	Sala Regina	
PALATIUM REGIS	PALAZ DE REY	
Campus Levurarius	Leboreiro	
S. Jacobus de Boento	Boente	S. Mamed de Castañeda
Castaniolla		
Villanova	Villa nova	
Ferreras	Ferreiros	Arzúa?
COMPOSTELLA	SANTIAGO DE COMPOSTELLA	

From Bédier, *Les Chansons Épiques*, III, pp. 121–126.

Itineraries II

1417

II. FROM DE CAUMONT: VOIATGE Á S. JAQUES EN COMPOSTELLE

et á Nostre Dame de Finibus Terre, en l'an MIL. CCCC. XVII

Ensuit se ung autre voiatge que je Nopar seigneur de Caumont, de Chasteau Neuf, de Chasteau Cullier et Berbeguieres, ay fait pour aler á monseigneur saint Jacques en Compostelle, et á Nostre Dame de Finibus Terre. Et fu le viij jour du mois de juillet que je parti de mon chasteau de Caumont, l'an mil. cccc. xvij. Et fuy de retour a Caumont le tiers jour de setembre apres venant, l'an susdit: où il est le nomme des pais et le nombres des lieues de lieu en autre.

Le chemin de monseigneur Jacques en Compostelle et de Nostre Dame de Finibus Terre, où est l'un chief du monde, qui est sur rive de mer en une haulte roche de montainge.

Premieremant, de Caumont a Roqueffort. ix. lieues.

MARSAN

De Roqueffort au Mont de Marssan..... iij lieues

Du Mont de Marssan a Saint Seve.....	ij lieues	
De Saint Seve a Hayetman.....	ij lieues	
BÉARN		
De Hayetman a Hortes.....	iiij lieues	
De Hortes a Sauvaterre.....	iij lieues	
BALCOS		
De Sauvaterre a Saint Palays..	ij lieues	
De Saint Palays a Hostanach...	ij lieues	
NAVARRA		
De Hostanach a Saint Jehan de Pedesportz.....	iiij lieues	
De Saint Jehan de Pedes portz au Capeyron roge.....	iij lieues	
De Capeyron roge a Nostre Dame de. Ronssevaux et au Borget qui est pres d'aqui...	iiij lieues	Burguete
De Borguet a la Rosonhe.....	v lieues	Larrasoaña
De le Rosonhe a Pampalone...	iij lieues	
De Pampalone au Pont le Royne	v lieues	
Du Pont le Royne a Lestelle...	iiij lieues	Estella
De Lestelle als Arcos.....	iiij lieues	Los Arcos

Itineraries II

Los Arcos
Logroño
Nájera

CASTELLE

Dels Arcos Grunh..... v lieues
Du Grunh a Navarret..... ij lieues
De Navarret a Nagere..... iij lieues

Et davant ceste place, ha un grant champ moult lonc et ample ou le Prince de Gales, duc de Guienne, fils du bon roy Edoart, qui avoit en sa compaignie de moult belle chevallerie et escuierie de Guascons, et d'autres d'Angleterre, gueagne le bataille et esconffit le roy Enric; et mist en possession le roy Pedro de tout le royaume d'Espagne, comme roy droyturier.

De Nagere a Sainto Domingo de le Calssade iiij. lieues, auquel lieu avint une foix jadis ung grant miracle: Et encore ha, en l'eglize, ung coli et une jéline de le nature de ceulx qui chantérent en l'aste davant le jutge; et je lez ay veux de vray et sont tout blancs.

De Sainto Domingo a Vilefranque..... vij lieues
De Vilefranque a Burgos.....viij lieues

ESPAHNE

Hornillos del Camino
Castrojeriz

De Burgos a Formelhos..... iiij lieues
De Formelhos a Castrosiris.... iiij lieues

De Castrosiris a Fromista..... v lieues	
De Fromista a Carrion..... iiij lieues	
De Carrion a Safagon.....viij lieues	Sahagún
De Safagon a Manselhe.....viij lieues	Mansilla de las Mulas
LEON	
De Manselhe a Leon..... iij lieues	
De Leon au Pont de l'Aygua.. vj lieues	
De Pont de l'Eue a Astorgue.. iij lieues	
De Astorgue a Ravanello..... v lieues	Rabanal
GUALICIE	
De Ravanello a Pont Ferrado .viij lieues	
De Pont Ferrado a Cacanelhos . iij lieues	Cacabelos
De Cacanelhos a Travadello.... iiij lieues	
De Travadello a la Fave..... iiij lieues	
De le Fave a Triquestele..... vj lieues	Triacastela
De Triquestele a Sarrie..... iiij lieues	
De Sarrie a Porto Marin..... iiij lieues	
De Porto Marin a Palays de Roy..... vj lieues	
De Palays de Roy a Melid..... iij lieues	
De Melid a Doas Casas..... vj lieues	
De Duas Cazas a Saint Jaques.. iij lieues	
SAINT JAQUES	
De Saint Jaques a Salhemane pour aller a Nostre Dame de Finibus terre..... iiij lieues	

Mariñas

De Salhemana a Martenhas... iij lieues
De Maronhas a Nostre Dame de Finibus terre.....viij lieues

lequelle est au port de le mer, et de là en avant l'en ne trouve plus de terre; auguel lieu fait de beaux miracles et y a une grant montaigne ou est un hermitatge de Saint Guilhames du desert.

NOSTRE DAME DE FINIBUS TERRE

LE RETOUR

De Finibus Terre à Noye..... ix lieues

Padrón

De Noye al Patron..... iiij lieues

C'est ung lieu auquel monseigneur saint Jaques arriva d'outre mer, où lez Sarrazins couppe le teste; et vint en une nef de pierre le chief et le corps séparés l'un de l'autre, tout seul, sans autre chouse, et j'ay veu le nef à le rive de le mer.

LE PATRON

Du Patron a Saint Jaques..... iiij lieues

Ferreiros

De Saint Jaques a Ferreyres... v lieues
De Ferreyres a Melid..... iiij lieues
De Melid a Porto Marin..... ix lieues
De Porto Marin a Sarrie..... iiij lieues
De Sarrie a le Fontfria..... vij lieues

Fe Fontfria a Travadello..... viij lieues
De Travadello a Cacanelhos... iiij lieues
De Cacanelhos a Molines..... iiij lieues
De Molines a Ravanello..... vj lieues
De Ravanello a Astorgua..... v lieues
De Astorgua au Pont de l'Aygua iij lieues
Du Pont de l'Aygua a Leon... vj lieues
De Leon a Borinelho..... vij lieues
De Borinelho a Saffagon..... iiij lieues
De Saffagon a Carrion..... viij lieues
De Carrion a Fromista..... iiij lieues
De Fromista a Castro Siris..... v lieues
De Castro Siris a Burguos..... viij lieues
De Burguos a Vilefranque..... viij lieues
De Vilefranque a Vileforat.... ij lieues
De Vileforat a Santo Domingo iiij lieues
De Santo Domingo a Nagere... iiij lieues
De Nagere a Gronh..... v lieues
Du Gronh als Arcos..... v lieues
Dels Arcos a Lestelle..... v lieues
De Lestelle au Pont le Royne.. iiij lieues
Du Pont le Royne a Pampalone v lieues
De Pampalone au Borguet.... viij lieues
Du Borguet au Capeyron roge iiij lieues
Du Capeyron roge a Saint Jehan
de Pedez portz..... iij lieues
De Saint Jehan a Hostanach.... iiij lieues
De Hostanach a Sauvaterre..... iiij lieues

The return varies the stages

Itineraries III

De Sauvaterre a Hortes..... iij lieues
De Hortes a Saut de Noalhas.. ij lieues
De Saut a Orgons..... iiij lieues
De Orgons a Duffort..... ij lieues
De Duffort a Roqueffort..... v lieues
De Roqueffort a Caumont..... ix lieues
Finito libro sit laus gloria Cristo. A. M. E. N.

Qui scripsit istum librum ad Deum vadat unum eternum ubi laus et gloria in seculorum cantantur secula.

FERM CAUMONT.

III. LE CHEMIN DE PARIS À SAINCT-JACQUES EN GALICE DIT COMPOSTELLE; ET COMBIEN IL Y A DE LIEUES DE VILLE EN VILLE.

1535

Este libro costo un dinero en Leon por Septiembre de 1535, y el ducado vale 570 dineros

So wrote Columbus' son

De Paris au bourg la Royne..... II. L.
De Sainct Jehan de Lux a Saincte Marie de Heurin..... 2.

Irún

Nota. Est la fin du royaulme de France a une riviere qui est deca la dicte nostre Dame de Hurin pres fon arrabye.

Fontarabia

De Saincte Marie de Hurin a Arnani	3.	Hernani
D'Arnani a Villeneufve	2.	Villabona
De Villeneufve a Toulousette	2.	Toloseta
De T. a Villefranque	3.	Villafranca
De V. a Segure	4.	Segura
De S. au Mont Sainct Adrien	2.	
Qui est assez hault, passez parmy le trou de St. Adrien a Saldondon	2.	Puerto de S. Adrián Zalduendo
De S. a Saluatiere	2.	Salvatierra
De S. a Victoire	3.	Vitoria
Ville de Victoire a Peuple	3.	La Puebla
De P. a Nurende	3.	Miranda de Ebro
De N. a Pencorbe	3.	Pancorbo
De P. a Verbiesque	4.	Bribiesca
De V. a Castille*	1.	
De C. a Monasterio	1.	de Rodilla
De M. a Bourgues	5.	Burgos
De B. a Tardaiges	2. L.	Tardajos
De. T. a Horvilles	2.	Hornillos
D'Orvilles a Fontaines	2.	Ontanas
De F. a Quatre-souris	2.	Castrogeriz
De Q. a Ponterose	2.	
De P. a Boseville	2.	
De B. a Formende	1.	Frómista

* That is, the frontier of Castille.

Villarmentero	De F. a La-ravanire.....	1.
Población de Campos	Ville de Ravanire a Population.....	1.
	De P. a Carion.....	2.
Calzadilla	Ville de C. a Casedille.....	4.
Sahagún	De Casedille a Saint-sagon.....	4.
Brescianos	De Sagon a Brissanne.....	3.
El Burgo	De B. a Bourgue.....	2.
Rehegos	De Bourgue a Religoux.....	2.
Mansilla	De R. a La-Moycelle.....	1.
León	De La-Mycelle a Lyon.....	3.
S. Miguel del Camino	Ville de Lyon a Sainct-Michel.....	3.
Puente de Orbigo	De S. a Fontaines.....	2.
Astorga	De Fontaines au pont de l'Aigue...	2.
Espital del Ganso-S. Catalina	De P. a Estorgues.....	3.
	D'E. a Lhospital Scte. Katherine..	3.
Rabanal	De Lhospital au Ranen.....	3.
	Du R. a Ville neufue.....	4.
Molina Seca	De la V. a Moulines.....	2.
	De M. a Quotz.....	2.
Ponferrada	De Q. a Pontz-ferrat.....	1. L.
	Nota que cy est l'entree du pays del Galice, et la fyn du pays d'Espaigne et les bons vins.	
Pieros	De Pontz-ferrat a Pavies.....	3.
Villafranca del Vierzo	De P. a villefranque.....	2.
	De V. a Fumeterre.....	2.
	De F. a Lhospital de la Contessa..	2.
	De Lhospital a Tricastel.....	3.

De T. a Villemisere..... 4.	Sarria
De V. a Pontz Marin..... 4.	Puerto Marín
De P. a Saincte-Jame le Vieil..... 4.	
De Saincte-Jame a Sainct-Julian.. 2.	Samos
De S. a Chantleurier..... 3.	Mellíd
De Ch. a Arcerouze, dit Ville neufue..... 3.	Casas Novas
De Ville brulee [Arzúa] a Ville rouge..... 3.	
De V. a Saincte Montioye..... 2.	Manxoi or Mountjoy
De S. a Monseigneur Sct. Jaques 1. grande lieue comme de Paris à Saint Denys.	
Somme de Paris a Sct. Jaques en Galice ccc. l. neuf lieues.	

From Harrisse, *Biblioteca Colombiana.*

IV. REPORTORIO DE TODOS LOS CAMINOS DE ESPAÑA: HASTA AGORA NUNCA VISTO EN EL QUEL ALLARAN QUALQUIER VIAJE QUE QUIERAN ANDAR MUY PROVECHOSO POR TODOS LOS CAMINANTES. COMPUESTO POR PERO JUAN VILUGA VALENCIANO. ANO. DE. M.D. XLVJ. CON PRIVILEGIO IMPERIAL — IV 1546

¶ Ay de santiago a san juan del pie del puerto.....clii.

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ala vacula.....j.
almenar.....ij.
a ferreros.....j.
a axqua.....j.
a mellid.....iij.
ala puente campana.....iij.
alegundi.....ij.
a goncar.....ij.
a puerto marin.....ii.
a gujada.....j.
a sarria.....iij.
a mutan.....ij.
a triacastela.....ij.
A fuenfria.....ij.
al espital.....j.
a cebreyro.....ij.
a lafava.....j.
a ribera de valcacar hasta la vega.....ij.
a villafranca.....iiij.
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a cacavelos.....ij.
a ponferrada.....ij.
a molina seca.....j.
a riego.....ij.
al azebo.....j.
ala venta.....j. y media.
a fuen cevadon.....j. y media.

al ravanal.....j.
al espital del ganso.....j.
a palacios de valduerno.....iij.
a estorga.....ij.
a sante Juste.....j.
al a calcada.....j.
a la puente dorbigo.....j.
a villadanços.....ij.
a san miguel del camino.....j.
a val verde.....j.
a nuestra señora del camino.....j.
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A leon.....media.
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a reliejos.....j.
al burgo.....ij.
al brecianos.....ij.
a sahagun.....ij.
a san nicolas.....j.
a moratinos.....media.
a ledigos.....ij. y media.
a las tiendas.....j.
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a carrion.....ij.
a villa martin.....ij.
a flomesta.....ij.
a la puente.....ij.

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	a hornillos.....j.
	a rabe.....j.
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	a Burgos.....ij.
	A nuestra señora la blanca de Burgos.
	a carbadel.....ij.
	a ybeas.....j.
Zalduendo	a san dueldo.....ij.
	a val de huentes.....j.
	a Villa Franca de montes doca.....ij.
	a todos santos.....j.
	a villorado.....j.
	a villa miesta.....j.
	a redesilla.....media.
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	A santo domingo de la calçada.....j.
	a çafra.....iij.
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	a navarrete.....iij.
	A logroño.....ij.
	a viana.....j. y media.
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a ybar....j.
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Itineraries IV

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¶ Ay de laredo a victoria....xij. y media.
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a mehingo.....j. y media.
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a grisanella.....media.
a birviesca.....j. y media.
a pradanos.....j.
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a reliejos.....ij.
al burgo.....ij.
a brecianos.....ij.
a sahagun.....ij.
a san nocolas.....j.
a moratinos.....media.
a ledinos.....ij. y media.
a lastiendas.....j.
a calçadilla.....j.
a carrion.....ij.
a villa martin.....ij. S. Martín del Camino
a flomesta.....ij. Frómista
ala puente.....ij.
a castro xeriz.....ij.
a hontanas.....j.
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a rave.....j.
a tardajos.....j.
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Itineraries
v

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a todos sanctos.....j.
a villorado.....j.
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\- v. NOVVELLE GVIDE DES CHEMINS. PARIS, PAR NICOLAS BONFONS RUË NEUUE NOSTRE DAME, À L'ENSEIGNE S. NICOLAS, 1583

1586

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	Le pays de fenestres.....i l.
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	La Garde, ou Darde de Roland, duquel lieu l'on dit que Roland jetta une lance jusques dans la mer de Blaye.

Blaye v. ch.....i l. *Itineraries* v
Frontière, port de mer.
Comté souz l'Evesché de bordeaux;
Passe un brachs de mer venant de la Rochelle.
A Blaye on monte sur l'Anguille qui est un certain barc petit et grand, lequel d'une marée conduict selon le vent jusques à Bordeaux, ou il y a sept lieues de pays.
Monte sur ledit brachs de mer et sur l'Anguille susdicte, par les lieux qui s'ensuyvent.
Roche d'estaux.....i l. Roc de Tau
Laisse a ville du bourg à main gauche.
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Macaut, à main dextre.
Le pays de Médoc, dont on voit places et chasteaux à main dextre.
Blanc et fort, à main dextre, chasteau fort ancien.
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Irun	decà Huria, pres de Fontarabie.
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Villabona	Villeneuve.....i l. R.
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	Mont sainct Adrien, bien haut....ii l. R.
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	Fin d'Espaigne, entrée du pays de Galice, bons vins.
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La saincte Montjoye, qui est haut montaigne en rocher.	Monte de San Marcos
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From Bonnault d'Houët, *Pèlerinage d'un Paysan Picard*, pp. 175–183.

VI. PILGRIMS' GUIDE. FROM *CHANSONS DES PÈLERINS DE S. JACQUES*, CHEMIN DE PARIS À S. JACQUES LE GRAND 1718

De Paris au Bourg-la-Reine....une lieue.	
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Monthlery.....2 l.	
Casté.....2 l.	
Mortevelle.....2 l.	Monnerville
Amerville le gâté.....3 l.	Angerville
Tournai.....3 l.	Thoury
Arenzy.....2 l.	Artenay
Languette.....4 l.	Langennerie
Sarcotte.....2 l.	Cercottes
Orléans.....3 l.	
Notre-Dame de Cleri.....4 l.	
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Blois.....8 l.	

	Clermont.....8 l.
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Ingrande	Algrade.....2 l.
	Châtellerault.....2 l.
La Tricherie	La Trênerie.....8 l.
	Poitiers.....3 l.
	Lusignan.....4 l.
Chenay	Le Cheval.....4 l.
	Melle.....4 l.
	La Ville Dieu.....3 l.
Escoyeux	Escournua.....3 l.
Saintes	S. Eutroupe de Vanines.....5 l.
Plassac	Plassat.....4 l.
Mirambeau	Mytuban.....2 l.
Etauliers	Toclier.....5 l.
	Blaye.....1 l.
	De Blaye on passe la Garonne 7 lieues pour aller à Bordeaux.
	De Bordeaux au petit Bordeaux 2 lieues.
L'Hospitalot just before Beliet	L'Hôpital.....3 l.
Cne de Mons	La Tricherie.....2 l.
Le Muret	Le Meret.....2 l.
Lapostey	Le Ponter.....2 l.
La Boulière	L'Herbe fanée.....2 l.

L'Hôpital de S. Antoine.....3 l.	Chapelle S. Antoine
Notez qu'à l'Eperon, qui veut tirer à Navarre, faut prendre à main gauche, et passer la Biscaye.	Orliac
D l'Eperon à Orly.....2 lieues.	grangenear Castets
Matique.....2 l.	Magesc
Saint Vincent.....1 l.	de Tirosse
Hongres.....3 l.	Ondres
Bayonne.....3 l.	
Saint Jean de Luz.....3 l.	
Sainte Marie de Huran.....2 l.	Irún
Ici est la fin du Royaume de France.	
De sainte Marie de Huran à Handem.....1 lieue.	Andoain
Villeneuve.....2 l.	Villabona
Toulouzette.....2 l.	Tolosa
Villefranque.....3 l.	Villafranca
Fegnat.....4 l.	Segura
Le Mont saint Adrien.....2 l.	Zalduendo
De sidodum à Salvaterie.....2 l.	to Salvatierra
Victoire.....3 l.	Vitoria
Peuple.....3 l.	La Puebla
Marailde.....3 l.	Miranda
Pencorbe.....3 l.	Pancorbo
Saint Dominique.....3 l.	S. Domingo
Castille.....2 l.	Castil de Peones
Monasterie.....2 l.	Rodilla
Burges.....5 l.	Burgos

Tardajos	Tartadur.....2 l.
Hornillos del Camino	Sarville.....8 l.
Ontanas	Fontaine.....2 l.
Castro-jeriz	Quatre-Souris.....2 l.
Frómista	Panterose.....2 l.
	Mamnade.....2 l.
Revenga	La Ravoquerie.....3 l.
Población de Campo	Population.....4 l.
Carrion	Curion.....2 l.
Cueza	Curandille.....2 l.
Sahagún	Saint Lupens.....9 l.
Bercianos	Brisance.....3 l.
El Burgo	Burgos.....2 l.
Reliegos	Pericoc.....5 l.
Mansilla de las Mulas	La Moc.....2 l.
	Léon.....4 l.
	De Léon à saint Michel.....2 l.
Robledo de	Fontaines.....2 l.
Valdoncina	Le Pont de Laines.....2 l.
Astorga	Essorgues.....2 l.
	L'Hôpital de Ste. Catherine...5 l.
Ravanal	Du Reveil.....3 l.
Villanueva	Villeneuve.....3 l.
Ponferrada	Pont-Salvat.....3 l.
Villafranca	Villefranque.....3 l.
Piedrafita	Fumeterre.....2 l.
	L'Hôpital de la Comtesse.....2 l.
Triacastela	Triscatte.....3 l.

Villeneuve.....4 l.	Sarria
Pont sainte-Marie.....4 l.	Puerto Marín
Saint Lomme le Vieil.....2 l.	
Saint Julien.....1 l.	San Julián del Camino
Gablevier.....2 l.	
Alserance, dit la Villeneuve....2 l.	Arzúa
Ville brûlée.....3 l.	
Ville-rouge.....3 l.	
Sainte Mont-joie.....5 l.	Monte de San Marcos
De Paris à S. Jacques.....340 l.	

A Saint Salvateur en Espaigne

Voyage singulier, duquel l'on dict, qui a esté à sainct Jaques, et n'a esté à sainct Salvateur, a visité le serviteur, et a laissé le seigneur.

Lyon, ou Laon, en Espaigne, au chemin de Sainct Jaques cy dessus.	
La pola de Gordonne.....vj l.	
Boicia.....i l. R.	La Voyza de Gordon
Le mont saincte Marie.....iiij l. g.	Santa María de Arvas
Cette montaigne est en partie de roche-creuse par dedans, et y va l'on plus de deux lieues en long et leans on trouve force fleuves qui traversent.	
La paille.....i l.	Pajares
Le pont de les sieres.....ii l.	Puentes

Itineraries VII

Oviedo.....vj l.
En cette ville est l'Eglise de sainct Salvateur, où y a de la Couronne d'Espines, du Laict nostre Dame, de la peau sainct Barthelemy, et plusieurs autres saincts Reliquaires.
From Bonnault d'Hoüet, *Pèlerinage d'un Paysan Picard*, pp. 185–188, 183.

1798

VII. ITINERARIO ESPAÑOL, O GUIA DE CAMINOS, PARA IR DESDE MADRID Á TODAS LAS CIUDADES Y VILLAS MAS PRINCIPALES DE ESPAÑA, Y PARA IR DE UNAS CIUDADES Á OTRAS, Y Á ALGUNAS CORTES DE LA EUROPA. AÑADIDO Y CORREGIDO EN ESTA QUINTA IMPRESION. CON LICENCIA: EN ALCALÁ: MDCCXCVIII. EN LA IMPRENTA DE D. ISIDRO LOPEZ. DONDE SE HALLARÁ, Y EN MADRID EN SU LIBRERÍA CALLE DE LA CRUZ NUM. 3

Only one given here

MADRID PARA SANTIAGO de Galicia, Finibus-Terre, Astorga, y Orense por dos Caminos; y para Pontevedra, y otras Villas.

Camino de Ruedas hasta Villafranca.

Se ha de guiar por el Cam. de Castilla que está al fol. 53 hasta llegar á Tordesillas, leg.....32

R. Duero. Pte	2		
La Vega de Valde-Troncos	1		
La Mota del Marqués	1		Bridge castle
38 Villar de Frades	2		
Vta. de Almaráz	1		
42 Villalpando	3		
Cerecinos	1		
La Puente de Castro Gonzalo, *R. Esla*	2		Bridge hill
46 Benavente	1		
Villabrazaro	1		
Puente Lavizana	2		
La Noria	1		
S. Juan de Torres	1		
R. y Puente de Orbigo			Here the Passage Honour-
52 La Bañeza	1		able
54 Los Palacios de Valduerno	2		
La Venta del Monte de la Matanza	2		
San Martin del Valle	2		
Pedredo, *Rio Juta*	1	m	
E. Ravanel	1		
Fuen-Cevadon	1	m	
Manjarin	1		Magpies there
El Acevo	1		
Riego del Camino	1		
Molina Seca	1		
R. Boesa, Puente.			
68 Ponferrada	2		
Cacabelos, *R. P.*	1		Bridge

Bridge	Campo de Narraya	1
	72 Villafranca de el Bierzo, *R. P.*..	1
	Pereje	1
	Travadelos	1 m
	Ambas Mestas	1
green pastures	Herrerias de Valcarze	1
	Comienza el Reyno de Galicia.	
	La Faya	1
3,450 feet	78 Villa, y Puerto del Cebrero	1
	Linares	1
	Padornelo	1
slept here	81 Fonfria	1
	Pasantes	3
coal mine	Triacastela	1
	San Fiz	1
	Laya	1 m
No good shelter	Sarria	1 m
	Villacha	2
good folk	93 Puerto Marin	1 m
Bridge	*Rio Miño, Puente.*	
	Tejebon	1
	Gonzar	1
	Ligonde	1
good wine	Palas de Rey	1 m
	Puente de Campaña	m
Bridge	*Rio Ulla, Puente.*	
evil folk	Leboreiro	1

Turetos	m	Bridge
R. Ameca, Puente.		
Mellide	1	
Arzua	3	cattle-fair
Rio Sar, Puente.		Bridge
Dos Casas	2	
San Marcos	1	Mountjoy
106 Santiago	1	The Shrine
Puente de Mafeda	3	
Segua	3	
Las Barreras	1	
Mon-Jesus	2	
Puente de Albarados	2	
Villa de Sesé	3	
122 Finibus Terre	2	The World's End

PAMPLONA para Burgos.

Camino Francés de Ruedas.		
La Venta del Perdon	2	
La Puente de la Reyna	2	
7 *Estela*	3	
Los Arcos	3	
13 *Viana*	3	
14 *Logroño*	1	good shelter
Rio Ebro, Pte.		Bridge
Navarrete	2	
18 m *Nagera*	2	
Rio Nagera, Pte.		Bridge

Itineraries		
VII white fowls	Azofra	1
	22 m *Sto. Domingo de la Calzada*	3
Bridge	*Rio Glera, Pte.*	
	Grañón	1
	Redecilla	1
	Villambistia	m
Bridge	Velorado, *R. P.*	1
	Todos Santos	1
	Villafranca de Montes de Oca	1
"Entrar de prisa y salir corriendo"	Zalduendo	3
	San Medel	3
	35 Burgos	1

VITORIA para Bayona de Francia.

Camino de Ruedas.

	Ulivari de Gamboa	3
	Salinas de Guipuzcoa	1 m
	Mondragon, R.	2
	Oñate *Puente*	2
	Villa Real	2 m
	Villafranca	2 m
	Tolosa	3
	Hernani	3
	Oyarzun	2
	Irun	2
"Sans trains de luxe"	S. Juan de Luz	2 m
	Vidarte	2
	30 *Bayona*	2

PAMPLONA para San Juan de Pie de Puerto, y Bayona de Francia.

Camino de Ruedas.

Villava y Ugarte	1		
Zabaldica, y Iroz	1	m	
Anchoriz		m	
Larrasoaña	1		
Urdaníz		m	
Zubiri		m	
Viscaret	1		
Espinal	1		
Burgete	1		diligence stops
11 Ronces Valles	3		
15 S. Juan de Pie de Puerto	4		
Mendiondo	4		
23 *Bayona*	4		

Qualquiera de estos Caminos de Bayona mirados al revés sirven para ir á Santiago de Galicia.

De Pamplona á Burgos, de Burgos á Leon, de Leon á Astorga y á Santiago, f. 126, 128, 105, y 61. omitted with regret

BURGOS para Leon.

Camino Francés de Ruedas.

Tardajos	2		

Itineraries VII	Rabe	1
	Hornillos	1
	Hontanas	1
	Castro Xeriz	1
Bridge	*La Puente del R. Pisuerga*	2
	Fromista	2
	Villa Martin	2
Bridge	Carrion, *Rio Arion, Pte*	2
the wood by the road side	Calzadilla, *Rio Cea*	2
	Las Tiendas	1
	Ledigos	1
	Morativos	2 m
	S. Nicolás	m
	Sahagun, *R. Esla*	1
	Brecianos	2
	El Burgo	2
	Reliegos	2
	Mansilla	1
Bridgeover	Villarent	1
Porma	32 *Leon*	2

OVIEDO para Santiago.

Camino de Herradura.

La Puente de Gallegos	1
Escamplero	1
Atahoces, Pormoño, y la Aspra	1
Grado	1

El Fresno y Doriga	1		
Cornellan, *R. P.*	1		Bridge
Salas	1		
V. de la Espina	1	m	
La Pereda		m	
Pedrejal		m	
Tineo, y Gera	2	m	
Miraya, y la Venta de Arganza		m	
El Pueblo Retuerto, y Corias	1	m	
Cangas de Tineo		m	
San Julian de Arbas	3		
El Burón	2		
Castroverde	4		
27 Lugo	4		
Santa Eulalia	3		
Sobrado	4		
San Gregorio	4		
42 Santiago	4		

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